

THE
Gentleman's Magazine

VOLUME 303

JULY—SEPTEMBER 1907

AMS PRESS, INC.

KRAUS REPRINT CORP.

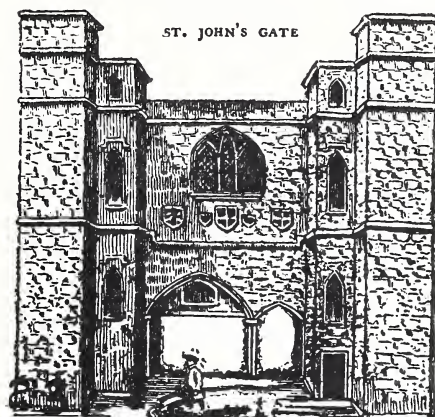
NEW YORK

1967

Manufactured in the United States of America

The Gentleman's Magazine

July 1907




ST. JOHN'S GATE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE CLASSES AND THE MASSES. By EDWIN PUGH	I
SUMMER NOON. By A. T. JOHNSON	8
THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENTERTAINER. By the Hon. GEORGE A. SINCLAIR	12
THE TWO LOTS. By C. W. BRODRIBB	22
THE CROWN AND ENGLISH FREEDOM. By JOHN C. NORWOOD	25
THE WITCHES OF NORTH BERWICK. By the Rev. R. A. GATTY	30
SOME HEREFORDSHIRE FIELD NAMES. By the Rev. S. CORNISH WATKINS	35
CATHERINE OF SIENA: A STUDY. By M. A. CURTOIS	42
SOME OLD PICTURES AT RHEIMS. By EDITH M. MILLAR	53
A ROYAL DOWER HOUSE. By MARY GRACE MURRAY LANE	58
RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW	69
"The Physicians of Myddvai." By ELEN WYNNE	
CORRESPONDENCE	75
Secular Education at Work (CONSTANCE CLYDE). The Imprisonment of Lady Slingsby and Mrs. Behn (W. J. LAWRENCE). Abraham Tucker (WALTER MOORE)	
SYLVANUS URBAN'S NOTEBOOK	86
98° F. By FLORENCE DAVIDSON	91
SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTES	94
Arrangements and Transactions	
SHORT REVIEWS	102
NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS	107
GARDEN NOTES. By MARY C. COXHEAD	110

The Editor will be glad to consider manuscripts but is not responsible for accidental loss. Every MS. should bear the name and address of the writer and should be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope for return if not accepted.

MSS. and Letters for the Editor should be addressed to SYLVANUS URBAN, and all Business Communications to the Manager (MR. A. LAKER), at the Offices of "The Gentleman's Magazine," 1 York Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Subscription, 1s. per annum, post free; single copies, 1s. 2d., post free. Remittances should be crossed "BARCLAY & Co., Ltd."



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Getty Research Institute

The Gentleman's Magazine

August 1907



CONTENTS

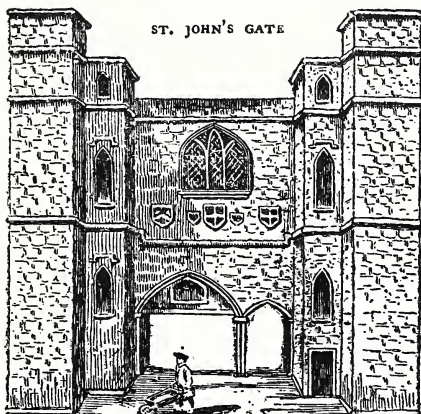
	PAGE
THE MISCHIEF OF PENSIONS: PART I. By CAPTAIN MICHAEL PETERS	113
SEA MAIDS' MUSIC. By WALTER RICHARDS	120
SANCTUARY. By the Rev. P. H. DITCHFIELD	138
THE BIRTH OF A GREAT SEAPORT. By ALFRED INKLEY	144
THE CELTIC YEAR: SUMMER. By the Rev. W. W. TULLOCH, D.D.	153
MITCHAM FAIR. By CHARLES H. DANT	166
THE TIMID LOVER. By RICHARD MIDDLETON	169
A VIEW OF BALZAC: PART I. By MARGARET WATSON	170
SUSSEX IRON. By F. CARTWRIGHT	179
RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW	188
Maundrel's "Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem at Easter 1697." By EDITH M. MILLAR.	
CORRESPONDENCE	198
An Unrecognised Essay of Carlyle (Cooper K. Cooper)	
SYLVANUS URBAN'S NOTEBOOK	201
LIFE ON THE LEES. By A. J. S.-G.	206
SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTES	208
The Archæological Institute at Colchester (The Rev. A. J. FOSTER).	
SHORT REVIEWS	215
NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS	219
GARDEN NOTES. By MARY C. COXHEAD	220

The Editor will be glad to consider manuscripts but is not responsible for accidental loss. Every MS. should bear the name and address of the writer and should be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope for return if not accepted.

MSS. and Letters for the Editor should be addressed to SYLVANUS URBAN, and all Business Communications to the Manager (MR. A. LAKER), at the Offices of "The Gentleman's Magazine," 1 York Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Subscription, 14s. per annum, post free; single copies, 1s. 6d., post free. Remittances should be crossed "BARCLAY & CO., Ltd."

The Gentleman's Magazine

September 1907



CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE MORALS OF OUR PEASANTRY. By J. A. C. S.	223
THE MISCHIEF OF PENSIONS: PART II. By CAPTAIN MICHAEL PETERS	226
MONKS OF OLD SHROPSHIRE. By MRS. RODOLPH STAWELL	233
PILCHARDS. By ERNEST D. LEE	241
SAPPHO. By KENNETH DOUGLAS	243
SOME MEMORIES OF CHICHESTER. By ARTHUR L. SALMON	244
CHURCH DISCIPLINE IN THE HIGHLANDS IN BYGONE DAYS. By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON	254
THE VALUE OF HUMOUR IN HISTORY. By MARCUS REED	262
THE TOURIST AND THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. By PERCY COLLINS	275
FROM THE GREEK OF ANTIPHILUS. By MICHAEL BARRINGTON	283
SOME LETTERS OF A QUEEN OF SPAIN. By J. D. E. LOVELAND	284
FRESHWATER FISH. By the Rev. R. A. GATTY	292
THE MORNING OF THE WEST COUNTRY. By BARCLAY BARON	297
A VIEW OF BALZAC: PART II. By MARGARET WATSON	309
LONGFELLOW'S "JUDAS MACCABÆUS." By the Rev. HERBERT PENTON	317
SYLVANUS URBAN'S NOTEBOOK	329
SHORT REVIEW	332
"Life and Letters of Sir James Graham, 1792-1861." By ALICE L. CALLANDER	
A SPORTSMAN'S LITANY. By REGINALD SPAN	334

The Editor will be glad to consider manuscripts but is not responsible for accidental loss. Every MS. should bear the name and address of the writer and should be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope for return if not accepted.

MSS. and Letters for the Editor should be addressed to SYLVANUS URBAN, and all Business Communications to the Manager (MR. A. LAKER), at the Offices of "The Gentleman's Magazine," 1 York Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Subscription, 14s. per annum, post free; single copies, 1s. 2d., post free. Remittances should be crossed "BARCLAY & Co., Ltd."

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY 1907

The Classes and the Masses

(It is the desire of the Editor that THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE should give expression to widely varying opinions on important subjects of controversy; but he does not, of course, identify himself with his contributors in the statement of their views.)

IS any sort of *entente* possible between the classes and the masses? Briefly stated, that is the difficult question which this article raises, and to which it proposes, however presumptuously, to attempt to provide an answer.

And at once let it be said that it is thought the ultimate solution of the problem rests primarily neither with the classes nor the masses themselves, but with that amorphous, chaotic mob of precarious strugglers who straddle uncomfortably across the gulf which separates those who hold the reins of vested power from those who provide the obvious and tangible means of existence, and who are loosely known, in default of a better term, as the middle classes. At present, or so it seems to the writer, the middle classes are really in the anomalous position of the bats who halted so long between two adherences in the fabled war between the beasts and the birds that when the fight was over and the spoils were divided neither party to the conflict would deign to number them among their kind.

History does not record a single concrete instance of any civilised community in which all the units could be

said to live in a state of complete equality with one another. At all times and in all parts of the habitable globe where men have banded themselves together in a state of interdependence upon one another there has been a dividing-line, on one side of which we find the rich and noble, and on the other the poor and servile. The Greeks, the Romans, the Egyptians, and all the vast Asiatic dynasties alike seem to have carried their empires to a world-wide sovereignty on the shoulders of slaves or of subject peoples to whom was never granted a full share of the liberties and rights and privileges enjoyed by the ruling classes. And though the age of utter and abject slavery seems to be now overpast—for granted that slavery still exists in the dark interior of more than one continent and is a Mohammedan institution, it is nevertheless being steadily stamped out under the marching feet of human progress—there still prevails that old order of things which ordains that to those who have shall be given, whilst from those who have not shall be taken away even that which they have.

But during the last half-century there has been a mighty upheaval of the foundations on which all great nations have hitherto been built up. There has been a readjustment of the positions of the two great parties to the universal human commonweal, more especially noticeable in the Western Hemisphere, though signs are not wanting that the movement is spreading to include the outlying East also. This has been brought about by many and diverse causes, but chiefly perhaps by the invention of greatly improved methods of intercommunication. The world has been made virtually smaller by this means—if we may reckon time as a fourth dimension of space. The ends of the earth have been linked up so that dwellers in countries so remote from one another that of old they might have been inhabitants of different planets have now been brought together and have intermingled and fused their minds in one big common crucible of thought and experience and sentiment. One result of this has been a loosening of the

shackles of mystery and superstition which so long have held the ignorant people in thrall; and consequent on this has come an inevitable awakening to a realisation of the fact that had they known only a little more they might have suffered infinitely less. This has led in its turn to a furious demand for further enlightenment—for full and free education. The proletarian, having discovered that there are millions of others in other lands like unto himself, has declined any longer to put his implicit trust in princes or principalities or any other powers that be. His fellows in foreign climes have already begun to emancipate themselves; then why not he? He claims his right to as much knowledge as he is capable of absorbing, so that he may at least have a chance to ascertain for himself exactly how he stands in the scheme of things. And at present it seems to him that, considering his deserts, he stands infamously low. And he wants to know why.

You see, he has already acquired a little learning—that dangerous thing. He has dabbled in the inexact sciences of political economy and sociology. He has discovered his primordial origin and got a grasp on the evolutionary processes by which he has arrived at man's estate. He has fallen among demagogues who have instructed him in the faith that the sole sources of all wealth lie under his feet, and that the only means of their development are contained within his own sleeves or his own skull. He has been informed that all capital is created by labour, that without labour capital could not be. This is staggering news to him, and he reels under the shock of it. He is doubtful if such surprising tidings of comfort and joy can really be true. He is more than a little disposed to repel the assaults of such an entirely novel theory of human relationships upon what he has hitherto been gratified to hear referred to as his sturdy common sense. It accords not with the traditions to which he was born nor the beliefs in which he was reared. But meanwhile, and pending his final judgment on these abstruse matters, these momentous issues, he has a lively sense of

the injustice of a dispensation which lavishes a plenitude of leisure and a profusion of fine raiment and pocketfuls of money on those who toil not nor spin, whilst it allots to him an insufficiency of all things, save hard labour.

I write here only of the better and more advanced kinds of working men who seriously ponder these problems, but their influence leavens the whole lump of the masses.

But be it understood that in the main this growing sense of injury expresses itself only academically as yet. It does not colour the life of the proletarian to an extent which precludes his observing the outward and visible signs of respect toward those set in authority over him. He declaims from his brand-new rostrums in parks and halls and other places where they orate, at meetings of debating clubs and local parliaments and mutual improvement societies, and from the platforms of various political organisations—aye, and in the columns of a press of his own—such old and crusted aphorisms as that “The rank is but the guinea’s stamp; The man’s the gold for a’ that”; that it is a far more creditable thing to ascend from mean ancestors than to descend from great ones; that, in short, the poor man is just as good as the rich man after all, and a bit better, too; but . . . the difficulty is he has got to prove it. And that handicaps him, pulls him up short. For he realises that equality must be self-evident to be convincing; that the moment it is insisted on it ceases to exist.

It is there that the man of gentle birth and tender breeding has the advantage. He comes into a world that has been, as one might say, sand-papered and veneered for his reception, so that it is difficult for him to see the true grain and texture of it. The machinery that keeps things going in an orderly progression from the cradle to the grave is carefully hidden from his sight. At most he feels only a little throbbing from the engines now and then. He has not two hands, but twenty, to minister to his wants and whimsies—and he may have twenty-two if he will learn to use his own as well. He hears of, and

thinks of, the lower classes as a race apart. Often he has but the same sort of interest in the doings of these underlings as humbler folk have in the antics of monkeys in cages. It takes him a long time to appreciate that these people who serve him and kow-tow to him are fellow-mortals with like passions and feelings and so on. Very often he never does realise that.

He will admit with a pleasant candour that the workers have their wrongs, their grievances; that many of them are wickedly underpaid and overworked; that the conditions of their lives are abominably harsh; that something ought to be done—but it is never for him to say what—to better those conditions. He will even concede that the proletarian may occasionally be a man of brains and character and integrity; but at the same time he cannot actually, though he may profess to do so, accept him as an equal.

It is forced on his attention that many of these men have done, and are doing, things; that some of them have entered the lists with his own class—in literature, in art, in politics, in commerce—and have more than held their own. Still, in his holy of holies, he is convinced that they are not quite so worthy as he and his kind are. They are, in the last resort, “rather bounders.” It would offend his susceptibilities mortally if you suggested that one of them might fitly marry his own sister; that the thin blue fluid which runs through his family’s veins might possibly be improved by a strong infusion of that rich red blood.

And the proletarian who has emerged, if he is honest with himself, what does he really think and feel about it?

Let us assume that by dint of native intelligence and indomitable perseverance and force of personality he has raised himself to a position in which he is free to mingle with those of a higher station than that in which he was born. What does he say? I imagine him as saying something of this kind: “Yes, I have emerged. I have no use for modesty now, and I claim to be a considerable

person. I have wealth, power, honour in my own country. I have come right up out of the ruck; but . . . though I am proud of having done that, I would not wish any enemy of mine, if I had one, to undergo any more terrible ordeal than that I have myself passed through in my long upward climb. 'The rapture of pursuing'? There wasn't any. It was just Hades for me from the very start—as it must be for any man who wins out of his class."

That is the secret opinion, seldom openly expressed, of the man who has escaped from the land of bondage, never to get further than the heights of Pisgah. Inevitably he is brought back, by a vicious circle, to the point from which he began by stating boldly: That the poor man may be as good as the rich man, but he has got to prove it. And that he cannot of himself do that. That his path is everywhere strewn with all kinds of stumbling-blocks, and traps, and pitfalls. That he is for ever beset and hampered by an intorsion of mean difficulties. It would make him blush to enumerate them, they are so pitiful and silly, and seem to matter so little. There are things like "h's" and accents and the proper way to wield a knife and fork. There are unaccustomed clothes to be worn in the right style, hats to be raised to ladies at the right moment. There are tricks of manner to be mastered, such as a tone of suave authority, a habit of reticence in speech and gesture, an assurance, a nuance of expression and bearing between politeness and insolence. Absurdly trivial details of conduct these, to those whom they have never vexed; but an endless succession of barbed-wire entanglements to the uninitiated. But surely so long as a man is a good fellow he cannot go far wrong (it is said), no matter what his bringing-up. And that is so. But, unfortunately, the man, in many cases, does not know it. He may know that he has as much innate refinement, delicacy of perception, tact—call it what you will—as any of the people of gentler birth with whom he mixes. He knows that, so far as brains and grit go, he may be their superior. By every law of

logic and common sense he is a better man than any of them. And yet in their society he always feels horribly inferior, no matter how skilfully he may conceal the feeling or how furiously he may rage against himself. He feels that he lacks something—possibly it is a great-grandfather.

Yet the true spirit of gentlehood is no more the prerogative of the high-born than beauty or strength or morality is. On the contrary! If I want courtesy and kindness I, personally, should not go to a lord or lady for it. If I lose myself I do not inquire my way of a sprig of fashion. I object to being looked at as if I were a confidence-trick man, or some kind of subtle mendicant. I go to some rough labourer; and often have I known him to let his pipe go out in his anxiety to assist me.

All this, it will be agreed, is demonstrably true; but it is equally true that the Eugene Wrayburns are still defeating and mortifying the Bradley Headstones wherever and whenever their antagonism becomes personal. And the consciousness of this truth, far more than any sense of injury rooted in any conviction of a fundamental injustice, rankles and festers in the heart of the masses, and grows ever more inflamed and hard to bear as education spreads and still the gulf is not bridged. Of old the hind touched his cap to his feudal lord and subsisted on the crumbs from his table, and was ready to turn his ploughshare into a sword and pour out his sluggish blood at the bidding of his masters without question. He was conceivably nearer happiness then than he is now. It was not a very splendid sort of approximation. But it sufficed to make England superficially merry, even if the merriment proved to be a little ghastly on a close inspection. Now all that is changed. The masses are seething with discontent. It is a high tribute to their fine temper that they do not show any signs of breaking into violent revolt. But the methods of the barricade never have appealed to Englishmen. They have ever been better satisfied to attain their ends by constitutional means; and they still purpose to achieve them by obtain-

ing more and more power over the political machinery. Already it is almost possible for them to turn out the aristocracy from their ruling councils and substitute a democracy. Almost, but not quite. The middle classes stand in their way; the great little middle class whose bitter cry—which really has a note of pathos in it, despite its first effect of a silly bleat—is becoming daily more poignant in our ears.

I have no space left in which to explain how it is that the middle classes, who were once styled the backbone of England, have now become its unwieldy paunch—a superfluity that must surely disappear as the body politic gets into harder and harder training for the eventual casting-out of the devils that prey upon it—a final fight with itself which shall end in a blending of all its best mental and physical attributes into one fine figure of a giant in whom all the forces of mind and body and heart shall be equitably co-ordinated. So much waste tissue must be got rid of or absorbed into the system before it grows wholly healthy. To drop metaphor, the middle classes must go. And when they go then we shall have either a reversion to the old feudal state, in which the classes—stiffened by a new plutocracy—and the masses of workers will be sharply divided as ever from one another; or we shall have (as I hope) a state in which the classes and the masses will, their differences settled, have lost sight of and forgotten their old antagonism in a wholesome amalgamation of their hitherto opposing interests.

EDWIN PUGH.

Summer Noon

BEFORE the muffled clatter of the reaping-machine has announced the beginning of harvest the summer is passing away in her sleep. Waiting, as a full tide waits for the first faint ripple of the ebb, the broad wheat-fields rest waveless in the haze. On the shorn

meadows, to which the tender film of green after-grass has not yet come, the horses are enjoying the respite which follows hay-time. Against the dim sky-line cattle are idling away the day until the dews fall upon the hot pasture and flies no longer tease. From the sultry depths of the silent valleys to the brink of the high moors, where the foxglove and the heather tell of a mountain summer that is only now in its youth, there is an all-pervading sense of peace. It is a peace which is whole-hearted, full of a generous comfort, which cloaks the landscape as it does the mind with an indefinable calm. There was a distinct quality of the peace of happiness in April, in her "smiles and tears." The merry haste of May and the laughter of leafy June were a refreshing and companionable joy. But now the country has fallen into slumber, and the slow-breathing murmur of the silence is the expression of the consolation which is begotten of deep repose. Only the harvest is waiting, and the knowledge that it will mark the "sweet procession of the year" gone by, leaves a more intense desire to doze away, undisturbed and to the very end, the truce that has visited a busy world.

True it is that to most of us the summer is only just beginning, but the last page in the story of growth and development has been turned over. The full corn is in the ear. The wild roses have gone from the hedgerows, and haws are showing on the may. There is a lulling hum of insects' wings in the air, but the birds, for the most part, are silent. In the oak trees, whose great boughs are held in a net of silken strands, willow wrens are complacently repeating their little songs as they hunt the devouring caterpillar, and sweet as those gentle cadences are they have left the fulness of their joy with the last of the June roses, and now express as well as any song can the delicious weariness of the summer sleep. A yellow-hammer—whose gold is a little tarnished, perhaps—perched on the sunny side of the hedge, utters his oft-told tale with an expression of sleepy indifference which speaks of half-remembered love and courting days of

spring. He is the ideally comfortable bird, and his summer life is one long drowsy dream of departed joy. Greenfinches, always late in nesting, which Jefferies loved beyond all birds because of their complete abandonment to happiness, because "they had so much time" in which to enjoy and express that happiness, still mutter subdued syllables of their mating songs. But these voices and the insects' droning melody only intensify the silence of the summer noon. Just as the pipe of some passing bird far up in the sullen grey, or the distant bleat of a belated sheep, gives to the dreadful hush of winter, when heavy snow has fallen and a deadly frost is laying an iron hand upon a world already stricken low, a deeper significance, so the slumberous sounds of summer speak to the listener, not of themselves but of the reposeful stillness that prevails.

Down in the green meadows which border the stream the steamy air is laden with the drowsy odours of meadow-sweet and wild orchis. And save for the flash of a burnished dragon-fly, or the smothered voice of the stream among the water-weed, there is no sight or sound of motion. Even the big trout, dozing on the clean sunlit gravel, has felt the burden of the day, and in vain may the angler mark him down for sport until a more invigorating season. Still there are few more delightful places to wander in than this, where the grass is wet at mid-day and the fragrant water-mint lends its refreshing scent to an air that is overburdened with the incensed breath of innumerable flowers. And it is here, perhaps, that the dry-fly fisherman can score a point against his toiling brother of the mountain brook. For while he, the former, is comfortably seated in view of some favourite pool, field-glasses in hand, ready to discern and locate the slightest dimple on the placid water, he can, without exertion, smoke burnt offerings in the pipe of peace and leave not a regretful sigh behind should he never wet a line. Lazy fishing it is true, but then it is summer fishing, and in harmony with the lethargic spirit of the season. And it is an ineffable and wholesome pleasure "to share the calm the season brings" sometimes.

To set out in the cool of the morning with the brave determination to fish hard on an impossible day and then to abandon oneself to complete idleness, to throw in one's lot with nature and the summer noon, is even a sweeter indulgence.

When the sun-baked earth of noon-day brings the fresh breeze from the sea the pale gold of the wheat-fields trembles at its touch. And fleeting harmonies of light and shade drift from hedgerow to horizon like summer clouds which melt again into the blue as soon as they are born. But in the oak trees, where the greenfinches are whispering, not a leaf stirs. Under the heavy greenery of the branches there is a flowerless world, a world of sapless, withering life, bespattered with the saccharine exudations of countless insects, showers of spurious honey in which bees revel in a drunken ecstasy, wasting their time and ruining their morals with the "drowsy syrups of the world," which to the apiarist, at any rate, are worse than useless. And on the dry hedgerow banks, where bluebells hang their heads and broad foxglove leaves are curling in the heat, it seems as if the very sun itself had lain down and slept. The afternoons seem to linger, but daily the shadows creep farther across the fields, and a soft, pearly vapour wreathes itself about the feet of the tall trees and along the fringe of the wood. There is the faintest suspicion of the autumn blue in that gathering haze. And when the distances deepen, and shadows grow longer, we know that the acorns are bulging out of their tiny cups. True there is no rest, no absolute standing still, in nature, but the temporary lull, when the matured summer lays her palm across the vibrating strings of life and a profound quietude enfolds the earth, is as near complete rest as anything can be in life. In the stilled sap and the hushed songs there may be an indirect element of progression, even as there is in the ripening seed, but to-day it is enough to know that in the dreamy slumber of the summer noon the evening dews—the dews which will refresh and invigorate like the showers and breath of spring—are being born. A. T. JOHNSON.

The Eighteenth Century Entertainer

WE are told by Boswell that Dr. Johnson advocated public amusements, and their friend Goldsmith shows his interest in theatrical matters. Thus we find him consorting with a strolling player in the Park, and, at the price of a steak and tankard of ale, drawing from him the story of his adventures. His chance acquaintance has captivated the country ladies in the dashing part of Sir Harry Wildair, and aspires to be the first actor in Europe, but has had to be content with the rôle of Merry Andrew to a puppet show. Such are the vicissitudes of fortune. Finally, he has quarrelled with his master, and they part company—the one to sell his puppets to the pin-cushion makers in Rosemary Lane, and the other to starve in St. James's Park. In spite of his misfortunes, Goldsmith's companion was a merry fellow, but the picture of the unsuccessful actor's downfall is a pathetic one.

This form of entertainment seems to have been popular in those days, for Steele in the *Tatler* rebukes the fair sex for deserting the opera to run "gadding after a puppet show," and he complains that Punchinello has deprived Signior Nicolini of his accustomed audience. In levelling his sarcasms at the growth of sectarianism in England, Addison employs a curious illustration, which was doubtless intended to appeal to the imagination of his readers, from their devotion to such exhibitions. He gives a humorous description of an itinerant wax-work show in Germany, representative of all the religions of Great Britain, in which symbolical figures of Popery, with tawdry display, Presbytery, with wry face, and Judaism, with its proverbial love of money, were included. Several of the pieces were moved by clockwork, to the immense delight of the spectators. In one of his essays in the *Lounger*, Henry Mackenzie announces the important fact that the Speaking Automaton or *Poupée Parlante*, which had

appeared before the most select audiences both on the Continent and in England, was intending to visit the Scottish capital during the ensuing season, and he quotes instances of her marvellous power of answering any questions put to her. There is a showman who exhibits the doll, and this is obviously a case of ventriloquism. It was the aim of these polite essayists to direct the public taste in such matters, and further allusions to popular amusements might be quoted from their works.

It is a mistake to suppose, as doubtless many people do, that the late lamented Corney Grain was the originator of that particular kind of entertainment with which his name will ever be associated. His predecessors may not be so numerous as those who have followed in his footsteps, but Charles Dibdin, writing so far back as 1787, states that musical recitations were then quite common, and were given with great success. The pioneer of single-handed performances was Samuel Foote, who turned his marvellous talent for mimicry to profitable account. Having failed as an actor, he opened the Haymarket Theatre in 1747 with a concert, a short farce, and a piece of his own writing, entitled *The Diversions of the Morning*. He introduced several well-known characters in real life, and imitated not only their tones of voice, but even their very dress, to perfection. It was a bold experiment, and his life can hardly have been free from danger, for gentlemen were not then scrupulous of the means they employed to rid themselves of an obnoxious adversary. Midnight brawls and stabs were not infrequent. Johnson, indeed, inquired of Davies the price of an oak stick. He was so incensed at Foote's bad taste that he promised to thrash him if he took him off; but his good humour returned, for he found "the dog so comical" on meeting him at dinner that he was obliged to throw himself back on his chair and laugh it out. Foote burlesqued the style of every actor of note on the English stage, and he satirised with savage glee a certain physician remarkable for his eccentricity and singular appearance. The Westminster magistrates, egged on by the outraged

players, at first opposed his performances under their powers for limiting the number of theatres, and then Foote thought of the ingenious device of asking his friends "to take a dish of tea with him in the morning." Tickets for this purpose were obtained, evidently in a surreptitious way, at George's Coffee House, Temple Bar; and the invitation cards announced that "Sir Dilbury Diddle will be there and Lady Betty Frisk has absolutely promised," a hint that his recitation was regarded with favour in high circles. The name of the piece was suppressed, and, influence having been brought to bear on the local authorities, Foote was permitted to carry on his entertainment to crowded audiences. The next season he gave a sketch entitled *An Auction of Pictures*, with several new characters, including Sir Thomas de Viel, a J.P. for Westminster; Mr. Cock, a celebrated auctioneer (we can imagine what a wonderful display he made with this worthy's hammer); and the notorious preacher known as Orator Henley, who was the butt of all the wits, scribblers, and caricaturists of the day. This Henley must have been a useful subject for Foote's gibes. Like his imitator, he was possessed of boundless impudence. He patronised the butchers of Newport Market, was ridiculed by Pope in the *Dunciad* "as a decent priest where monkeys were the gods," and was cited before the Privy Council in the '45 for laughing at Herring, Archbishop of York, who had armed his clergy against the Pretender. In humour Foote is said to have been irresistible, but his performance entirely lacked refinement and good feeling, and in this respect he is a complete contrast to the kindly humorist of the last century.

The career of George Alexander Stevens is similar to that of Foote. He was a London tradesman, who failed on the stage in the same way, and endeavoured to earn a precarious livelihood by writing burlesques and skits. Then he hit upon a brilliant idea. He would satirise contemporary follies, not as Addison and Steele in print, but *coram populo*. He also hired the Haymarket Theatre, in 1764, gave his famous "Lecture on Heads," and soon

became a rich man. He toured the provinces, went to Ireland, and even crossed the Atlantic to amuse the Calvinists of Boston and the Quakers of Philadelphia. His lecture, which is described as a medley of wit and nonsense, was attempted by various actors, including Shuter, but it never produced the same comic effect as when delivered by himself. He had probably read Addison's fantastical dream of the dissection of a beau's head, which, it will be remembered, was found to be stuffed for the most part with "fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods." This essay is full of suggestion, and the subject is capable of much expansion, a fact of which Stevens doubtless took advantage. He must have been endowed with remarkable powers of endurance, since he could entertain an audience for the space of four hours on end. He wrote one successful play, *The Trip to Portsmouth*, and included other humorous sketches with songs and speeches in his *répertoire*, but they did not prove so attractive. He died at Biggleswade in Bedfordshire in 1784, and the eulogistic obituary notice of him in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE stated that he was one of the most remarkable characters which this or any other country had ever produced. We wish that his admirer had been a little more explicit. The art of the entertainer as well as that of the actor passes away with him, and we can but take the writer's word for granted; yet there is no reason to doubt that Stevens knew how to raise a genuine laugh, and that he did in fact add to the gaiety of nations in his generation. And for this our ancestors had reason to be thankful.

In 1775 a third actor followed suit and turned entertainer. This was John Collins, who in the beginning of the last century published a volume of poems under the cumbrous title of "Scripscrapologia, or Collins's Doggerel Dish of All Sorts," which does not appear to be a promising storehouse for the anthologist in search of material. Yet F. T. Palgrave discovered in this collection several pieces which hardly deserve the name of "doggerel," and he included one of them, "the truly noble poem" of To-

morrow, in his "Golden Treasury." The first stanza of it is as follows :

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
 May my fate no less fortunate be
 Than a snug elbow-chair will afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;
 With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow,
 And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
 Look forward with hope for To-morrow.

Collins was the son of a tailor, and a native of Bath. He first appeared in comic opera, and then started his musical entertainments in London. They consisted of songs and anecdotes, mock-heroic speeches, and caricatures of Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen. His poetical effusions, "The Downhill of Life," "The Chapter of Kings," and "The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess," soon became immensely popular. The evening's recital was advertised in the bills as "The Brush," and the origin of this quaint title has caused some speculation. It has been maintained that the name was an appropriate one, because Collins was a miniature painter. In any case the suggestion is far-fetched, and as a matter of fact he is not known to have adopted this profession. The probable solution is that Collins hoped to "brush" away the cares and troubles of his audience by entertaining them with good music and an account of the foibles and absurdities of the age. He usually gave his great song of "To-morrow," and introduced imitations of Garrick and his own predecessors, Foote and Stevens, with such subjects as the butchery of blank verse, provincial dialects, stage fools, parish clerks, and political barbers. When he died in 1808 he had accumulated a considerable competence by his exertions, and he seems to have reaped the benefit of the peaceful and contented old age which, as his poem suggests, was the height of his ambition.

The author of "Tom Bowling" and many other songs of the sea holds a high place in the ranks of social entertainers. Charles Dibdin was a versatile genius. He was

actor, composer, vocalist, and theatrical manager, as well as poet and reciter. He played for Rich at Covent Garden, and subsequently at Birmingham and Drury Lane. He produced two operas, *The Waterman* and *The Quaker*, and he sang and accompanied himself on his own instrument. He was the originator of what was known in the refined language of the Georgian era as the "equestrian drama." In 1782 he built the Royal Circus on the site of the Surrey Theatre in Blackfriars, but it was soon closed by order of the licensing magistrates. He tells us in his *Memoirs* that horsemanship was then much admired, and his ambitious scheme for the amusement of the public included jousts and tilting matches in the ring illustrative of the ancient deeds of chivalry, and spectacular displays on the stage. Dibdin's unsettled mode of life in London rendered it necessary for him to go farther afield, and he resolved to tour the provinces as sole performer with a view to supplement his income, which was at the best of times precarious. In 1787 he published at Sheffield an account of his "Musical Tour," which extended over fourteen months. The greater part of the narrative is composed of chatty letters to various correspondents recording his impressions of the country through which he passed, and of the people whom he met on the road. Starting off on a stage-coach, he found the conversation of his fellow-passengers somewhat commonplace. They all admired the entrance to Sion House, and sighed for human depravity on contemplating the gibbets upon Hounslow Heath. Leaving Oxford, he arrived in due course at Bath, where he made his first public appearance to a meagre audience of thirty-eight persons totally devoid of enthusiasm. "Heaven defend me," exclaims the poor man, "from such a set of insipid, vague, unmeaning countenances!" All his *bons mots* and *jeux d'esprit* were received with "a vacant gravity, an unfeeling stare, and a milk-and-water indifference." Utterly disgusted, he soon quitted this region of fashion and dullness, and reached Gloucester; but he had poor hopes of this place, for several unexpected bankruptcies had thrown the town

into indescribable confusion and gloom, so he thought it wise to avoid the hazardous experiment of an entertainment. He immediately hired a chaise and posted off to Cheltenham, where his luck was just as bad. It was then the month of April ; few visitors had as yet arrived, and he only met with a sick lord, an old maid, and a monkey. He slept there one night in a damp bed, and hurried on to Worcester. But we cannot follow him farther in his adventures, although it may be mentioned that he visited Leeds, Lichfield, Liverpool, Nottingham, Cambridge, and other places in the course of his tour. As he proceeded to the larger towns he found that the audiences were more appreciative. Now and then he had squabbles with the local authorities. The Mayor of Huntingdon, whilst regretting his inability as a magistrate to sanction his performance without a licence, blandly told him that he would attend it as a man and call the attention of his friends to it.

Although the venture was not on the whole successful, this was hardly Dibdin's fault. Provincial audiences are not, as a rule, gifted with much sense of humour, and he found more scope for the display of his talents in London. In his *Recollections*, published in 1826, John O'Keeffe, the Irish dramatist, records his impressions of the entertainment, which he saw in the Strand, and which he thought most excellent. "His manner of coming upon the stage," he writes, "was in happy style ; he ran on sprightly and with nearly a laughing face, like a friend who enters hastily to impart to you some good news." What pleased O'Keeffe more than anything else was the fact that Dibdin was "his own band." In a letter addressed to a clerical correspondent, whose name he has thought it best to suppress, Dibdin pictures himself seated upon his platform with his pianoforte before him, mustering up a patient or contented smile, according as the number in the room happened to be small or large. After a few introductory remarks on the nature of his performance, he began with an imitation of a Frenchman, who advised him to fill his programme with dances, and an Italian, who boasted that

The Eighteenth Century Entertainer 19

it was as easy to make music by receipt as macaroni. He next introduced a set of jovial fellows, including a hard-drinking commodore, an inventive speculator, a wild Irishman, an unsuccessful poet, and a tuft-hunter, who all converse. They are supposed to be companions in misfortune, who determine to be merry and to laugh away the rest of their lives. So amidst liberal potations they pass the evening with music and anecdote. The commodore, who reminds one of Captain Mirvan in *Evelina*, sings a song in praise of grog and is the most spirited of the group. Then followed reminiscences of Garrick and other actors, and the programme ended with a masquerade, in which kings and queens, poets and scholars, lawyers and statesmen, Quakers and sailors took part, all of whom were marshalled in turn by the puppet showman. "The Whim of the Moment" was perhaps the best known of his entertainments, but "Oddities," "The Wags," and "Sans Souci," in which he sang several of his naval ditties, were equally popular. Dibdin appeared at Hutchin's Auction Rooms, King Street, Covent Garden, at the Lyceum, and in the Strand, and he did not retire till 1805, when a small pension was granted to him as the reward of the Ministry to the sailors' laureate. He wrote, chiefly at the instigation of the Government, innumerable patriotic but sentimental ballads of the sea, such as "Poor Jack," "Ben Backstay," "'Twas in the good ship Rover," and "I sailed from the Downs in the Nancy"; and Pitt is said to have regarded him as a most valuable recruiting officer for the navy, which was then in sore need of sailors. It is certain that Dibdin rendered the duties of the press-gang less onerous, but when the men were safely on board a man-o'-war it is to be feared that they did not find the life so easy and pleasant as he had painted it.

As has been mentioned, feats of horsemanship were much in vogue in the eighteenth century, and Philip Astley succeeded in an enterprise which had proved disastrous to Dibdin and others. In 1759, when a youth of seventeen, he left his home at Newcastle-under-Lyme, and enlisted

in Elliot's Light Horse, a crack dragoon regiment. He was soon appointed sergeant-major and riding instructor, and distinguished himself at Emsdorff, where he captured a French standard, and at Friedburg, where he assisted, under a heavy fire, in rescuing the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, who was lying wounded and cut off by the enemy. He obtained his discharge after seven years' service, and General Elliot, loth to lose his trooper, presented him with a fine charger, which soon afterwards made its appearance before the public as the Spanish Horse. Astley's first performances were given in a field near Glover's Halfpenny Hatch in Lambeth, his stud consisting of the General's gift and another horse, which he purchased for five pounds. He exhibited his skill as a rider at fairs and markets throughout the country, and, when engagements were scarce, plied his original trade of cabinet-making. He next hired a timber-yard close to Westminster Bridge; the seats were imperfectly roofed over with canvas, and the ring itself was open to the sky. In course of time he was able to add to the comfort of his patrons, and he duly announced by means of handbills that his building had been made quite weather-proof, and that "slight showers would not interfere with the programme." In 1775 he and his wife gave an equestrian performance at Drury Lane at the jubilee celebrations in honour of Shakespeare, a somewhat incongruous choice on the part of the management of that theatre. Hitherto Astley had appeared almost unsupported. He had now amassed a large sum, and was able to open the Amphitheatre Riding House with a company of riders, tumblers, and acrobats. He had for some years past given a miscellaneous entertainment in Piccadilly of comic dancing, conjuring tricks, and performing dogs, and he transferred this show to his new house in Lambeth.

Here are some of the items from one of Astley's bills : Horsemanship by Mr. Astley, Mr. Taylor, Signor Markutchy, Miss Vangable, and other transcendent performers; A comical musical piece called *The Awkward Recruit*; The amazing exhibitions of the dancing dogs

from France and Italy and other genteel parts of the Globe; Tumbling and other unaccountable exercises by Signor Bellmott, to which will be added a new pantomime, called *Harlequin Puzzle 'em*. Astley was without a licence for his amphitheatre, and he was committed to prison for performing illegally. He was, however, soon released, and obtained the necessary permit through the good offices of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, whose daughters Astley had taught to ride. He improved his circus by adding a stage to the ring, and renamed it the Royal Grove. When the season was over in London, he took his troupe to Dublin and Paris, and established amphitheatres in both places. His son exhibited his feats of skill and agility before the Court of Versailles, and Louis XVI., struck by his handsome appearance, presented him with a gold medal set in diamonds, and gave him the name of the English Rose.

The vigour and enterprise of Astley were inexhaustible. He was always projecting new schemes, and may be described as a typical man of action. He established boat-races and floating baths in the Thames, and he started fire-work displays from barges moored in the centre of the river off Lambeth. He returned as a veteran trooper to the Continent, and served again with distinction under the Duke of York. In August 1794 his circus in London was burnt down; he obtained leave of absence, and by Easter Monday of the following year a more magnificent house, which he called the Amphitheatre of Arts, had sprung up in its place—surely a remarkable achievement for those easy-going days. He was patronised by royalty. A story is current, for the truth of which I will not, however, vouch, that when George III. was passing his theatre with the Duke of York after witnessing the disembarkation of the army at the conclusion of the war, he received the salute of the manager, who was mounted upon a fine charger in full uniform.

“Who is that, Frederick?” inquired the King.

“Mr. Astley, sir,” replied the Duke, “one of our good friends—a veteran—one that fought in the German war.”

Whereupon the Sovereign honoured the equestrian with a most gracious bow, to his immense delight. It would be tedious to describe in detail all Astley's undertakings, some of which proved unfortunate, others successful. He constructed as many as nineteen amphitheatres, all under his personal supervision, and it is amusing to read the account of his methods given by a member of his company, who writes that he was to be found at his post in all weathers, "drilling the men at their work as if he had been training a regiment of soldiers for the rigid duties of a winter's campaign." He became very popular by admitting soldiers of all ranks to his performances gratis. He was the best horse-tamer of his day, and he made himself indispensable to the Government by supervising the shipping of horses at different ports for the war. It is a pity that the veteran did not live to hear of Waterloo, but he died in the year before that great event. Astley's programme was a varied one, and it is likely that he was the means of introducing many actors to the stage. We know that towards the close of the eighteenth century Edmund Kean ran away from home to Bartholomew Fair, acted as a tumbler in Saunder's Circus, and gave an entertainment of recitations, singing, and acrobatic feats at the Sans Souci Theatre in Leicester Place before he discovered his true bent in the classical drama.

GEORGE A. SINCLAIR.

The Two Lots

THE BACHELOR

WHO lonely spends whate'er he earns
 Upon himself, and home returns
 And finds no wife to greet
 With smile at evening meat ;

But must himself the logs ignite,
 If he would have a chamber bright,
 And must take down himself
 The platter from the shelf ;

And after a repast unshared
Finds that his couch is unprepared,
And must at dawn rise up
Alone, as he did sup ;

How hapless he without a wife,
And how deficient is the life
That needs must such a one
Lead, if he live alone.

Not only service doth he lack,
With every burden on his back,
But eke the counsel wise
That flows from wedded eyes.

He nowhere hath to build his hope
When he hath gained the downward slope,
No sons he hath without
His gate, his foes to flout.

What though he diligent lay store
Of deepest philosophic lore,
Or nightly soothe his heart
With the Orphean art,

Books in his old age he shall find
Without a comfort for the mind,
Nor shall the lute defend
The sadness of his end.

Learning and art death useless makes,
And he without effect forsakes
As much this earthly scene
As had he never been.

THE SPOUSE

How ill for him who at the close
Of his day's labour homeward goes
And doth, as he draws near,
Familiar jangling hear ;

And is assailed, when he would dine
And all anxiety resign,
 With the discordant noise
 Of thoughtless girls and boys ;

And hears an angry spouse lament
How this one hath his raiment rent,
 And how that one at school
 Hath been whipt for a fool ;

When to an ill-trimmed meal he sits,
And care around attendant flits
 And darker makes the room
 With supernatural gloom ;

And supper o'er, when he is fain
To rest, he hears his wife complain,
 And her unnumbered woes
 Banish his wished repose.

What though the hour be never dull
To him that hath his quiver full,
 The father fears each child
 May grow up weak or wild.

And though he prays upon his knees
A blessing on his home, he sees
 No corresponding grace
 Lighten his spouse's face.

Once he had sought what art could give,
And vowed without her ne'er to live,
 Now mindless many a year
 Of books he once held dear,

Since first the panting life he led
To keep a roof above his head,
 Until with kind release
 Death's angel bids him cease.

L'ENVOI

Friend, whether bachelor or spouse,
If that the Lord hath built thy house,
Thou wilt take either lot
Bravely and fear it not.

C. W. BRODRIBB.

The Crown and English Freedom

AT Canterbury, on the day of St. Alphege, in the year 1293, the claim of the commons of Kent "that the bodies of all Kentishmen be free" was formally allowed by the king's justices in Eire. The charter in which, as its first article, this transaction is recorded (ostensibly a ratification of the customs of Kentish gavelkind, and known as the Kentish Custumal) has statutory value, and accordingly constitutes the earliest instance of English freedom as we recognise it—legal and of birthright, common and territorially complete. Hitherto the general historian has avoided the incident as somewhat of an enigma, of which the most complete statement is probably the following passage in Pollock and Maitland's "History of English Law" (book i., ch. vi.):

The task of accounting for the *lex Kantie* is that of explaining a passage in the social and economic history of England, and a very difficult passage. There is little in Domesday Book that marks off Kent from the surrounding counties, little indeed to make us feel that at the date of the survey it was a peculiarly free county, that it was as free as the shires of the Dane-law. We shall hardly find an answer to our question in the fact that the churches held wide lands in Kent; church lands are not the lands on which as a general rule we find many freeholders or many freemen. No doubt some traits in the Kentish customs may be described as archaic—they enshrine old English proverbs, and a legend grew up telling how the men of Kent had made special terms with the Conqueror—but probably we shall do well in looking for the explanation of what really has to be explained to the time which lies on this side of the Conquest. Kent is no mountain home of liberty, no remote fastness in which the remnant of an ancient

race has found refuge; it is the garden of England, of all English counties the one most exposed to foreign influences. The great roads which join London to the seaboard are the arteries along which flows money, the most destructive solvent of seigniorial power. The tillers of Kentish soil can maintain their ancient or obtain new liberties because their lords have learnt to want money and will rather have current coin than feudal rights. The gavelkinders are prosperous; they purchase a royal charter from Henry III. There is a general prosperity in Kent; even the knights of the county are anxious that the *lex Kantia* should be observed. All classes in the county seem to be bound together by a tie of local patriotism. They feel they are better off than other Englishmen are.

It is the single purpose of this present article to attribute to the Crown rather than to the county the prime motive in the declaration of Kentish liberty—in short, to suggest a military need for more freemen of the lower orders than were provided by the feudal system, and these relieved from some of the feudal military restrictions, as the *actual* cause of general enfranchisement; yet certain conditions favourable to freedom scarcely recognised in the passage just quoted must be premised as inherent in the county, conditions which can be regarded as tantamount to a *potential* causation on its part. Legal common freedom is not precisely the tribal freedom of the clansman, and as an innovation may, after all, more properly be expected to evolve itself in “a land of settled government” than in “remote fastnesses,” in industrial netherlands than in “mountain homes.”

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle,

and well might a Plantagenet have subscribed the record. Kent was still the “civil'st place,” law-abiding and well-doing, of martial tradition, and the oldest political entity of the English realm. Tempering this condition was the presence in her midst of the chair of St. Augustine, except under Norman Lanfranc always a strong liberal influence. Alphege and Anselm, Theobald and Becket, and, in Edward's own time, Peckham, had in turn stood for common humanity against uncontrolled power. And in no other territory would the common intelligence have

The Crown and English Freedom 27

been so greatly exercised by the frequent queries as to the consistence of authority raised in the disputes of Crown, Church, and baronage ; it may be readily supposed that upon the Kentish folk who had been spectators of that amazing last act of the Becket drama—with a king barefoot on his own highway as first player and the Church “responsible for the staging”—the argument had not been lost. But a more positive factor in the problem was their racial status. If Kent was no refuge for the “remnant of an ancient race,” it at least had been the cradle of a new one, one deriving from the earliest “Saxon” conquerors, adding a new element to humanity by its contribution of primitive literary English, successful in a large degree in its exclusion of Angle, Dane, and Norman, and—down to the battle of Hastings, in which the Kentish vanguard of Harold’s personal command to a man fell with its earl and king—receiving the place of honour in the field of battle. To this racial condition in particular must be attributed the preservation of the ancient customs of gavelkind, a land system which, though but faintly and sparsely to be recognised in Domesday Book, was effectually revived after the Conquest ; and surely it was as a tribute to racial sentiment that there was selected for the declaration of the Kentish liberties the day of St. Alphege—the particular Saxon holy day which Lanfranc had proposed to erase from the calendar. An economic demand for common freedom may doubtless be assigned to a growing necessity for a free labour market, for under the operation of gavelkind customs the land must increasingly have been one of small holdings, in relation to which the industrial methods and restrictions of feudalism would have been especially irksome.

These conditions sufficiently indicate a general motive on the part of the county. They also exhibit Kent as a territory in which, if an innovation of common freedom were to become a matter of practical politics, the experiment could most safely be made. They are wholly favourable to a second “deal” between Crown and

county; and as the provisions of the purchased charter of Henry III. above mentioned are rehearsed (again ostensibly as rights of "gavelkind and of gavelkind men in Kent") in the Custumal itself, it is probable the latter was, similarly, a grant in the nature of a business transaction. Edward, no less than his father, was of the class of kings *par métier*—and kings by trade do not give something for nothing, else they were not tradesmen. What, then, was the price of English freedom?

The date of the Custumal is articulate in reply. It is that of a moment of time when John Baliol has just ascended the Scottish throne and Edward's great task of maintaining his nominee is in hand. To hold Scotland, military power of a sort in which feudal forms of service would be inefficient is needed. Armies of occupation are in contemplation, and to the success of these the feudal soldier's claim to return home after forty days' service is subversive. The art of war is in transition; there is a general need for more infantry in masses, and these infantry more highly trained than were the tillers of the soil who had formed the inconsiderable following of the knights of a military age now quickly drawing to a close. The necessity for the enlistment on modern lines of numbers of men, free companies in which the feudal restrictions of over-lordship are abrogated, is imperative. It will be obvious that a general enfranchisement would render available for such enlisting or pressing a large body of men, and it is to be observed that the practice of issuing "commissions of array," with powers so to enlist and press, came into force at about this period.

Since no details of the granting of the Kentish charter, beyond the formal statement of the "claims" of the commons as set forth therein, have been handed down to us, any direct proof of the presumed "deal" is scarcely to be expected, but there are upon record certain circumstances relating to the personality of the only Kentishman mentioned by name in the document which present him as a very probable broker in such a business,

and even suggest that his subsequent recognition as a major baron may reasonably be charged as brokerage. In the charter he appears simply as guardian of Kentish liberties, indeed as custodian of the charter of Henry III. (and, by inference, of the Custumal itself?), but he was in fact at the time sheriff, the raiser of the forces of the county, and that he held this office at least four times is in itself significant. Further, he was in 1311 a "supervisor of array," possibly with powers similar to those of the better known "commissions of array." His concern in the Scottish affairs of the Crown is apparent in the following data. He was summoned for service in Scotland in 1309, 1311, 1314, 1315, 1318; when aged, he was "requested" to muster at York for that service; his son was one of the fifty-four Kentishmen knighted at the siege of Caerlaverock in 1300; in 1317 father and son, among others, were deputed to receive the two cardinals coming to treat for peace between England and Scotland subsequent to the *débâcle* of Bannockburn; finally, and most pertinently, the tenure of one of his manors, Shorne, is discovered, at the death of his grandson, to be that of bearing a certain white banner before the king forty days "toward Scotland."

Briefly, from the data alluded to in the foregoing the following deductions are reasonable :

a. That general liberty as prescribed in the text of the Custumal is not to be identified with any known custom of gavelkind, gavelkind properly being an antiquated system of land tenure, liberal in character, but not, so far as its vestiges show, concerned in any such principle. Hence the conjecture that the inception of common freedom belongs to "the time which lies on this side of the Conquest" is supported.

b. That, as an innovation within the middle age, it is unlikely that common freedom could have been established by virtue of Kentish aspiration alone.

c. That, on the part of the Crown, military necessity in 1293 would have been the most probable motive for such enfranchisement.

d. That the suggested explanation of the insertion of the freedom clause in the Custumal—as an expedient serviceable both to Crown and county at that time—receives apparent support from what is recorded of the personal occupations of the one Kentishman named in the document. Such an explanation would be wholly in accord with the known Plantagenet appraisement of the common fighting man; and the paradox of power—power of array in the one hand and in the other of common liberty—vested in Edward's sheriff would be but a forecast of the conditional magnanimity of Shakespeare's Henry V.

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.

JOHN C. NORWOOD.

The Witches of North Berwick

ON a small sandy eminence, close to the North Berwick shore and near the little harbour, stand the ruins of the Auld Kirk. This was once the parish church. Nothing is now left of it but the main entrance, a strongly built archway, and the old font, which still remains in its former position. The ordinary visitor would barely notice this ill-preserved structure, and only those who have dipped into historical records know what a curious story is connected with the ancient church. It was here that a service was said to be held at which the devil in person occupied the pulpit, and witches by incantation raised a dreadful storm at sea that prevented the landing of King James the Sixth's affianced bride, Princess Anne of Denmark. The match, which was opposed at first by Queen Elizabeth, had been delayed for some time, but at last, in the year 1589, Peter Munch, the Danish admiral, got ready his fleet of eleven ships, and started with the Princess for Scotland. As ill-luck would have it, a violent storm arose just as they came in sight of the Scottish coast, and they were

The Witches of North Berwick 31

driven back to the shores of Norway. A second essay succeeded no better than the first, and finally, being repulsed a third time, the admiral was obliged to make for shelter up a Norwegian fiord, and there he landed the Princess at a place called Upslo just as the winter was beginning to set in.

It was now impossible to move away from this inhospitable place, and reach either Copenhagen or Edinburgh, so nothing remained but to communicate, if possible, with King James and explain the situation. A young Dane ventured on this errand, and the princess gave him a letter for the King, which he safely conveyed. It may be imagined what were the feelings of the royal lover on hearing of the doleful situation of his bride-elect. For once in a life which was notorious for cowardice and nervousness James rose to the occasion, and announced his intention of personally crossing the winter seas and rescuing his lady-love from her perilous position. There were many dangers contingent on this journey, and among them the disturbed state of the country which he proposed to leave was not the least. The nobles, jealous one of another, were sure to quarrel the moment his back was turned, and the canny King bethought himself of an astute plan. Choosing those of the nobility who were most likely to be disturbers of the public peace, James ordered them to accompany him on his expedition, and he set sail for the Norwegian coast with a small fleet on October 22, 1589.

There was some difficulty about finding Upslo, but, having disembarked at a place called Lungesward, James and his companions proceeded partly by sledges, partly on horses, and arrived there on November 19, nearly a month after leaving Scotland. It was an extraordinary position for the royal lovers. Hemmed in on one side by huge snow-clad mountains, and on the other by the raging sea, their extrication seemed impossible; so the King made up his mind to set aside all pomps and ceremony, and marry the Princess there and then. The honeymoon was passed in this little Norwegian village

amid the snowstorms and winter blasts, and there was little likelihood of the bride and bridegroom being able to return to civilisation till the spring had thawed the roads and made them passable. However, once again the King showed his mettle, and, organising an alpine expedition, he managed, after many perils, to convey his Queen over the mountains in safety to Copenhagen.

Meanwhile, Admiral Peter Munch had his theories about those winter storms which had thrice driven his fleet back from the Scottish coast. It seems that he had an enemy in the person of a baillie, whose ears he had boxed, and whose wife was thought to be a witch. He therefore stated that she had planned his destruction and that of the Princess, and had created the storms at sea for that purpose. A word was enough to start this preposterous story, and a trial took place. The poor lady was condemned to be burnt, and several other supposed witches with her. The King and his bride, well feasted and entertained by the King of Denmark, remained with him till the spring, and eventually, on April 21, 1590, they set sail with a fleet under Admiral Peter Munch for Scotland.

One of the first acts of the King, after his return, was to examine witches respecting the storms they were supposed to have raised in the previous autumn. It seems extraordinary that a man gifted as James was with a fair amount of ability—though it was mixed with a good deal of foolishness—could have consented to prosecute a few feeble old women for doing an act which his sense must have assured him was impossible to be performed by any human being. But, more than that, he actually examined the women himself under torture, and conducted the inquiry. It must be remembered that at the time witchcraft was believed in all over Europe. The Popes, as early as the fifteenth century, had ordered the Inquisition to hunt out witches and wizards, and the clergy, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, all encouraged the destruction of witchcraft. During the Long Parliament no fewer than three thousand persons suffered for this

crime, and it may be said that in all parts of Europe these barbarous executions, mostly of old and inoffensive persons, took place without a word of remonstrance from the general public.

As late as the year 1722 a witch was executed in Caithness, and it was only in 1736 that the laws against witchcraft were formally repealed in England. Coming down to still later times, a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at Hedingham in Essex in 1863; and the crowd who did this act were not labourers, who might be supposed to be ignorant, but nearly all small tradesmen. From first to last it has been computed that four thousand witches and wizards were burnt in Scotland, and many more must have perished in England. This much may be said in extenuation of the procedure of King James. But there was no reason, except his own conceited opinion of his judicial talents, for his personal supervision of the trial. It is impossible to say what wild things a person may utter under torture, and unfortunately many names were often mentioned by the victims, and other persons thus brought into the same condemnation. It was so in the case of Annis Simpson, who informed the King that she and others were guilty of raising the storm to prevent the Queen from landing in Scotland.

In Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," the following passage occurs: "The King asked Annis Simpson what words she used when calling her spirit. She replied, 'As he had taught her, she merely said, "Holloa, Master!" when he came without fail.'" Annis Simpson then proceeded to describe one of the diabolic orgies at which she affirmed that she was present. "This," she made oath, "took place by night in the church of North Berwick, where the devil, clad in a black gown, with a black hat on his head, preached out of the pulpit, with many lighted candles about him, to a great number of witches. His sermon was regarding the skaith they had done since the last meeting, and what success the melting a wax figure of King James had had, and because one silly poor ploughman chanced to say, 'Nothing ailed

the King yet, thank God,' the devil gave him a sound box on the ear. And as divers of them began to reason together why they had as yet done the King no harm, though they had injured others, the devil came down from the pulpit, and invited all the company to come and kiss him. But he was as cold as ice, and his body as hard as iron, as those said that handled him. His face was terrible, his nose like the head of an eagle, great burning eyes, his hands and legs hairy, with claws of his nails like a griffin, and he spake with a hollow voice, saying that the witches of Norway and Scotland had entered into a combination against the Queen's coming." After listening to this nonsense, King James declared that he could not believe it; but presently Annis Simpson told him privately what took place between him and Princess Anne when he landed in Norway, and he declared that "he did not believe the utmost cunning of the Evil One could have revealed the same." The result of all this was that the poor half-mad tortured woman was condemned to be "first werriet and then brunt"—in other words, strangled and burnt.

It is impossible not to regard the Auld Kirk at North Berwick with feelings of interest. Situated as it is at the mouth of the Firth of Forth, pointing towards Norway, it looks the very spot on which to raise a storm adverse to voyagers from that country. The little graveyard which once surrounded it has been protected from the encroaching waves by a sea wall, for not long ago many coffins of the dead were carried away by the waters. Were it not for the hard volcanic rocks which protect the coast on this side of Scotland, still greater encroachments would be made upon the shore. Often for weeks together it is impossible to put off a boat to the Bass, and those who have gone there on a calm morning are sometimes detained by the sudden uprising of a north-easterly gale. Fortunately there are now no Annis Simpsons to play these tricks of witchcraft, and there is no danger of meeting the devil in the pulpit of the Auld Kirk.

R. A. GATTY.

Some Herefordshire Field-Names

SINCE the publication of the Rev. Isaac Taylor's "Words and Places," a good deal of attention has been devoted to the names of towns, villages and hamlets, and a wonderful amount of interesting information has thus been gained as to the distribution of those various races that combined to form the English nation.

All sorts of curious facts connected with the unwritten history of the people, both ecclesiastical and civil, are to be found, usually in a highly condensed form, in the names of towns and villages. That, of course, is a fact recognised by every one who takes an interest in antiquarian lore, and it is therefore the more curious that so little attention has been paid to the kindred subject of field-names.

It may even be news to some people, who think, with Dr. Johnson, that one green field is exactly like another, to learn that, just as every farm has its name, so every field on a farm has its own name too, which is perfectly well known to all the inhabitants of the village, and has usually remained unchanged from time immemorial. There is, no doubt, a great deal of local history buried in these mines which the antiquary as yet has hardly "scratched."

Farms change hands all too frequently in these days of agricultural depression, but a new farmer, in giving orders to his labourers, finds it a great convenience to keep to the names by which his various fields and orchards are known: they are familiar to the old hands, and new-comers quickly pick them up, and, with the innate conservatism of the labouring class, never think of altering them. Thus men come and go, but the fields on which they labour keep from generation to generation the quaint titles by which they were at first distinguished.

The little country parish of Staunton-on-Arrow, lying in the north of Herefordshire and close to the Radnorshire border, is where the field-names mentioned in this article occur, except when otherwise specified, and the writer notes them, not as being in themselves more curious than others, but as a hint to dwellers in the country of a subject that they may find worth their investigation. The parish itself has practically no recorded history, though it lies on the outskirts of many important places and must have been profoundly affected by events that are justly entitled historical. Its name, in the original spelling of Standun, tells of the struggle between Celt and Saxon, Dun being the Celtic term for a hill-fortress. A splendid example of this exists on Wapley Hill, an eminence in the parish that overlooks the town of Presteigne and all the neighbouring country.

The position of this camp is most commanding, and the earthworks are still in a capital state of preservation, and would hold conveniently a very large number of troops, and in the centre there is a spring that never fails in the hottest summer. A vague tradition connects the place with Caractacus, and this may quite probably be well founded, though there is no direct evidence on the point.

The prefix Stan is, of course, Saxon, and the river Arrow is the Celtic Arw, rough or violent. Part of the parish is in the hundred of Wigmore, the stronghold of the Mortimers, and part in that of Stretford, which speaks of the still earlier days of the Roman occupation of Britain and their great roads or streets. This is plainly marked by a place in the neighbouring parish of Pembridge, where the road branches off to the tiny hamlet of Stretford, which is still known as Legions Cross. A few miles away is the battle-field of Mortimer's Cross, and Staunton, like all the parishes round, must have been filled with flying soldiers on the eve of that disastrous day. Then, a little over the Welsh border, beyond Presteigne, is Pilleth, one of the battle-fields con-

Some Herefordshire Field-Names 37

nected with the name of Owen Glendower, and he or his troops must almost certainly have passed through Staunton on one of those excursions which might well have caused these Marches of Wales to adopt as their motto that which has been appropriated by the Salvation Army.

A curious earthwork called the Row Ditch, about which local antiquaries still wrangle, passes through one corner of the parish, and is undoubtedly an off-shoot, if not an original part, of Offa's Dyke.

Surrounded thus on all sides by memorials of ancient warfare and the troubled days of old, it occurred to the writer that the field-names of Staunton might possibly yield some contribution to the history of those stormy but forgotten times ; but here, it had better be confessed at the outset, he met with disappointment. The names of meadow and woodland are as peaceful and pastoral in nature as are, happily, the present inhabitants. They seem to bear no reference whatever to the desultory warfare that, generation after generation, was being waged in all this part of the country.

Curiously enough, there are only two names that can be recognised as of Welsh origin, a fact of considerable suggestiveness. The Saxon settlement here must have implied the almost complete "killing out" of the original owners of the soil. These two names are Rose Meer, which has nothing to do with roses, but is the Welsh *rhos*, a marsh, and Thistly Doles, or the thistly meadows. It may be noted that neither title seems to imply a very fertile or valuable piece of ground. One of the many orchards is called Harps Orchard, which at first seems to have a faintly Welsh flavour, as of Owen Glendower and his bards ; but Harper is not an uncommon patronymic in the neighbourhood, and the name is probably only a contraction for Harper's Orchard.

A number of the fields have, of course, purely trivial names, such as The Six-acre Piece, The Ox-pasture, and so on, but many are singularly picturesque and even poetical. Such is, for instance, Little Misty Field, with its suggestion of an autumn twilight, while Daisy Meadow

and Custard Close speak of rich pasture-land and the cows knee-deep in the spring herbage. Quist Moor is another name, quist being the Herefordshire word for a wood-pigeon, which calls up a ready picture in the minds of all who know the cider county of a brilliant spring day, when the pigeon's tender notes sound from every little copse, and the birds themselves continually rise up, almost vertically, out of the trees with clapping wings and shining plumage. Down by the river we have the Sallens, or Sally lands, where even now the yellow sallows, locally sallys, which the cottage children call palms, flame in gold amongst the dark March hedgerows.

In Herefordshire one expects a reference to cider, and accordingly that most celebrated of Herefordshire cider-apples, the Fox-whelp, is found to have given its name to Fox-apple Orchard, and Corn-apple Orchard hard by tells of the sweet yellow harvest apples so dear to the palate of childhood. The name of one field suggests a quaint picture of some old squire of bygone days going out with his dogs and fowling-piece into the September stubbles, for it is Hunt' Setters. Partridges were not driven in those days over the heads of rich young gentlemen seated at their ease on patent collapsible walking-stick stools, but the sportsman worked his own dogs and walked up his birds for himself, clad, as we see him in the old prints, in top-hat and yellow leather gaiters.

A great deal of the parish must have been originally woodland or marsh, for the word "ley," which roughly equals our "glade," is of frequent occurrence, and moor, or mere, is a common suffix. This waste land would be only gradually stocked, or grubbed up. Hence such field-names as the Stocking or Grubland.

There are three, or possibly more, names in the parish that mark the position of what was once Church property. These are Clerks' Leys, Canons' Leys, and Press, *i.e.*, Priests', Croft; while very probably Lord's Field and Lady Meadow were dedicated to the honour of our Lord and our Lady respectively. Like most other places in the neighbourhood, Staunton preserves the memory of

those bowmen of the Welsh Marches whose prowess was displayed on many a stricken field by the name of The Butts. This name is found in, or near, almost every village where there is a piece of level ground, in consequence of a law passed in the reign of Edward IV. ordering that every Englishman should have a bow of his own height, and that butts for the practice of archery should be set up in every parish. Every man was obliged to shoot up and down on each feast day, or be fined one halfpenny. It was surely a wise instinct on the part of these old kings of ours to make every citizen realise his personal responsibility in the matter of national defence. In most country places the lads and young men devote a great part of their Sunday to loafing aimlessly about the lanes and getting into mischief, and it seems to the writer that legislators, less "unco guid" than some we have known, might profitably apply a principle borrowed from Edward IV. to the days of Edward VII., and set these youths to practise rifle-shooting at their own village butts.

There is an agreeable savour of old village life and rustic humour in such names as Dicky's Close, Tumbal's Nap, Tom Snuff's Coppice, and the Ale Furlong. One wonders who Dicky may have been. He was evidently so well known as not to require a patronymic. Indeed, the use of surnames must often have been quite unnecessary in these small parishes, where everybody was related and generation followed generation in the same old cottage just as they did in the squire's mansion. Christian names alone or nick-names must have been in almost universal use or the Staunton Church register would not contain this rather vague entry under the year 1696: "Mary, ye daughter of Ned of ye mill and Sibble his wife was baptized."

Old families that are now extinct or have come down in the world have often called the lands after their own names. Rodd's Coppice speaks of a famous old family in these parts, which has now quite disappeared from the district, though the name is still kept green by one, well

known in diplomatic circles, whose remote ancestors must surely lie under the quiet turf of one of these border churchyards. Many other instances which tell of the connection of old families with a particular district that knows them no longer will doubtless occur to any one who is at all familiar with the names of fields and farm-houses.

Life, even in these placid country districts, must have had its dark sides, for one field by the road-side here in Staunton is still known amongst the labouring people by the ill-omened title of *The Hangman's Yell*—Yell being possibly a corruption of Hill. There seemed no tradition to explain this name until the writer stumbled upon an alternative title for the field, *The Gobbets*. Undoubtedly this would mean the Gibbet, and here some poor fellow must have hung in chains, a warning to the country-side of the terrors and offended majesty of the law. Pembridge, the next parish, possesses a still more grisly memorial in the shape of some fragments of human skin, dry and yellow as parchment, protruding from beneath the ornamental iron-work of the church door. Another long-forgotten tragedy is commemorated at Kington, a small town a few miles off, where one of the fields is called *The Cry of Murder*.

The Slang, a common field-name here as elsewhere, has passed as a word into the English language. It meant originally a small patch of ground, cast or "slung" off from the farm, usually by the road-side. Such a waste place was the natural camping-ground of gipsies and other wayfaring men, and from the vulgar and ungrammatical talk that such people would employ we have our modern word slang.

These few notes may serve to show what an interesting study is opened up by an examination of the field-names of a rural parish, though, of course, only a very few of them can be explained, and the great majority are of the nature of conundrums. Why, for instance, should one field in this remote Herefordshire parish be known as *The Spanish Way*? As far as tradition goes,

Some Herefordshire Field-Names 41

there has never been a Spaniard in the place, and the only gleam of light the writer has been able to find is that at Croft Castle, some twelve miles away, there is a famous avenue of Spanish chestnuts, which are said to have been grown from seeds taken out of one of the captured vessels of the great Armada. It is just possible that some of these historic trees may have been planted in this field, but if so, they have long since been felled, and their memory has perished.

There was a holy well here, which has given its name to Holywell Moor; but who can explain such names as these, taken at random from a list: The Ailts, Hassals, Stone of the Hill, Callenders, The Orels, Potsets, Camel's Land, and Wilberris? The writer is no great antiquary or etymologist, and must confess himself hopelessly puzzled. Perhaps, however, the puzzles form not the least seductive part of a study of field-names. One never knows when a chance reference in casual talk with some village elder, or a different form of spelling in some old deed or register, may throw a sudden flood of light upon them; and, even if that fails, there is always left what St. Piran, in Mr. Quiller Couch's story, called the rapture of contemplation. At any rate, here is a hint for any dweller in the country who is of an inquiring turn of mind. The field-names of his own parish will be certain to display something quaint and original, and there is always the chance of making a discovery of real historical importance. As a patient angler once remarked, when friends ridiculed his perseverance through a long series of blank days: "You never know when you may fill your creel, and there are few things better for the human mind than to experience the pleasures of hope."

S. CORNISH WATKINS.

Catherine of Siena

A STUDY

IN the latter part of the fourteenth century there was living in Siena a woman who was a saint. Before her stretched a marvellous future—behind her lay a mystic past. Yet at the time of which I am speaking, in 1367, she was not more than twenty years of age. She wore the black and white habit of St. Dominic, and lived quietly at home in the midst of a crowded family.

If we had passed her in those days in one of the narrow streets of her native city it is possible that we should not have turned to look. And yet a moment of conversation must have revealed that we stood in presence of the strangest personality. But until the glowing inward fire awoke, the outward appearance was simple and quiet enough. She was pleasing, graciously made, not beautiful. Her features were delicate, her eyes grey and luminous. For all her daintiness her lips and chin were firm.¹ She laughed very easily; nature had meant her to be merry. Her frank smile, her simple directness, were ingratiating. There was a pleasantness, and individual charm, about her. And this was already the great mystic of the age, the child who had seen the Vision of the Saviour above the Church of St. Dominic, the woman who on the last day of the Carnival of that very year had in wondrous visionary rapture been united in mystic Espousal to the Heavenly Bridegroom. To her eyes, though to hers alone, there still flashed upon her finger the mystic ring which to the world was invisible.

No doubt it is a sign of the weakness of mortal nature that one is disposed to linger on the human side of Catherine before even in thought turning to that stranger life which to her spirit was a familiar, chosen home. She was very human, this dyer's daughter of Siena; a quick, bright, impetuous, vivid personality, hating confusion, not understanding cowardice, loyal in friendship,

¹ *Bouche ferme et menton fort.*—MIGNATY.

eager for martyrdom. Although she scarcely seemed to eat or sleep, and the slight frame was almost without bodily support, though the eager spirit roamed in unseen worlds, it was on this earth for a while that she abode; and in this world that friends and disciples gathered round her, and poured into her ready ears their varied troubles. She was their *mother*, and to her greater heart and brain they committed willingly the guidance of their lives; and yet after all, in spite of these maternal cares, it is as a young woman that we think of her. She was young to the end; she died at thirty-three.

That short life had been chosen by Heaven for great issues; but at the time of which I write she must have been still almost unknown, save to those who murmured of the strange, uncanny ways which in later years were to afford much food to critics, and to the always increasing number of those she helped, a number which was to go on increasing to the end. This woman of the luminous eyes and merry laugh had only just emerged from a strange seclusion, a seclusion which was not any less that of a cloister because her cell was her own room in her father's home. She had known there temptations, tortures, raptures, the agonies and the joys of the recluse. It was a supreme Vision which called her back to active life, the vision, as we have seen, of the Heavenly Bridegroom. "The task is impossible without the vision. But it follows directly upon the vision," writes a translator of her letters.¹ The compelling vision and the ensuing task were secrets that were well known to Catherine.

What did her family think of her, this genius, mystic, yet devoted daughter and sister, who grew up in their midst; what was the opinion of her father, the worthy dyer, and of her mother, who was the daughter of a poet? Little cause had they to expect that at the close of their enormous family (Catherine was the twenty-fourth child) such a birth would come. One wonders of what nature was the twin-sister, born to early death, who entered the

¹ Vida Scudder, from whose translation I have made some quotations.

world at the same time, under the same conditions. Those who are fanciful in such matters may imagine that it was she who absorbed the earthly part of Catherine. Anyway the parents, though immersed in family cares, were not unmindful of the charm of their youngest daughter. It was a charm which inspired them with natural ambition as year by year the child passed on to womanhood.

But what could they do ? This child of many hopes, their bright, merry favourite, was not as their other children. Mysterious voices called the little creature, and led her to regions where they could not follow. I have spoken of the vision she beheld at six years old. At seven years she ran away into the fields to become a hermit. At another time a legend inspired her with the wish to enter a convent as a monk, in male attire. At one moment she yielded to the temptation offered by an elder sister, and allowed her pretty hair to be carefully arranged ; at another, on a test proposed by her confessor, she bravely cut the fair locks from her head. Tormented by her family (no doubt with good intentions), deprived of her little room and precious solitude, set to rough work, she submitted to everything, trusting to her secret prayers for consolation. Her family became impressed, it was murmured that her father had seen a white dove hovering near her while she prayed. They gave way, and even in her family circle she was left at liberty to pursue her own path as she would. In the flower of her girlhood, after one final struggle with her relatives, she assumed the white robe and black mantle of Saint Dominic. There follow the three years of hermit's life in her own home, long agonies, final rapture, the vision of the Heavenly Marriage, and her return to active life.

And now, before we follow her into that active life, let us pause for a moment on this Education of a Saint. It lies far back from us in a distant century, yet its results touch marvels not unknown to modern thought. In these days we hear much of trances and of mediums, of automatic writing (many of Catherine's letters were

composed in trance), of anæsthesia (very frequent in her career), of clairvoyance, suggestion, mental influences. Yet though these things are none of them uncommon, and are perpetually under scientific observation, it is not true that this age more than any other is prolific in Saint Catherines. Indeed, if *psychical* mean *pertaining to the soul* (which is one meaning at any rate yielded by the dictionary), it may well surprise those who investigate these marvels that the soul, the Psyche, is not more in evidence. Even apart from fraud, it becomes inevitably clear that to have occult powers is not therefore to be spiritual.

Another distinction may occur to us as we study these records of Saint Catherine. To the imaginative perception of the Greek, the soul, the Psyche, was not the highest part of life. Beyond the body was the soul, but beyond the soul the spirit; the Psyche was lower than the Pneuma, the intellectual than the spiritual—a division at any rate less insufficient than our twofold idea of soul and body. To apply it to the present case—in a life so abnormal as that of Catherine strange physical results might be confidently expected, and it would be also a matter for surprise if there were none of those phenomena which we call psychical. It remains to be asked whether the genuinely spiritual nature, the nature consciously devoted to the highest life, must not, almost of necessity, have in its issues other marvels, whose origin is due to higher sources. For if it has been abundantly proved in these latter days that no amount of power of producing phenomena makes a saint, it may be none the less true that in the nature of a saint must be strange powers, latent or expressed. Apart from all legendary embellishment, it is evident that such powers were with Saint Catherine.

For how else can we account for the extraordinary influence which this dyer's daughter was to exercise, an influence so great and universal that its extension seemed to know no limit? This almost uneducated woman, who had grown up before she learned to read, and who

only learned to write three years before her death, included among those to whom she sent her dictated letters the noblest in birth and the greatest in office of her time. She encourages Gregory XI., she restrains Urban VI., she advises the King of France, she admonishes the Queen of Naples, she reproves the rulers of Florence, and among the less distinguished of her correspondents what a variety of names and occupations ! At one moment she is advising a young novice ; at another encouraging a free-lance to win true glory ; now the dangers of active life fill her soul, and now the deeper perils of the mystic. And always in the midst of that flood of ardent phrases she shows a comprehension broad and deep, subtle too, and piercing to the heart of things. What common-sense mixes with her woman's tenderness, what playfulness sometimes with her deep emotion ! Is she advising her young niece to dismiss all doubtful visitors ?

Hold thy head bowed, and be as savage as a hedgehog !

Or the over-scrupulous wife of a Florence tailor, who is inclined to fast on every possible occasion ?

I beg and command thee not to fast, except when thou canst, on the days commanded by Holy Church. And when thou dost not feel strong enough to fast then, do not observe then.

To her beloved Fra Raimondo, who has turned aside from danger, she mingles tenderness with disappointment :

Oh, my naughty father, how blessed your soul and mine would have been could you have sealed with your blood a stone in Holy Church.

To Catherine di Scetto, a Mantellata of St. Dominic like herself, she writes words which show how broadminded was her outlook :

Know that it would not be different from setting a law and rule to the Holy Spirit if we wished to make the servants of God all walk in our own way—a thing which could never be done.

These are not the words we should expect from an ascetic.

But indeed the life of Catherine may well confound our theories. Do we imagine that an ascetic is less sensitive than others to family love? It is Catherine, the youngest of an enormous family, who cares for her old mother in her widowhood. Or devoid of business capacity? This young woman is sought for to arrange affairs of state. From the beginning to the end of her life we see brain and heart active, eager, concerned with small things as well as great. If the frail human body gave way beneath the strain she had at least lived more and lived deeper than the rest of us.

But it is time to consider how this dyer's daughter, Caterina Benincasa, became so celebrated. We have seen her in years of seclusion. How did they lead to that wider fame in which kings and popes appear? The celebrity came gradually, unsought by herself, though with a progress that was steady and inevitable. When she unwillingly left seclusion and returned to active life she devoted herself to the care of the distressed, assiduously leading the life of charity while still living quietly in her father's house. We read how once, having nothing else to give a beggar, she parted even with her mantle of St. Dominic, defending herself merrily when blamed for this by her superiors. It was indeed her joyousness that attracted all she met, and like all glad creatures she loved joyous things; she was fond of flowers, fresh leaves, the open air; she was entranced by music; in her movements she had an artistic grace. Yet with these bright activities there was still the inner life; she had trances, visions, ecstasies, tormenting pains; and with regard to food and sleep, as I have said, she lived always under the strongest physical restrictions. The eager spirit seemed to support the body, and to refuse to allow it to give way. In this comparatively quiet manner she spent three years. Then once more a supreme Vision called her to a wider life. She lay in a trance as if life itself had fled while her spirit roamed among unutterable experiences, until, obedient as ever to its Master's voice, it returned to take part in human life again. But that

life was no longer to be little known of men, it was to move in wider fields, to greater issues. To Catherine it seemed as if her whole being had been changed, and she wondered that the difference was not observed by other people. But to us the marvel is rather that through all changes the bright, vibrating personality remains the same. For the second time she has been called by a vision-summons, and she begins her life again on a wider plane.

Events follow rapidly. Her fame continually increases. She is summoned to Florence on concerns of State. She returns to Siena in the awful time of plague, as an angel of ministry to the living and the dead. Disciples gather round her, men and women; young noblemen offer themselves to be her secretaries; and of all this "mystic family," as it is called, she is the "mother." She communicates with rulers, cardinals; on every side her advice is sought and welcomed. The idea of a crusade sets her heart and soul on fire, not only for the great ideal it seems to offer, but also for the supreme opportunity it gives of making use of the warlike energies around her. Catherine, we must remember, has been born of business people; to her mind even the power to fight should not be wasted. This plague of war, the desolation of the age, this too may become holy, may be consecrated. Sir John Hawkwood, the great free-lance, is really touched by the letter and messages she sends to him. She writes to the Queen Regent of Hungary, the Queen of Naples; she throws herself heart and soul into the cause. But her dream fails. The crusade does not take place; and warriors and free-lances go on fighting indeed—but not for Heaven.

Another dream is successful. She restores the Pope to Rome. But before we speak of her relations with the Pope there is a story which, familiar as it is, is too beautiful to be omitted here. It is the tale of the young nobleman of Perugia, condemned to death for some impatient words—poor boy!—and raging, desperate, prayerless, in his cell till Catherine comes to

him and comforts him. We can see her with her charm, her bright eyes—a brightness which reflects the light of another world—her kindliness, and the young man's amazement, gratitude, submission—a mingling of human love and adoration. If she will only come to him on the morning of his death—and she does come, and together they receive the Holy Sacrament. And then, if she will only be with him on the scaffold—for the poor boy is still afraid of being afraid. And she comes to the scaffold; she waits there for him; with a strange instinct of sympathy she places her own head on the block; and then he comes, and she lays down his head there with her own hands while he is murmuring "Jesus! Catherine!" We have the story in her own burning words, one of the most poignant documents left for us by the centuries.

Once more we have a picture—Pope Gregory at Avignon, very much at ease among his manuscripts and treasures, and before him the frail woman with her eager heart, her womanly grace, her frank denunciations. What is Catherine with her flame-spirit, her burning wish for martyrdom, to make of this man who is so afraid of being poisoned, her Superior, her dear "Dada," as she loves to call him, and yet one whom she must treat as if he were a reluctant, frightened child? It is to the credit of Gregory, sensitive, dreamy, kindly, that from the first he recognised the force of the woman's nature, yielding to her with that pliability which makes weak natures appear at times so amiable. When she first met him, herself sent to Avignon by the rulers of Florence, with whom he was at variance, he hastened—good, easy man—to place the negotiation in her hands, only begging her to be careful of the honour of the Church. It was the rulers who had sent her who shamelessly threw her over, so that the negotiation came to nought. But Catherine had met the Pope, and from that meeting a more important and lasting decision followed.

For the Popes lived no longer in Rome. For more than seventy years they had dwelt in the luxurious

shelter of Avignon, a shelter so little austere that the Papal Court was the theme of scandal, and was fiercely denounced by Catherine. To the Pope himself she loved to show humility, but (like her friend Fra Raimondo) he was not only her father, but her child ; and her vigorous letters make it clear enough that she exercised over him the spell of the stronger nature. One scene comes before us vividly. A vast room in the Papal palace, full of curios, art treasures, every luxury of culture ; in the midst of these things the small, frail form of Gregory, and the not less frail figure and shining eyes of Catherine. For it was at such a moment, as Fra Raimondo tells us, that she addressed to him the decisive word. If the Holy Father did his duty the doors of this beautiful palace would be closed, and he would himself be on the road to Rome ! Moved, if not shamed, by the word, Pope Gregory received it as one which had come in truth from Heaven.

Picture rises after picture : Catherine before twenty-seven cardinals, rebuking their vices with unsparing tongue ; Catherine herself under cross-examination by three prelates and winning them over by her grace and modesty ; a naughty fine lady running a needle into the foot of Catherine to make sure that the unconsciousness of trance was real. We can hear the chattering dismay of the Papal Court, can see the weak Pope shifting like the wind, can hear him imploring Catherine not to leave him, aware that in her only are strength and conscience left. Finally we have the day of his departure, the cardinals on white horses, followed by a troop of soldiers, in the midst of all the little form of the Pontiff, resolute for once in spite of the bad omen of his plunging steed. Catherine has throughout been triumphant over omens, and Pope Gregory is on his way to Rome.

We have no time to dwell on the dangers of his journey, on his meeting with Catherine at Genoa, on the vacillations which she had to combat even there, and on his entry into Rome. He was never to see Catherine again ; and, deprived of her magnetic presence, he fell

easily into discouragement and weakness, even into alienation from her—for we still have the sorrowful appeal she wrote to him. But Gregory, restored at length to the Papal city, was not much longer to wear the mitre there. He died in the next year; and Urban VI. succeeded him, a man of a very different character. If Catherine had upheld the weakness of Gregory, she had now to restrain the violence of Urban, to whose supreme credit it must be recorded that to the end of her life he loved and honoured the “little woman.” Those were troubled times. The free, turbulent Italian cities rose only too readily against the dominion of the Popes; and scarcely were they appeased before the Church Catholic was rent in twain; Urban’s election was contested, and another Pope was chosen. Catherine had welcomed the first hope of peace with Florence as if it had been, as she called it, *the coming of the morning*; but scarcely had that peace become a reality when this new storm broke on the Church and on her life. With vibrating energy she threw herself into the cause of Urban; her appeals flew to all, kings, queens, monks, cardinals; with fierce denunciation she called the rival Pope a very demon, who did the work of devils. Finally, at the summons of Urban, she goes to Rome to take part openly in the battle of the Church. In the dark winter days she reaches the Eternal City; and less than two years later she is dead.

But we have passed by one scene which must not be forgotten—the tumult in Florence in 1377, at a time when Catherine was in the city attempting to make peace between Florence and the Pope. The popular fury raged and flamed against her; her friends became alarmed; her life was in the utmost peril. To her secret delight there came a moment in which it seemed as if at last she were to be allowed to win the crown of martyrdom. We can imagine the scene—the trees of the Italian garden, the fierce crowd of wool-carders who have penetrated there, their brandished weapons, and the kneeling Catherine, self-possessed, eager, inwardly

delighted. Alas ! she is not to be permitted martyrdom. The workmen, amazed and dismayed, retire abashed ; and Catherine survives to write to her confessor that the Bridegroom of her soul has “ played a great joke ” upon her. She has been preserved for troubled days in Rome—after all, only to have a longer martyrdom.

For disappointment, sorrow, even anguish, are in Rome. The Pope is violent, his enemies implacable. Rivers of blood flow in the Papal city, and Urban's triumph is a desolation. As if upon some warning that this is indeed to be the close, Catherine has brought friends and disciples with her ; even her old mother has come with her from Siena, and remains in Rome with her darling to the end. Never has Catherine been in deeds more animated. She is devoted with heart and soul to Urban's cause ; her fiery letters rush all over Europe, her best-loved friends are sent away to plead for it. But there is to be no peace in Rome ; and in her soul that peace alone which belongs to another world. Her courage is indomitable, but heart and strength give way.

A letter written in the midst of her death agony is a strange light in that mysterious path on the dark mountains. We hear of struggles, raptures, agonies, a spiritual conflict maintained unto the end. Yet those near her are struck by the gladness on her features as she gives to each her parting words of counsel. Her face glows with joy when at length the last moment comes. There are a few murmured words ; her head sinks, and she is gone.

So Catherine dies, leaving a vibrating voice which can still be heard through the thunder-roll of centuries, through which her figure too remains distinct—saint, mystic, combatant—a life not to be forgotten. Shall we think of her as sitting in her room in peaceful days, weaving flowers for her friends—for she loved to be in the midst of flowers ; or in raging tumults, calm and self-possessed, more courageous than the bravest of brave warriors ; or lost in wondrous mystical experiences, in

shadowy conflicts and unearthly raptures? Shall we not rather wonder at the marvels which could be accomplished in one weak woman's life? Catherine would not have wondered. In one of her many letters—those most memorable letters—there is a word that lingers. She is writing (it is evidently a personal experience) of a poor distressed soul in darkness, doubt, and anguish; and then she tells how the darkness was swept away, and the soul found herself near her Friend again. A glad moment—in which, nevertheless, a question lurked which must be asked if the rapture were to be complete. Where *was* the Friend during all those hours of darkness? And the quiet answer came: "I was beside thee."

It is a very simple word, but I do not know that unseen Force has ever been expressed more clearly. And these few words, with their tender, haunting note, may help to solve the riddle of St. Catherine.

M. A. CURTOIS.

Some Old Pictures at Rheims

FROM the thirteenth until well on in the sixteenth century the performance of Mysteries and Miracle plays, which, like Chinese tragedies, lasted several days, was a popular feature in all festivals, ecclesiastical, national, or merely local. The clergy, at first sole actors, received more and more lay assistance, until, in 1402, a regular company—*Les Confrères de la Passion*—was licensed in France by Charles VI. Henceforward the *Confrères* travelled about France, going by request from city to city and giving in each representations of their own rewritten versions—often fine ones—of plays which had been in use from the thirteenth century or even earlier.

In imitation of the Parisian *Confrères*, Rheims soon had her own licensed company, *Les Clercs de la Basoche*, who for some time gave frequent performances, either of the mysteries used by the older association or of versions

written by some learned inhabitant of the city. The licensed actors apparently only enacted the chief *rôles*: the minor parts and those of the "supers" were open to volunteers of all ranks, who vied with each other in adding splendour to the show. For a time the Cathedral freely lent vestments and ornaments, but one chronicler mentions that, because certain disorders were unavoidable in so mixed a company, a rule was made forbidding the loan of any ecclesiastical properties for use in comedies or theatrical performances, even when the plays were on sacred subjects.

The cost of the production on great occasions was defrayed in various ways, partly by individual generosity, partly, as happened at the coronation of Louis XI., from the funds voted for the ceremony. Considerable chaffering took place between the Chapter House and the citizens in settling the amount to be so devoted.

For several good reasons, such as war, insurrection, plagues, and scarcity of food and money, no Mystery had been acted at Rheims for forty years when, in September 1530, the leading citizens presented a humble petition for leave to perform "The Mystery of the Passion," followed by that of "The Vengeance of Jesus Christ," *afin d'avoir bonne et vraie commémoration à l'honneur de Dieu et au salut des âmes de chacun*. Permission was given and, according to Jean Pussot, the chronicler, the result was *une chose de très grande dévotion*, which people flocked to see and take part in from thirty leagues around.

The spirit which, to some extent, has survived in Oberammergau, was then that of the majority; the received truths of Revelation, the moral lessons drawn from the Scriptures and from the lives of the saints, became almost painfully vivid from what, to many of the devout spectators, must have seemed the actual sight of the protagonists. Touches that, to modern eyes, seem grotesque, probably to them merely added a realism which brought the story still more thoroughly home. Religious emotion rose to its height, and it is believed that the desire to perpetuate the memory of such an

event inspired the painter of the great canvases now in the Musée, and once in the Hôtel-Dieu, at Rheims.

These relics, echoes, so to speak, of past emotion, are on a top floor, to which few visitors seem to have sufficient energy to climb. Part of an earlier set of canvases, representing "The Mystery of the Passion," hang on the staircase walls, where there are also some scenes from the histories of Judith and Holofernes, and of Esther, and some colossal figures of the Apostles. But the most interesting set is the series of seven pictures, each representing one day's scene from "The Vengeance of Jesus Christ."

The pictures are not entirely easy to see, as they are huge, and incline inwards at sharp angles to the wall, while the centre of the room is occupied by a railed-off Roman pavement, but they are well worth the stiff neck which is the inevitable consequence of studying them.

The play, of which the sixteenth-century pictures form a kind of epitome, dates from 1437, and in it the destruction of Jerusalem is told, partly from Josephus's narrative, partly from more apocryphal stories.

The artist is unknown; his drawing and perspective are quaint and incorrect, but the figures are full of life and movement. They are drawn with swift, sharp strokes, corrections of which have often been made without any attempt to remove the faulty line—but the pictures probably were intended to be seen from a distance at which blurs would not matter. The artist's method is a curious contrast to that used in the earlier set, the probable date of which is 1450-90. There, the black outline is clear, even, and hard, but quite lifeless: the artist was apparently more painstaking but less gifted. In each set the figures and buildings are touched with colour, which has been considerably exaggerated in the plates in the British Museum.

The first scene is a street in Jerusalem; the temple forms the centre of the background; on either side are walls, with many towers and gates. From upper windows in the towers people look out on the street. Here on the

left a group of musicians in sixteenth-century dress plays for a group of dancers, probably the girls in the Mystery, who plead rather prettily their right to enjoy life. Watching them is a quaint spotted animal, presumably a dog. Up in the sky are the portentous signs, the sword, a wild beast, etc., at which some of the older people in the street point; one little figure clearly interprets them as foretelling disaster. On the right a section of the palace is shown, wherein the king sits holding an animated discussion with his counsellors.

The second picture, which is in three sections, gives the story of Vespasian. On the left he lies in a canopied bed, surrounded by doctors; he is naked to the waist and his wounds are dotted in with great regularity and care. Through a postern gate some one (Nathan? or Volusianus?) strides in haste. In the distance St. Veronica can be seen on horseback. In the third section she is standing by the bedside, holding out the sacred handkerchief; Vespasian has just vowed that, were his health restored, he would avenge the Saviour's death, and, his wounds all instantaneously and miraculously cured, is apparently about to spring out of bed.

Scene three, also divided into sections, shows the end of Pilate. On the left, he has been brought to Rome; by the connivance of a soldier, he wears a concealed portion of the Sacred Raiment, and therefore, though Tiberius (who, by the way, is recorded as suffering from ulcers, fevers and nine kinds of leprosy) is consumed with rage with him in his absence, he can only be gentle and caressing when he sees him. The centre shows Pilate exposed on a ladder in a street at Lyons to the jeers of the populace. On the right hand is the river Rhone, with a bridge across it, and a three-storeyed tower. Through the gratings of the basement window in the latter, two brown devils are urging Pilate to commit suicide. Other devils are escaping from upper windows, and three more are dancing in the air, as they watch Pilate's body being thrown into the river. Possibly these are the three who, according to legend, "rejoiced" in Pilate's wicked body

as it lay in the water, and caused such tempests, storms and general disturbance that, in the hope of sending it and them homewards, the Lyonnais removed it to Vienne (*via Gehennae*), where it was thrown into the river once again. The evil spirits did follow the corpse, but again caused so much disturbance that it was buried near Lausanne, and, that manœuvre having no better result, it was thrown into a gulf surrounded by mountains, where the machinations of the devils are still shown by the bubbling of the water.

On the fourth day, Vespasian in full armour stands outside the walls of Jerusalem and summons the city to surrender; the kings and elders parley from the walls and towers (each of which has its name painted on it); a moderate number of people are moving in the streets.

Scene five shows the siege and famine within the city. In the foreground, a horse is being cut up for food, and people are going off, smiling greedily, with cats and rats in their arms. On the right, the story of the woman who slew her child for food is told in full detail. Her deliberate, thoughtful expression as she kills her son is distinctly quaint.

The costumes and the weapons of the soldiers in scene six, that of the capture, are exceedingly interesting, though the proportions are grotesque. The chief gate is being battered on each side by hooked rams, behind which are spiked shields for the protection of the soldiers. On the top of the gate are three men, two throwing stones, the third shooting with a crossbow; other figures are armed with early forms of hand cannon.

Scene seven, the last, shows the Jews enchained and dealt with according to the legend on which the Mystery is founded, some being sold thirty for a farthing, some being divided in four, because so they had dealt with Christ's raiment, others undergoing tortures of different kinds.

As a whole, the set of pictures forms a curiously interesting document on the mediæval attitude towards the Jews. There can be little doubt that "The Mystery

of Christ's Vengeance," played immediately after that of the Passion, had moved men's hearts to sorrow and indignation, must have been an active agent in keeping alive the detestation of the race, and must also have seemed an irrefutable warrant for persecuting it.

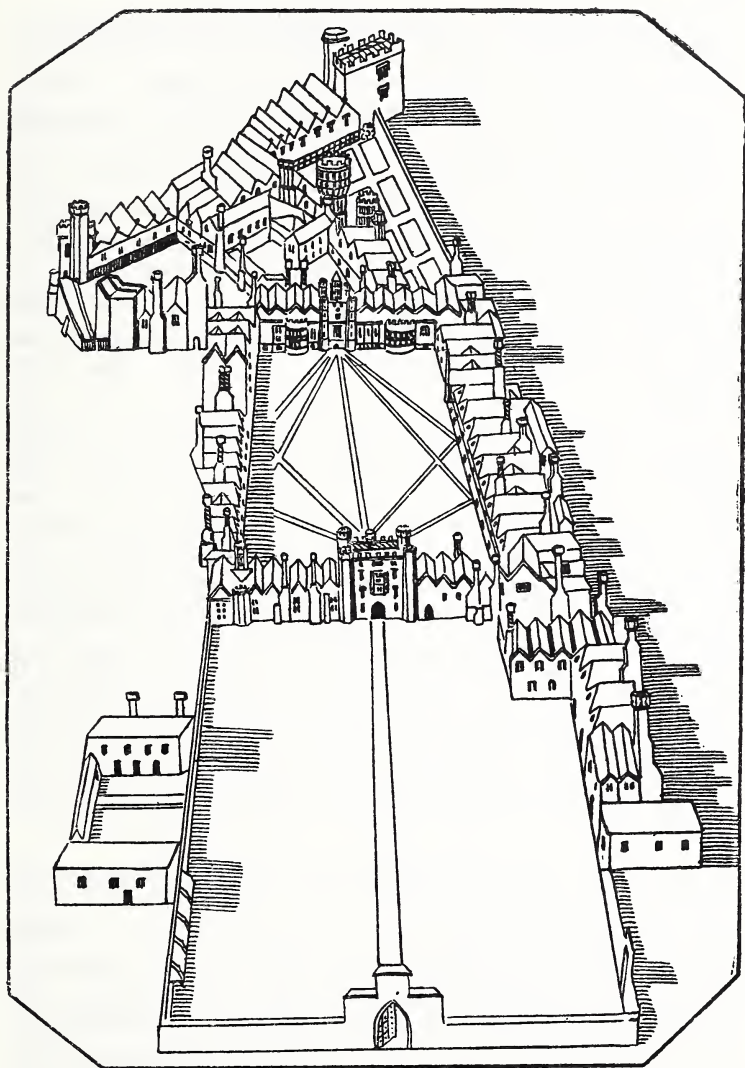
The second and last scenes, in fact, urge extreme measures as a duty; Vespasian's leprosy is cured, not because of his belief in the divinity of Christ, but to enable him to avenge His death, and the punishment meted out in the last picture is instinct with a savage ingenuity which could not fail to appeal to mediæval minds. Jew-torturing might clearly be considered as religious observance rather than worldly amusement, and, although in 1530 their worst times of trouble in Western Europe were over, it is probable that for at least a few days after the performance of this "*chose de grande dévotion*," the Jews found it prudent to keep closely to their own quarters. The chronicler is silent on the point.

EDITH M. MILLAR.

A Royal Dower House

IT stood—for it stands no longer—upon a well-wooded stretch of level ground within sight of the silver reaches of the Thames. The park, well stocked with deer, made an ideal hunting ground linking miles and miles of forest land into a wide-spreading royal chase, and the convenient waterway which connected it with other Royal houses, Hampton Court, Greenwich, Somerset House, was not the least among its many attractions.

Henry the Eighth, who acquired this desirable estate of Otelande or Oatlands in Surrey from its yeoman owners, may have known its fair acres of old. Tradition says that he was nursed at a house in the neighbouring parish of Byfleet, a house already old when the boy, then Duke of York, was young. But the property of Oatlands



THE PALACE AT OATLANDS

(From a woodcut in Brayley and Walford's "History of Surrey." The woodcut is a reduced copy of an engraving, from a drawing belonging to Richard Gough, Esq., published in Manning and Bray's "History of Surrey.")

only came into the king's possession in 1538 during the last decade of his reign.

The purchase was not a difficult matter. Henry merely gave in exchange what never rightfully belonged to him at all, namely, the lately suppressed Priory of Tandridge in the same county of Surrey, with all the lands and manors attached to it. And, with a fine consistency, this ruthless confiscator of Church property appropriated the materials of other ruined religious houses to help in the building of his new palace. The despoiled Abbeys of Abingdon, Bisham, Merton, and Chertsey, all furnished their tribute of marble, stone and timber.

The main structure was of red brick, chiefly brought from Woking, stone being only used for the facings and window mullions. The ground plan was extensive, as we learn from engravings of a contemporary picture painted by Anthony von der Wyngrede now in the Bodleian Library. The building was hurried on apace, the cost of construction including charges for masons' and carpenters' work by night as well as by day, "for hasty expedyction of the same;" and soon embattled gateways, octagonal turrets, gabled roofs, and ornamental chimneys arose clustering about the large entrance court and oblong inner court, and stretching away beyond in a wedge-shaped mass of irregular roofs and towers towards the river.

The palace was completed just as the royal builder was hopefully looking forward to the coming of his fourth Queen, Anne of Cleves, and he spared neither trouble nor expense in preparing the interior for her reception. Records still remain of the rich stuffs and hangings and tapestries of brilliant colouring from France and Flanders; of the chairs and bedsteads "upholstered" (as we say now) with "carnation velvet and cloth of gold," or "greene velvet and silver." And upon the furniture of the bridal chamber "gylt and draped with crimson" were blazoned "two great Armes of the Kyng and Queen Anne joyned together in a garland."

But the royal husband tired of his disappointing bride even during the honeymoon, and apparently she never set foot in the palatial home destined for her. One of the most fortunate among King Bluebeard's unhappy half-dozen of wives, she survived matrimony, and ended her days peacefully, in her adopted country at Chelsea, in 1557.

The luxuries prepared for the king's German bride were enjoyed by her less worthy successor Catherine Howard on at least one occasion during her six months of wedlock. The next time Henry came to Oatlands he came alone, struggling between wrath and affection for the wife so lately wedded. Wrath gained the day, and another unhappy queen died on the scaffold after the poorest semblance of an inquiry into her sins against him.

It was only for a few short years that the royal owner of Oatlands had the satisfaction of admiring the fair proportions of his splendid palace. Only for a few years could he view his handiwork—like another mighty monarch of old—with the proud boast: Is not this mine house that I have built by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty? Henry VIII. died in 1547, and scarcely more than half a century later his three children had also done with their short span of ownership and followed him childless to the grave.

How finely balanced are the issues of life! What compensations are always working themselves out in the schemes of the Divine Architect of men's fortunes! Another half century, and the stately home erected by the ruin of many other homes itself lay prostrate in the dust. Some old walls and outbuildings, a ruined archway, a few dilapidated rooms—these alone remained to hint at the splendid past.

But there were brave days before that, days of hunting and feasting, of the coming and going of guests and courtiers, of grave statesmen and soldiers whom the sovereign delighted to honour. For even in those good old times, when life still moved at a dignified, leisurely

pace, before motors flashed along the roads—before week-ends were invented—before neighbouring counties came to be within speaking distance at any hour of the day—there was a very decided feeling that it was pleasant sometimes to exchange town for country. And the broad Thames always made a convenient highway towards the Royal Dower House in Surrey.

The gentle young Edward VI. and the sister queens, Mary and Elizabeth, in turn followed the chase in the Park of Oatlands, and here, on one occasion, the Virgin Queen is said to have brought down a stag with a shaft from her own royal crossbow. She endured at Oatlands, by the bye, one of her many courtships, and for a time seemed to smile favourably upon the envoy of her French suitor Alençon. But this official wooing came to nothing, like all the rest.

James I.'s consort, Anne of Denmark, the first queen of Great Britain, greatly loved Oatlands, where she often came for her health's sake. A large, lofty room may still be seen attached to an outlying building—a patchwork affair of new and old, probably once forming part of the old palace—which is said to have been dedicated to the culture of her Majesty's silk-worms and built for that purpose by her own special architect, Inigo Jones.

The room has outlasted many changes, and still remains intact to remind us of a queen's hobby.

Anne was not such a sportswoman as her predecessor Queen Elizabeth, and when she did go a-hunting the result was not always satisfactory. Once when letting fly her shaft she killed by mistake the king's favourite hound. King James, her husband, who seems to have had the patience of a Newton, never reproached her for her maladroitness. He bade her not to distress herself, as he "should love her never the worse," and the following day he sent her a valuable jewel, as a pretended legacy from his dear dead dog, Jewel, or Jowler, by name.

The king had the like forbearance with his wife's

extravagance. Anne was twenty - eight when she became queen-consort of Great Britain. Like many another young and pretty woman, she was prodigal in



An Arch remaining upon the Site of the Palace

personal expenses, and no pin-money proved sufficient for her needs. She had a jointure of over £6000 a year, besides her dower as queen of Scotland. In 1609 the king added to it half as much again, with an additional £20,000 to pay her debts. It was certainly well that she had a tolerant husband to deal with; but her failings, after all, were purely feminine—vanity, extravagance, unreasonable petulance when thwarted in any way.

Poor pleasure-loving queen ! We picture her environment of costly draperies and rich hangings, in gilded palaces where splendid feasts graced the board like that which she gave at Oatlands to the Venetian Ambassadors. She always loved pomp and display. But life for her was not all made up of laces and jewels and *chiffons*. As years went on her days of darkness were many. All but two of her many children died in her lifetime, among them the amiable Henry, the son of her special affection, who only outlived the splendid festival of his creation as Prince of Wales about two years. One son, Charles, the future Royal Martyr, and one daughter, Elizabeth, survived their parents. The fate of the children early lost proved the happier lot after all.

Anne must have been something of a manœuvring mother. She would fain have seen this daughter, the Princess Royal, become queen of Spain, and had actually begun to negotiate secretly with the Spanish Court with that end in view. The necessary change of religion presented no obstacle to the queen, who had herself been Lutheran, Calvinist, Anglican (and, it is said, Roman Catholic) in turn. But the gallant Frederick, Prince Palatine, was Princess Elizabeth's wiser choice ; and for once in a way with these royal lovers hands and hearts went together.

Queen Anne could not conceal her chagrin at this downfall of her ambitious hopes. She would salute her daughter in private by the mocking titles of "Good Wife," and "Mistress Palgrave" ; not until the marriage was actually celebrated did her heart soften towards her son-in-law.

It might perhaps have consoled the disappointed queen could she have had a vision of sovereign rulers in long procession springing from this unwelcome union to fill in the future her husband's throne—she, the unwitting mother "of our kings to be." As for "Mistress Palgrave," she was destined to be a queen after all, for her husband accepted in 1619 the offered throne of Bohemia, although his mother-in-law did not

live to know it. And, better still, Elizabeth wore through life, outlasting other honours, the far sweeter title of



Sic Transit Gloria Mundi. Part of the Ruins of
Oatlands Palace

Queen of Hearts, than which no woman can wish a worthier.

The story of her Stuart heritage of misfortune, her hapless wanderings, her weary years of exile, have no place here. But it does concern us that this same Queen of Hearts passed some months of her early childhood at Oatlands Palace, where an establishment of right royal proportions was kept up for her and her brother, Prince

Henry. The number of servants, which was at first seventy, was soon increased, till there were in all one hundred and forty-one persons told off to serve this little princess of six and her elder brother.

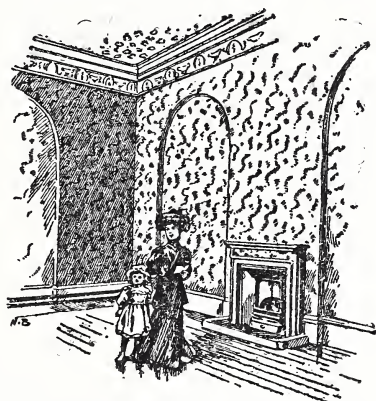
In the autumn of 1617 Anne of Denmark made a long stay at "Otelands" (as she wrote the word), fancying she felt better there than in any other place. But her health failed more and more, every one but herself being aware of her critical state. Her house of Oatlands must have held her affections to the last, for she was preparing to return thither from Hampton Court, to receive a promised visit from her well-loved brother, Christian IV. of Denmark, when her long illness ended fatally, with little warning, in February 1619.

Once again the Surrey palace by the riverside was bestowed upon an English queen-consort, for it was Charles the First's gift to his bride Henrietta Maria, and much of her life-story in weal and woe was associated with it. Here, in the untroubled days before any cloud arose upon the horizon of her content, she lived with her devoted husband, happy as queen, wife and mother, surrounded by the treasures of art, masterpieces of Flemish and Venetian painters, which Charles's cultured taste loved to collect about them. Here her youngest son, Henry, was born, and hence named Henry of Oatlands; and here she gathered her children under her wing, and listened apprehensively to the low mutterings of the rising storm which was soon to wreck her happiness.

Already there was disaffection among the middle-class folk in the neighbourhood of the royal residence, and bands of disloyal intruders would invade the demesnes of Oatlands and Windsor Forest to hunt the king's deer. There were rumours afloat that the queen purposed leaving the kingdom, taking her children with her. She, on her part, feared that her enemies—now, alas! many in number—would tear them from her keeping, even by force, and resolved to defend them at any cost. The spirited mother on one occasion summoned a little band of friends and followers, and had the Park of Oatlands

patrolled the whole night through, to guard them from attack. After this autumn sojourn at Oatlands the royal brothers and sisters were never again gathered together under the same roof.

A few years later, however, this nursery-palace sheltered for a time the baby Princess Henrietta, youngest child of Charles and his Queen, born to them in their days of adversity. Henrietta Maria had fled to France, leaving her infant in the care of her devoted friend Lady Dalkeith, afterwards Countess of Morton, and loyally the brave lady fulfilled her trust. To the sweeter memories of Oatlands belongs the pretty romance of the flight there planned. In dread lest the Parlia-



Anne of Denmark's Silkworm Room

ment should make good its threat and force her to give up her charge, Lady Dalkeith dressed the two year-old princess in rags as a French beggar-boy, calling her little Pierre; she disguised herself as the wife of a French peasant, adding a hump to conceal her stately figure; and thus the fugitives set out from Oatlands.

All the weary miles to the coast did this brave woman trudge on foot, carrying the child in her arms or on her back, hoping, fearing, always in dread of discovery, always in danger from the little one's prattle. The baby Henrietta did not approve of her ugly rags, and persisted in explaining to every one they met that she was a princess, and *not* Pierre the beggar-boy! Luckily, from the baby's lips the words Pierre and princess sounded so much the same that no one understood her indignant protests.

The coast was safely reached at last; the fugitives

crossed from Dover to Calais by the common packet boat, and once on French soil the danger was past. Little Pierre could be safely transformed into a princess again, and the loyal guardian had the happiness of placing her once more in her mother's arms.

The tiny heroine of this adventurous escape grew up to be as lovely as any fairy-tale princess; and in after years married the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV.

After the death of Charles I. the palace and park of Oatlands, described as "part of the possessions of Henrietta Maria, relict of Charles Stuart," were confiscated to the use of the State. The pictures and other valuable contents of the palace, the Rubens, the Snyders, the Tintorets, were sold by auction. The splendid mansion itself was almost razed to the ground, and the building materials, as well as the site, turned into money. The trees in the park and the deer which roamed among them were also disposed of for a large sum.

When King Charles II. came into his kingdom, the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, took possession of the ruined site of her old home, and leased the lands to her favourite, the Earl of St. Albans, by some said to be her second husband, although there is little ground for the tradition. He had a house at Byfleet near by (described by Evelyn as "an old large building"), and remained lessee of the Oatlands estate when the property, at the queen-mother's death in 1669, was granted for life to Catherine of Braganza, now in her turn queen-consort of Great Britain.

The Restoration had restored many things besides the Monarchy—the revels, the love-locks, the brave apparel, the dignities and honours, the state and ceremony. But the old splendour of Oatlands Palace never returned. Upon the ruined walls and prostrate stones *Ichabod* was written large in ineffaceable characters—the glory had departed; the Royal Dower House of Oatlands had ceased to be.

MARY GRACE MURRAY LANE.

Retrospective Review

"The Physicians of Myddvai"

"**R**HYS GRYG, Lord of Dyved and Ystrad Towy, made Rhiwallon and his three sons, even Kadwgan, Griffith and Einion, his court physicians, and maintained their rights and privileges in all integrity and honour. And they caused a record of their skill to be committed to writing lest no one should be found after them so endowed with the requisite knowledge as they were." So runs the introduction to that quaint old Welsh book, the "*Physicians of Myddvai*."¹ Rhys Gryg was King of South Wales from 1197 to 1234, in the days when Llewellyn the Great, son-in-law of King John, who helped the rebellious barons against his father-in-law, was King over Gwynedd or North Wales. According to popular tradition, Rhiwallon's mother was an Undine whom a young farmer of Carmarthenshire won from the waters of Llyn y Van Vach. He, like Hildebrand, was warned against striking his wife without a cause. Like Hildebrand he disregarded the warning, and on the third repetition of the fault, the water-sylph returned to her native element and the erring husband saw her no more. She appeared, however, repeatedly to her sons. The eldest, Rhiwallon, she instructed in the art of healing; she revealed to him the nature and use of various herbs, and gave him a bag filled with medical prescriptions.

It is to be feared that the record of that bag's contents tends rather to amuse than to instruct the posterity for which it was drawn up. A strange confusion the old book is of gross superstition and shrewd common sense, of puerile prescriptions and repulsive remedies mingled with the simple rules of health which we practise to-day.

Rhiwallon and his sons had a high standard of character and conduct for their profession. They

¹ Translated from Welsh MSS. in 1861 by J. Pughe, and edited by the Rev. W. Jones of Llanmorwdddy.

required in a physican kindness, humility, courtesy, unblemished loyalty. He must be discreet and prudent, never under any circumstance divulging any secrets he might have learnt in the exercise of his profession; devout also at all times and in every place, "so that the blessing of God may be on him and what he does." He should, if possible, be always at hand, in case his services are required. Indeed, the laws of Howell Dda, drawn up in the eighth century, which define minutely the rights and duties of a court physician, render him liable to severe penalties should he be absent from home without sufficient reason.

A garden should be attached to the doctor's house, where rare herbs may be cultivated and plants foreign to the Welsh soil be grown and tended. There would be the betony, the juice of which was good for the sight and hearing, and was a cure for and a preventive against the ague. "And a wise man has said that if it be reduced to powder a snake would rather be broken in pieces than pass through the powder." And sage, excellent as a nerve tonic, and vervain which would save the warrior who bore it with him to battle from wound or injury. There also would grow the joy-producing saffron. "If you would at all times be merry eat saffron in meat or drink and you will never be sad, but beware of eating overmuch lest you die of excessive joy." The wild clary, too, could work a moral as well as a physical cure, and would preserve the mind from envy and evil tempers, so that one wonders why all men in Rhiwallon's days were not good and happy. Last, but not least, of herbs came the wonderful rosemary, which "is good for every disease which can exist in the human body." After that any further specification of its virtues seems superfluous. Yet we have a long list of them. Laid under the pillow it would keep away bad dreams and nocturnal fears. No evil spirit could approach him who carried with him a stick of rosemary. Broth eaten with a spoon made of the herb was a preservative against poison or injury by thunder or lightning. And a decoction of the flowers

and leaves, like Madame Rachel's famous preparations, would preserve the bloom of youth and make the old young. But every herb, say the good old physicians, themselves as devout and full of faith as they would have every member of their profession to be, must be gathered in the name of God or its virtues will be of no avail. "Gve no heed to those who say they should be gathered in the name of the devil, as the devil has nothing to do with goodness."

Bleeding, of course, was an important item in the regimen. Its success depended largely on the time when it was performed. Some days, such as April 11, March 17, May 4 and 5, were peculiarly propitious for the operation. There were three exceedingly dangerous days in the year, viz., the last day of April, the first Monday in August, and the last Monday in September, on which no bleeding should be done or medicine used. He who would foolishly disregard this warning would certainly die in a week or a fortnight. To eat goose on one of those days was also to put one's life or health in jeopardy. Times and seasons play an important part in the rules laid down for eating and drinking. In May and December the enjoyment of sheep's trotters is forbidden; nor in the latter month is it well to indulge in soup or red cabbage in the soup. In September it is a good thing to drink "three draughts of milk the first thing in the morning. You may after this take what you wish." In November butter is to be left severely alone, also the heads of all beasts and vegetables.

The "hatless brigade" would have found small favour in Rhiwallon's eyes, for in the list of practices injurious to the brain we find "much standing bare-headed" mentioned. "To smell a white rose" is included in the same category, but "to smell a red rose" is declared good for the brain. The ladies of Rhys Gryg's court, if twitted with vanity and the love of fine clothes, must have been glad to quote the physician. "Array yourself," he counselled, "in fair garments, for a man's mind delights in fair things, and his heart is

rendered lighter thereby." He advised men and women to cleanse the teeth with the dry bark of the hazel. That piece of advice at any rate he did not draw out of the bag his mother gave him, for Grialdus Cambrensis, writing in the previous century, attributes the dazzling whiteness of teeth he observed among the Welsh to their use of hazel bark as a dentifrice and to their avoidance of hot foods and drinks. The hazel, however, seems to have failed to preserve the teeth from pain and decay, for the remedies propounded for toothache are numerous, and some of them extraordinary enough. A worm in the tooth was supposed to be the cause of the evil; so that a candle of sheep's suet mixed with eringo held under the tooth over a bowl of water would cure the toothache, "the heat forcing the worm to drop from the tooth into the water." There were no dentists in those days, even the blacksmith had not begun to use his pincers as a forceps. But Rhiwallon boasted he could perform "painless dentistry" with the best. A powder of calcined newts and "those nasty beetles which are found in ferns," applied to the tooth by the forefinger of the right hand, would not fail to draw it out without pain.

There are also two charms or "medical feats" recommended for the cure of toothache. An iron nail with the words — agla — Sabaoth — athanatos — engraved on it was first inserted under the aching tooth, then removed and used to carve the sufferer's name on an oak tree while the following incantation was repeated: "By the power of the Father and this consecrated wood as thou enterest into this wood so let the pain and disease depart from the tooth of the sufferer. Even so be it. Amen." The nail was then driven into the tree and while it remained there the toothache would not return. The other charm consists simply in the repetition of the following :

St. Mary sat on a stone, the stone being near her hermitage, when the Holy Ghost came to her, she being sad. Why art thou sad, mother of my Lord, and what pain tormenteth thee? My teeth are painful, a worm called megrim has penetrated them and I have masticated and

swallowed it. I adjure thee daffin o negrbrina by the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, the Virgin Mary and God the munificent Physician, that thou dost not permit any disease, dolour or molestation to afflict this servant of God here present, either in tooth, eye, head, or in the whole of her teeth together. Amen.

Another charm, somewhat similar, half narrative, half incantation, would cure the ague :

When our Lord Jesus Christ beheld the cross which was purposed for Him He trembled greatly and the Jews asked him thus, Dost Thou fear this cross, or is it the ague that afflicts Thee ? Jesus answered them thus, I fear not this cross nor am I yet afflicted with the ague, but I tremble before my Heavenly Father in contemplating what He prepares for those who shall crucify Me ; and for a truth to you I speak that whatsoever man shall hear the words I speak and shall believe them and shall do all that I have commanded therein, prostrating himself before his Heavenly Father he shall never suffer from the ague nor shall he have any fear. And now, O Lord Jesus Christ, grant that of Thy mercy the ague may not afflict or trouble Thy servant and the servant of God the Father from heaven, neither now at present nor at any other time during his life and existence in this world, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

There are many other charms given. The haft of a knife made out of a goat's horn with the names of the seven sleepers graven on it, laid under a sick man's pillow without his knowledge, would produce sleep. If the physician wished to know whether the patient would recover or not, there were many methods by which he could arrive at an accurate prognosis. He might write the letters F, G, O, G, Y, L, Q, Y, S on an egg laid in the sick man's house on a Thursday, and put it in a safe place outside the house. If on the morrow, when the egg was broken, blood came out the patient would surely die. Or he might anoint the sick man's heel with some hog's fat and offer the remainder to a dog to eat. If the dog rejected the fat the sickness would prove fatal. Or he might bind bruised violets round the patient's forefinger ; if sleep followed all would go well. "You should ascertain this before you meddle with the case"—an apparently cold-blooded recommendation which proves the knowledge to have been sought rather for the

sake of the physician than to reassure the patient and his friends.

The laws of Howell Dda direct that a physician should procure a bond of indemnification from the sick man's relatives beforehand. Otherwise, should the patient die, the physician might be prosecuted. That law may have been still in force in the thirteenth century, though the physicians of Myddvai make no mention of it. More probably men were still inclined, as in the days of Howell, to hold the physician responsible for the patient's death or recovery, so that the former, if he failed to cure, had reason to dread the vengeance of the dead man's next-of-kin. It is evident that the physicians of Myddvai spared little of their sympathy to the lower creation, and could inflict suffering on animals for the sake of mankind with an eye as unfaltering, and a heart as callous, as the most merciless vivisector of to-day. The tongue torn from a live frog placed on the breast of a sleeping man would force him to reveal all his secrets. A frog beaten to death, oil pressed from roasted snails, the flesh of a cock's heart still warm, all figure in prescriptions. For a small tumour the physician is directed to take a cock or hen as the patient is a man or a woman and apply the plucked rump to the part till the bird dies. It is curious to find that prescription still in favour among doctors five hundred years later. Among the directions issued by the Royal College of Surgeons for the treatment of the plague in 1665 is the recommendation "to pull off the feathers from the tails of living cocks, hens, pigeons, or chickens and holding the bills, hold them hard to the botch or swelling, and so keep them at that part till they die."

This is but one of the prescriptions sincerely believed in by the physicians of Myddvai that lie now in the limbo of exploded theories and rejected remedies. Perhaps seven hundred years hence posterity will make merry over modern therapeutics, and will cite the most firmly cherished beliefs of our doctors as specimens of twentieth-century ignorance and credulity. Rhiwallon, at least,

has rebuked in anticipation the sneers of those who might mock at his wisdom. "Whosoever doubts these sayings, let him know that he is wiser than those who obtained this knowledge first."

ELEN WYNNE.

*Correspondence**Secular Education at Work*

MR. URBAN,—Writing as an Australian on the results of secular education in Australasia, it is necessary for me to preface my observations by pointing out that no really profound changes can be expected till the colonies that have adopted this system have attained a greater age than at present. To speak of national results arising from trial periods generally less than thirty years in length is to display a grave deficiency in sociological insight, since many counteracting influences have to be taken into account. When not only the secularly educated but the children of the secularly educated have attained maturity, then, and not till then, inferences may be safely drawn as to the permanent effects of the present ideal. Nevertheless, though this stage has not been reached, there are evident in the young lands certain tendencies that have a meaning, and since both advocates and opponents of religious education occasionally express wonder as to the present state of affairs in Australasia, it may interest British readers to hear some conclusions formed by those who have had special opportunities for personal observation.

Before dealing with these tendencies, however, it is necessary to note the peculiar circumstances under which secular education came to be the rule in Australasian schools. It was due to no violent change, such as would be needed here, still less to any antipathy to church or creed. In the Commonwealth, generally speaking, the larger number of religions to the smaller number of

people made the proper recognition of each faith impossible, while among that migratory population it was by no means certain that any one creed would predominate in a district for any length of time. It is interesting to note that this result was foreseen many years ago by Sir Richard Bourke, then Governor of New South Wales, who prophesied that the ingress of so many representatives of the different faiths would finally lead to the disestablishment of them all, a result which took place in Victoria in 1872, in South Australia in 1878, in New South Wales in 1880, and so on. It must be remembered, however, that the secular system in practice, though not in theory, admits of many differentiations. In some colonies, for instance, Bible teaching in school hours either is or has been permitted, while in others clergymen of various denominations have been given time in which to teach those of their own faith. We must also realise that a child secularly educated at school is not necessarily a secularly educated child. There is home influence to mould him ; there are again the Sunday schools attended by classes socially higher than is the case here, while in no part of the new world does there exist either the stolidly ignorant peasant or the degraded slum inhabitant whose parental duties, in almost all respects, need to be done by deputy. Where social and climatic circumstances have favoured an English ideal and fairly close settlement, we sometimes find a class of young people in whom non-religious State education has had as yet no visible evil results.

This is notably the case, for instance, in New Zealand, a colony which has legalised secularism for about three decades. In no part of the British dominions, save perhaps Wales, are "revivals" of more frequent occurrence than in this little agricultural and pastoral country, while the institution of Bible classes by the young for the young has become so prominent as to arouse comment even in the press of other lands. In no corner of the world does the wandering preacher find a warmer welcome or reap a richer harvest, and more than one London

publisher has informed the writer that, proportionately, religious fiction of a high class sells better in "Maoriland" than in the Homeland, or in any sister colony. To many persons such facts may not seem proof of the existence of true religion. I mention them, however, as showing that it is possible, given favourable national and domestic circumstances, to eliminate direct biblical teaching from the schools without immediately plunging the youth of the land into heathendom.

Even in regard to New Zealand, however, secularism has not proved its case, and coming to the larger country of Australia, where movements almost necessarily have more significance, we find a state of affairs which must be said to do so still less. This is due partly to climate, partly to social facts which have a detrimental effect on the young mind. Compared with New Zealand, for instance, the Commonwealth contains larger towns and a more deserted "Out Back," two factors which tend towards some moral disorganisation, while the semi-tropical climate leads to gayer manners and to the weakening of home life. As a result of these conditions, not, as in other lands, modified by definite religious instruction, we have an ignorance of Christianity which is taken for granted even among the most conventional. One notices this, for instance, in that thoroughly well-meaning child's writer, Ethel Turner (the Louisa Alcott of Australia), when, seemingly without any sense of incongruity, she pictures her little heroine dying as any pagan might, craving in vain for the comforting sense of a hereafter. It is not, perhaps, surprising that many well-taught Australian children should be without the definite formula of a creed; what is difficult to comprehend is the fact that the mind of such a child should remain a blank even after years have passed. Considering how life and literature are permeated with allusions to the tenets of our faith, it is difficult to realise that intelligent young people can grow up knowing no more of its central figure than the fact that he was "a good man." Nevertheless this is a state of affairs which some years of

observation in the Commonwealth have made evident. An Australian theatrical manager, staging Marie Corelli's *Barabbas*, once gave it as his opinion that quite half the young people who witnessed the play considered the story to be taken directly from the Bible, while to several young persons (by no means deficient in ordinary education) the identity of the oft-mentioned Master remained a mystery to the end! So far as biblical knowledge is concerned, this is the mental state of many a bright, well-educated child of Sydney or Melbourne. In the weird solitude of the bush there are evident still more striking instances of the non-Christian trend. The bush girl who long believed that an angel, because it was a "white winged being," must be the crane her father had shot, has many counterparts. These young dwellers in the Out Back have often no educational opportunities, secular or otherwise, and it is a curious fact that the bush mother, virtuous and high principled though she be, very rarely passes on to her children the religion in which she was bred. She is not antagonistic to the Christian creed, but regards it rather as if it were the reported faith of some other nation which can have no obvious bearing on her own life. As a consequence of this parental attitude the innate notions of many a bush boy or girl concerning death and immortality have almost the same psychological value as if they were the ideas of a native black.

"What becomes of you when you die?" was once asked of an untutored child.

"I don't know," came the reply, given as if the question were offensive.

"What do you think becomes of you?"

"I suppose I go to a dim place," was the final answer.

One wonders if this were an unconscious re-creation of the "dim land of shades," found in the common belief of old-time Greeks and Romans, living in the same soft climate. Certain it is that the ordinary articles of the Christian faith are to the average young Australian a mystery of which he knows nothing. On the other hand, there is no active antagonism to church or religion. Crude

atheism, fairly noticeable in England, is a rarity among the young of the new Commonwealth. It is typical of the young countries on the whole that in one of "Maori-land's" four chief cities the only Freethought Society died out for want of membership, its hall being now given over to concert companies and the services of the Salvation Army. Socialist Sunday schools, agnostic park speeches, and other deliberate attempts to weaken orthodoxy are there unknown.

Much has been said concerning the increased criminality that must result from the absence of religious teaching in schools; and here statistics are useless for the purpose of proof or disproof. In a floating population, with the effects of many early evils still discernible, it is to be expected that lawlessness of a sort would be more evident than in settled countries. It is certainly true that criminality on the part of the boys, vice on the part of the girls, is commenced at an earlier age than is the case in England. Rightly or wrongly, the Australian does not attribute this to secularism but to climate. He notices that in those Continental countries that resemble his own, the authorities, parental or otherwise, do not altogether depend upon their religion, but have instituted a stricter *régime* in other respects—among the girls seclusion or genuine chaperonage, with the boys espionage, or, as in France, a liability to "purgatory schools." To such restrictions, however, English tradition is more or less averse, and so the methods by which a semi-tropical country almost automatically safeguards itself are consciously checked by that very English blood which, as the casual thinker might believe, renders them unnecessary.

Whether it be due to secularism or no, one must admit that the growing character of Young Australia, though promising in many respects, is devoid of that austerity and self-control which is still the ideal of the English nation. There is not a trace of that regard for puritanism for its own sake which, cynics notwithstanding, characterises at least some portion of our immense middle

classes in the Homeland. Young Australia is indeed moving on very different lines, and though the commercial and political morality of the Commonwealth shows as yet no sign of descending from the English to the American level, there is a sense of instability in the national character which argues some insecurity for the future. The young Australian is inclined to look to the State rather than to the Church for his ideal, and, should that fail him, he will have nothing either to follow or to revere.

It is significant of our general English one-sidedness that while much is said concerning the ethical results of secularism, no opponent of that system has thought of expressing a fear lest the intellect as well as the morals might suffer. This notion, however, has occurred to many of our more thoughtful Australians, and forms perhaps a more powerful argument for some change than outsiders would believe. To some of these authorities it has become clear that scriptural teaching, even were it only as a means of training the sentiment and imagination, has its uses. That the rising generation of the Commonwealth is somewhat deficient in the latter quality has now been taken for granted, one or two States having endeavoured to remedy the defect by introducing old-fashioned fairy tales into the standard readers, and by commissioning their best artist (imagine Holman Hunt being so commissioned in England!) to illustrate them in such a manner as to cultivate both fancy and artistic taste. As a matter of fact, the Australian child is deficient not so much in imagination as in what may be called time-perspective. He is keenly alive to the wonders of the world, but it is purely the world of to-day, and, as English History is taught either poorly or not at all, he has little opportunity of remedying a defect that is intensified by residence in a new country wanting in the associations of the past. Mentally, he moves about easily in space but not in time, and the veriest English bumpkin to whom the Bible is a daily lesson-book has thus in one respect a better chance of culture

than his carefully trained, much-legislated-for little cousin across the seas. It would be strange if the Commonwealth were finally to abandon or to mitigate secularism, not because it injured the ethics but because it narrowed the intellect of the rising generation. Yet such an occurrence would not be unnatural.

Such moral failings as threaten Australia are not easily traceable entirely to the secularism of the State schools; they can be attributed to other causes as well, and it is as yet much too early in the history of the nation to discover whether these failings are the dying consequences of early social difficulties or the permanent results of the present education system. On the mental side, however, the defect already touched upon is well in evidence, and may be ascribed clearly to that system. Australia must needs realise that if she is ever to produce philosophers as well as legislators, statesmen as well as members of parliament, she must pay more regard to the purely spiritual side of life, teaching her children reverence for what has been as well as for that which they hope to create. "Advance, Australia" is a national motto not to be contemned, but the true progress is ever that which takes the Past along with it.—Yours faithfully,

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

*The Imprisonment of Lady Slingsby and
Mrs. Behn*

MR. URBAN,—The *Athenæum* of September 22, 1894, published the text of the following warrant, sent to it by an inquiring correspondent who had just discovered the document among the Lord Chamberlain's records :

Whereas the Lady Slingsby Comœdian and Mrs. Aphaw Behen have by acting and writeing at His Royall Highnesse Theatre committed severall Misdemeanors and made abusive reflections upon persons of Quality, and have written and spoken scandalous speeches without any License or Approbation of those that ought to peruse and authorize the same. These are therefore to require you to take into yo^r Custody the said Lady Slingsby and Mrs. Aphaw Behen and bring them before mee

ccciiii—2119—July '07

F

to answer the said Offence, And for soe doeing this shalbe yo^r sufficient Warr^t. Given und^r my hand and seale this 12th day of August 1682.
To Henry Legatt Messenger
of His Ma^{ties} Chamber, &c

Replying to the inquiry of its correspondent as to the identity of "the comedian" referred to, the *Athenæum* says :

Lady Slingsby, first known as Mrs. Aldridge, joined the Duke's Company about 1670. She played at Dorset Garden, under the name of Mrs. Mary Lee, many characters, and was in 1675 the original representative of Deidamia, Queen of Sparta, in Otway's *Alcibiades*, and Chlotilda (*sic*) in Settle's *Love and Revenge*. She is first heard of as my Lady Slingsby in 1681, when she played Queen Margaret in Crowne's adaptation of *Henry VI.*, Part I. In the printed version of the second part of the same play Queen Margaret is assigned to Mrs. Leigh. Lady Slingsby figured the same year as Regan in Tate's *King Lear*, Sempronina in Lee's *Lucius Junius Brutus*, and Marguerite in Lee's *Princess of Cleve*. . . . Bellchambers supposes Mrs. Leigh and Mrs. Mary Lee to have been the same person. This is conceivable, though Mr. Lowe, in his edition of Cibber's "Apology," derides the idea. Lees and Leighs are, in fact, inextricably mixed. . . . The name of Lady Slingsby does not appear in Mrs. Behn's *City Heiress* (Dorset Garden, 1681), but that of Mrs. Leigh does to the part of Closet. This comedy, which is both political and indecent, was printed in 1682. It is not impossible that the extract refers to the speeches put in the mouth of this character, supposing Mrs. Leigh and Lady Slingsby to be the same person. Dr. Doran, on we know not what authority, supposes Lady Slingsby to have been connected with the Slingsbys of Scriven.

In taking the view of Bellchambers rather than of Lowe (who was undoubtedly the soundest stage historian of his time), the *Athenæum* has, I regret to say, gone off on a wrong scent. Once conceive that the actress after becoming Lady Slingsby never performed again under her former name, and the conjecture regarding *The City Heiress* becomes untenable. It is important to recollect that the Second Part of Crowne's *Henry VI.* had been acted and printed—under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War*—before the First Part. According to the Term Catalogues, the Second Part was published shortly before May 1680; the First Part followed in November 1681. These facts afford some clue to the period of Mrs. Mary Lee's marriage. As she is cast as Lady Slingsby in Tate's *King Lear*, the publication of which

is announced in the Term Catalogue for May 1681, one may with safety assume that she became our first actress of title about the close of the year 1680.

A London newsletter of July 29, 1682, unearthed by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, states: "A play by Mr. Dryden, termed *The Duke of Guise*, wherein the Duke of Monmouth was vilified and great interest being made for the acting thereof, but coming to his Majesty's knowledge is forbid, for though his Majesty be displeased with the Duke, yet he will not suffer others to abuse him." In the face of this action, one can well conceive that the King would not have been inclined to look with leniency upon any further attempt to cast ridicule upon his unfortunate son. It was precisely for an offence of the sort that the two women were arrested. *Curtis's Protestant Mercury* of August 16, 1682, conveys the intelligence that "on the 10th instant was produced at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens the tragedy of *Romulus and Hersilia, or the Sabine War*," with an epilogue written by Mrs. Behn and spoken by Lady Slingsby, which reflected on the Duke of Monmouth. The Lord Chamberlain had ordered both the ladies into custody. How long they were deprived of freedom does not appear, nor can one learn whether the further acting of the tragedy was forbidden. This seems unlikely, as the offence lay wholly in the epilogue. Publication, however, was delayed, and made at length anonymously. *Brooks's Impartial Mercury* of Friday, November 17, 1682, has an advertisement, "To be published, on Monday next, the last new play called *Romulus*." I have not seen a copy, but if the "*Biographia Dramatica*" is to be believed, Mrs. Behn's epilogue was published with the text.—Yours faithfully,

W. J. LAWRENCE.

Abraham Tucker

MR. URBAN,—Privileged to dwell in the vicinity of Betchworth Castle, it is my frequent pleasure to visit that crumbling ruin, which dates back to the early part

of the fourteenth century; and as I sit there musing, high above "the soft windings of the river Mole," my thoughts often run upon Abraham Tucker, the most notable of the long list of its resident owners; and I invariably conclude my cogitations by wondering how it is that in these days of literary research one so rarely meets either with his name or with his pseudonym—"Edward Search."

Abraham Tucker came of an old Somersetshire family, but was born in London on September 2, 1705. His father was a City merchant of some account, who, dying when Abraham was but a child, left his son to the guardianship of an uncle, Sir Thomas Tillard, a man of benevolence and rare integrity, under whose protection and guidance the boy lived and pursued his studies until 1721, when he entered Merton College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner.

At Oxford Tucker discovered a strong mental bias towards philosophy and mathematics; but though he directed his attention chiefly to those subjects, he at the same time did not neglect to acquire a mastery of the French and Italian languages, as well as some proficiency in music. Leaving Oxford, Tucker entered at the Inner Temple, where he studied law; but, possessing sufficient means to render him independent, he was not called to the bar.

At the early age of twenty-two years he withdrew himself from the distractions and gaities of the town, and took up his residence at Betchworth Castle, near Dorking, which estate he had purchased of William Fenwick, and here he passed his time pleasantly, occupied with philosophical studies and a country gentleman's usual pursuits until 1736, when he contracted [marriage with Dorothy Barker, the daughter of a neighbouring landed proprietor.

Tucker does not appear to have published anything of importance until after the death of his wife, which, to his intense grief—for they were passionately and ideally attached—occurred in 1754. His grandson, Sir H. P.

St. John Mildmay, tells us that "as soon as the first excess of his grief was somewhat mitigated, he occupied himself in collecting together all the letters that had passed between them at periods when they were accidentally separated from each other, which he transcribed twice over, under the title of 'The Picture of Artless Love.' One copy he gave to Mr. Barker, his father-in-law, and the other he kept, and frequently read over to his [two] daughters."

Although possessed of an ample fortune, and occupying a position of some importance in the county of Surrey, Abraham Tucker rigorously abstained from political activities. He went so far, indeed, as to publish in 1755 a pamphlet, "The Country Gentleman's Advice to his Son on the subject of Party Clubs," in which he warned young men against the danger of rashly pledging themselves to political principles of which, in their riper judgment, they might come to disapprove.

Tucker now devoted himself earnestly to the writing of his chief work. He himself tells us that from his earliest youth his thoughts took a turn "towards searching into the foundations and measures of right and wrong," and this disposition of mind continued and increased as he advanced in age. It is, therefore, not surprising that the work upon which he bestowed so much labour, and to which he devoted so many years of study and research, should be of a metaphysical character. Briefly, it is a defence of the individuality of the human mind or self, and argues that every man's own satisfaction is the ultimate end of action; and further, that satisfaction and pleasure are one and the same in kind, however much they may vary in degree; this universal motive being connected, through the will of God, with the general good, the root from which all rules of conduct and sentiments of honour spring. In short, the work is simply an endeavour to prove egoism to be a kind of unconscious unselfishness.

In 1763 Tucker published a kind of feeler, or specimen of this work, under the title of "Free Will"; and it was

not long before the strictures of a critical article in the *Monthly Review* of July in the same year, moved him to write a further pamphlet called "Man in Quest of Himself, by Cuthbert Comment."

Tucker now proceeded to publish the first four volumes of his great work "The Light of Nature Pursued," under the pseudonym of Edward Search. His eyesight failing him in 1771, the publication of the remaining three volumes was delayed until after his death; and had he not contrived an ingenious apparatus wherewith he was able to write sufficiently clearly for the result to be transcribed without difficulty by his daughter, it is doubtful if the work would ever have been completed. As it was, he was seized with his last illness just as the final volumes were about to be printed, and died on November 20, 1774, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Abraham Tucker occupies a unique place among the moralists of the eighteenth century, both in regard to his theories and on account of his style, which is at times so repetitive and desultory as to have moved Sir James Mackintosh to term Tucker a "metaphysical Montaigne." Be this as it may, whoso has the courage to turn to Abraham Tucker's voluminous work will find much common sense, originality, and aptness of illustration, and—what is perhaps even more precious in these times—no little quiet humour.—Yours faithfully,

WALTER MOORE.

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

THESE notes were at one time written by the late Mr. Joseph Knight, whose loss the whole world of letters has lately had to deplore. It would be impertinence in one who did not know Mr. Knight personally to add to the sincere eulogies which have appeared since his death. But all readers of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE will find gratification in remembering that it had the honour of being connected with that most broad-minded critic and most genial man.

"Living beings," said Hegel, "possess the privilege of pain, which is denied to the inanimate." It is unquestionable that pain has educated the world of living beings with irresistible cogency, and the process, like other beneficial but severe modes of instruction, is very disagreeable. Possibly in a more robust and devout age men may have schooled themselves to be thankful for the "privilege" of physical suffering, though, with the memory of some often-quoted lines from *Much Ado About Nothing* before one, a doubt about this naturally arises in one's mind. But it can hardly be denied that there has never before been an epoch in which the people of Europe so strenuously repelled not only pain but discomfort and inconvenience as they do at the present time. These things are regarded as merely evil, and are fought out of people's lives wherever it is possible to get rid of them.

It is, of course, a tenable opinion that the increased repugnance to suffering is mainly due to a higher evolution of the nervous system, and there is much evidence to show that pain as well as discomfort is more easily borne by primitive than by highly civilised people. Some interesting observations on this subject were lately made by Dr. Arthur Hayes, of Suez, in his book on "The Source of the Blue Nile." He found that the Abyssinians, though by no means of heroic temperament, endured with composure surgical treatment which Europeans of the most Spartan spirit would hardly be able to bear with the same indifference, and Mansfield Parkyns many years ago remarked upon the same insensibility among the same people. On the other hand, when one sees how often a high fortitude is displayed by individuals among the more luxurious classes of the West, one inclines to the belief that the general rush from all that is disagreeable in life is prompted not so much by a higher nervous development as by a relaxation of the ideal of duty.

It is certain that the prevalent tendency to avoid all

irksome burdens has, during the last thirty years, changed the sociological problems that confront the nation, without regard either to the preoccupations or the counsels of sociologists. The rapid increase of the population, with all the difficulties that it implies, was that which chiefly troubled the social calculations of thoughtful men among a generation that is still with us; now it is the waning birth-rate which is widely deplored. And, generally, the social problems to which President Roosevelt has at various times alluded with much frankness are those which face all the nations that stand as the inheritors of the civilisation sown by Rome and watered by the Church.

Over Western Europe there has been a great spread of certain doctrines, not political wholly, but rather ethical, of an altogether different type from those which were held by our forefathers. To say that they are new would be ridiculous and false; for those doctrines which are beginning to gain foothold in Europe are of hoary and shameful antiquity. Now there is a general tendency on the part of large numbers of people in England, France, and Italy, and even to some extent in Germany, frankly to avow that the attainment of physical comfort and general easement of all strife, military, political, commercial, or religious, are the ultimate ends and objects of life, and all their writings, all their speeches, and all their works tend to the propagation and assimilation of those ideas. You will find indications of this subtle spirit peeping out at the most unexpected moments. A man commits a brutal and premeditated murder, and there is an instant outcry for his release. A man is stricken with a dire and agonising disease, and his friends pray permission to give him a painless and merciful death. A man fears some misfortune from vaccination, and prevents the vaccination of his children. A woman dreads the repetition of a mother's pain, and will not do her duty to the State. A man is filled with anxiety as to the future provision for his family, and he limits it to two; or a man has the choice of being a financier or a soldier, and he leaves the army to go into the City. The stern doctrines of Luther and Calvin are watered down to suit modern requirements, and the doctrine of mental comfort has even percolated into many of the churches.

The foregoing is not an extract from a Presidential allocution, but from an address which Captain Mark Sykes, in his capacity as Unionist candidate for the Buckrose Division of Yorkshire, lately delivered to the Postmen's Federation at Bridlington. It is an excellent

thing that politicians should have the courage to speak to their working-class audiences with this candour ; for the working-class not only forms the bulk of the nation, but is now the governing force in it. Captain Sykes, who speaks with much authority as a student of the power of the East, had some words of serious warning to utter to the neo-Sybarites of the West :

Though all modern Christendom agree to certain things, agree to worship sloth, ease, pleasure and physical comfort as its only gods, the last word has not been said—there is still Asia to take into consideration, and Africa. Neither Asia nor Africa will follow the lead of Europe on humanitarian or materialistic lines. Asia is too old, too wise, too experienced, Africa too young, and too primitive. I do not believe in yellow or black perils as political forces of the present day, but I am certain they are the historical forces of the future, that is, if Europe falls into a pagan relapse, and suffers her energies to decline. Asia may seem momentarily stagnant and dead, but her substantial and essential life is as enduring as the Pyramids. Africa may seem sunk in the depths of barbarism, but she is abundant and productive. Before these two mighty forces you cannot afford to rest in peace.

It is instructive to compare with this forecast the impression formed by General Booth of the Salvation Army during his recent journey in the Far East :

There are features about the Chinese and Japanese that are bound to make them the conquerors of the world, but they will do it by peaceful methods.

Of course there is another side to the matter. It is Europe that, since the days of the Greeks, has held the torch which lights the way of progress ; *esto perpetua*, Mr. Belloc cries of her. The man who limits his family for prudential reasons has before now been held up as an example to his fellows. The advancement of comfort among all classes is not in itself a vicious process. But when Captain Sykes warns us against "the Utopia of the flesh," he is no untimely reformer. We seem to have arrived at a period when European ethics will have to be remorselessly examined—and repaired.

Piscator, of the contemplative mind, has rare opportunities for watching the miracle-play of nature while he

exercises his craft, and the gnat which annoys him in the summer may also instruct him. The Rev. R. A. Gatty writes :

It may have been noticed by anglers that in the evening about sunset, in the month of July, a swarm of white gnats will fly up from the water where they have been hatched, and settle on one's coat till they cover it with their white bodies. My attention was drawn to these insects by finding they left on my clothes a sort of white case after the living gnat had disappeared. I used a magnifying glass upon a gnat which had just alighted, and I found that after taking a firm grip with its legs on the cloth of my coat, it closed its wings and commenced trembling. This went on for a few moments, and the insect appeared dead. Presently the forelegs began to move forwards as if grasping for a support, and slowly, from the apparently dead body, a head began to appear, and the legs, moving forwards, drew from the old carcase an entirely new fly, equipped with firmer wings than the old ones, and the new gnat was larger in size than the first one. After expanding its wings and testing its new creation it took flight, and flew away, leaving its old skin behind it. This accounted for the white specks which covered my coat, but I must own it was an astounding sight when witnessed through a magnifying glass. The original gnat was, no doubt, a small larva swimming in the water. At sunset it burst out of its chrysalis, sailed to the top of the water, and flew off a gnat. Within a few minutes of its first transformation it went through the process I have described, and became another being, larger, and more perfect in every way. I particularly noticed this as regards its tail, which was not visible in its first state when it came on my coat ; but after its new birth it unfolded this appendage, which seemed to have been wrapped up and laid along its back. We may presume that when it had attained its perfected state it flew off, and after mating with another of its species laid eggs in the water, and then died as the sun went down.

This procession of life from one winged state into another appeared to me so interesting that I wrote for an explanation to the authorities at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The reply was as follows : "The Ephemeridæ undergo a succession of moults in the larval stage, and in many species, if not all, they exhibit the peculiar phenomenon which you describe of two winged forms, known as the subimago, which casts a skin, and the imago." This does not in any way explain the wonderful process by which life, a more perfect and glorious life, emerges from the original gnat body. It is just one of those delightful peeps into the processes of nature which the fisherman gets who frequents the river bank, and observes what is going on around him. If such a transformation from the subimago into the imago is possible in the lower life of the Ephemeridæ, what may not be possible in the higher organisation of humanity, when the tremors of death are over, and the spirit rises to the great Unseen ?

It is evident that the observant angler may bring

home with him from a day's sport very much more than his catch of fish.

One cannot too often draw attention to the excellent work which is being done by the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society. The Society, *inter alia*, is urging the Birkenhead Corporation to provide that the public shall at all times have the privilege of enjoying exercise and recreation upon one hundred and seventy-one acres of common land in Denbighshire, which the Corporation is seeking to acquire as a catchment area in connection with its projected water undertaking. The Society's negotiations for the protection of rights of way and common lands affected by over twenty private bills now before Parliament have generally met with success; it is arbitrating through its secretary between landowners and local authorities in several cases in order to obviate resort to litigation with regard to disputed rights of way, and it is dealing with some one hundred and forty cases affecting the interests which it protects in various parts of the country. Herein it is performing an invaluable service to the community.

98° F.

THE heat was stifling, wearisome, making the day such a furnace-room of life, as in this country we seldom know. What it was in the cities, in the work-rooms, for those who labour because so only may they live, God knew; and why His sun shed on this corner of the world just so much extra heat as robbed men of their pleasure in it. Even in a shady garden-corner it was too fierce for an old man who lay there idle, weak, well-tended, sleeping fitfully.

Click—click—

The sound had dropped across

the silence with a sharpness foreign to bird or bee. The old man started, half-awake; listened.

Click—

It came again, borne on an airless gust of wind full in his face, click, click, at measured intervals, insistent, never varying. What was this? Memory, or fancy? The heat, the stillness, and the sound carried him back across sixty busy years. It was late evening, night, indeed, for many, and the strict day's work was over. He was carried back, far from his cosseted old age of

rest and weariness, to the engine-rooms of a great workshop—there the heat and the stillness met him as old friends.

In a sort of inner room, boxed round with screens of glass, two very young men sat busy and absorbed. The light by which they worked brought out their eager faces from the surrounding dimness and cast shadows from the frame-work of the screen, in bars, upon the table over which their heads were bent. In the farther darkness, beyond the glass and beyond the palpable silence which the glass enclosed, were engines quietly and unobtrusively in motion. A board with brass discs and pointers registered their behaviour, and the brass caught from the inner light its farthest gleam. A bit of machinery less perfect than the rest; the watchman, whose duty was to report change of register, not to control it, moved past in his due round.

On the inner side of that glass wall Theory was struggling—and how it struggled, the old man remembered. It was not routine work, but an experiment, which had kept them there when rest, amusement, exercise, might have been theirs at will. How rapt they were upon it, heedful of each other only in comparing progress. Their supper—food, at any rate—was on a plate between them, and they ate mechanically from time to time. One of them found himself biting in time to that insistent click of the pointer, and took space to smile, but not to comment on it. So the hot hours of that night trailed by till in the fresher air of coming dawn the two walked through streets of

sleeping houses, still calculating, discussing, beating their problem out, to snatch at last, but surely, their meed of dreamless sleep. What effort had been theirs, what cheery aspiration! The result had indeed been failure, but in the consequence had come Success.

The old man in the garden sighed as the sound ceased and the picture faded. He looked wistfully at his trembling hand, stirred restlessly among his cushions. "To be young," he sighed. "To hope!"

The heat was jading, sullenly oppressive, in that corner of a dingy city where a man had centred his life. The room was close and quiet; an intermittent rustle of paper, the ticking of a type-writer, the hum of voices through a closed door, these seemed to lie behind the silence and not break through it. The man who worked there, pausing a moment from his scheme of facts and figures, wondered why he was tired. His mind refused to fix itself on what had so long contented it, rebelled savagely against the one use it was put to. There was a new sound in the room, come he knew not whence, first caught he knew not when—the splash of sculls used lazily to send a boat along a glass-smooth water. It freshened the room, brought more air into the heat of it, changed the smell of hot dust for that of sun-scorched earth. It swept the man of affairs, keen and anxious and single-minded, clean out of existence.

The boat went gently down that pleasant river, skirting the banks to gain the shade of the

overhanging trees. Beyond lay fields of grass browning under the relentless glare, and a road white-limned in dust climbing towards the distant hills whose sombre blue cut harshly on the cloudless sky. The sculler in the boat was young, a lad from school and college, still wondering what the world would say to him. As he pulled idly along through the heat and the stillness, his thoughts knew no bounds this side of infinity. Everything was possible, everything was intangible, was wonderful. Pleasures, moralities, attainments, changes, chased each other through the tangles of his mind. Life was a miracle and death a marvel.

Mid-stream glowed silver-blue, a sheet of burnished steel blinding to look upon. The water dripping from the oar-blades shimmered and flashed like jewels in the light. The man of middle-age remembered what the boy had hardly seen, and more than he had felt. "To be young," he sighed. "To dream!"

The woman who had done something for herself and for the world was forced for once into full inactivity. The heat was enervating, narcotic. There came no coolness from the summer sea that the terrace overhung. It rocked lazily below there, unshadowed, bare of mystery. The house behind, dark with drawn blinds and open door-ways, stood silent in the glare. At the far end of the terrace a cane chair creaked now and then under the movements of a heavy sleeper.

She had stopped the languid motion of her fan, because the

rustle of it jarred upon her ear. Everything was dull, dreary; within herself she could find no thought worth thinking. Her mouth drooped peevishly, and the strong light showed her face up lined and worn—faded.

Suddenly there came a sound to rouse her, the call of a bird. Here in this sea-possessed solitude, the call of a bird that cries its wild notes far inland and across a narrower sea.

The heat, the stillness, and the call—how she remembered!

It was the very verge of sunset, before the clouds have caught and reddened that golden glow with which the air pulses. The garden lay beneath it breathless, a forcing-press of perfume and aroma; its green slopes of lawn, its rose-engirdled arches, its broad paths with flowers hedge-high in masses for their border, were flooded with sweetness and with mellow light. In the one nook of shade, watching till the evening sky should win its glory, a young girl knelt to turn and scatter the masses of rose-petals spread out to dry. Over the creeper-clad walls, from the quiet fields outside, the bird-call came again—persistent, solitary. Presently the girl laughed and flung an answering phrase to it that had almost a purer melody. The brightness and the sweetness of the hour were in her happy face, the warm glow in her voice, and in her thoughts— Ah, but the woman remembered!

With eyes unseeing she looked out over the sea, with a tense grasp crushed the flowers at her throat. "Ah, God! To be young!" she said. "To hope."

"Alas!" sighed the Angel of

Compassion. "Must they all regret?"

The Angel of Compensation smiled wisely, and cast about the

three a corner of his ample robe.

And the Angel of Memory, spreading tireless wings, sped on.

FLORENCE DAVIDSON.

Societies and Institutes

Arrangements

THE seventy-seventh annual meeting of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE will be held at Leicester, and will begin on Wednesday, July 31.

New members and associates may be enrolled by applying to the general treasurer, Burlington House, London, W., or to the local offices at Leicester, on the following terms:

(i) New life members for a composition of £10, which entitles them to receive gratuitously the reports of the association that may be published after the date of payment.

(ii) New annual members for a payment of £2 for the first year. They receive gratuitously the reports for the year of their admission and for every following year in which they continue to pay a subscription of £1 *without intermission*.

(iii) Associates for this meeting only for a payment of £1. They are entitled to receive the report of the meeting at two-thirds of the publication price. Associates are not eligible to serve on committees or to hold office.

Persons who have in any former year been admitted members of the association may renew their

membership, without being called upon for arrears, on payment of £1. They will not, however, be entitled to receive the annual report. Ladies may become members or associates on the same terms as gentlemen, or they can obtain ladies' tickets (transferable to ladies only) on payment of £1.

Tickets for the meeting may now be obtained, and until July 23, at the office of the association, Burlington House, London, W. Annual members must send their subscription of £1 with the application. Post Office orders and cheques (crossed "Bank of England, Western Branch") should be made payable to Professor John Perry, General Treasurer. After July 24, when the office will be closed, members and persons desirous of becoming members or associates or of obtaining ladies' tickets are requested to make application in the reception room, Leicester. Tickets may be obtained also from the local offices at Leicester. Without an official ticket, no person will be admitted to any of the meetings.

The reception room at Leicester will be opened on Monday, July 29, at 2 P.M., on Tuesday, July 30, and Wednesday, July 31, at 10 A.M., and on the following days at 8 A.M.,

for the issue of tickets to members, associates, and ladies, according to the statement given above, and for supplying lists and prices of lodgings to strangers on their arrival. No tickets will be issued after 6 P.M.

In the reception room there will be officers for supplying information regarding the arrangements for the meeting. The "Journal," containing the sectional programmes for each day, will be laid on the table on Wednesday, July 31, at 10 A.M., and on the following days at 8 A.M., for gratuitous distribution. Lists of members present will be issued as soon as possible after the commencement of the meeting, and will be placed in the same room for distribution. The published reports of the British Association can be ordered in this room, for members and associates only, at the reduced prices authorised by the council. The membership tickets will contain a map of Leicester and particulars regarding the rooms appointed for sectional and other meetings. For the convenience of members and associates a branch post office (which will be available also for communications between members attending the meeting) will be opened in the reception room. Members and associates may obtain information regarding local arrangements on application to the local secretaries, Millstone Lane, Leicester, or at the London office, Burlington House. A plan of the Opera House, in which the president's address and one of the evening discourses will be delivered, may be consulted in the reception room on Monday, July 29, at 2 P.M.; and numbered or

reserved seats can be taken on and after that day. Applicants for reserved seats must present their association tickets.

The first meeting of the general committee will be held on Wednesday, July 31, at 4 P.M., for the despatch of business usually brought before that body. The committee will meet again on Friday, August 2, at 3.15 P.M., for the purpose of appointing officers for the meeting at Dublin in 1908. The concluding meeting of this committee will be held on Wednesday, August 7, at 1 P.M., when the report of the committee of recommendations will be received and considered. The general committee appoints at each annual meeting a committee to receive the recommendations of the sectional committees and to report to the general committee on the measures which they recommend to be adopted for the advancement of science. This committee will meet at 3 P.M. on Monday, August 5, and at 3.15 P.M. on Tuesday, August 6, if the business has not been completed on the previous day.

The inaugural meeting will be held on Wednesday, July 31, at 8.30 P.M., when Sir David Gill, president-elect, will assume the presidency and deliver an address. On Thursday, August 1, the Mayor of Leicester (Alderman Sir Edward Wood, J.P.) will hold a reception at a *fête* to be given by him in the Abbey Park; and on Tuesday, August 6, there will be a *soirée* in the Museum buildings. On Friday, August 2, a discourse on "The Arc and Spark in Radio Telegraphy" will be delivered by Mr. W. Duddell; and on Monday,

August 5, a discourse on "Recent Developments in the Theory of Mimicry" will be delivered by Dr. F. A. Dixey. The concluding meeting will be held on Wednesday, August 7, at 2.30 P.M.

The sections are : A. Mathematical and Physical Science ; B. Chemistry ; C. Geology ; D. Zoology ; E. Geography ; F. Economic Science and Statistics ; G. Engineering ; H. Anthropology ; I. Physiology ; K. Botany ; L. Educational Science. The sections will meet in the rooms assigned to them for the reading and discussion of reports and papers on Thursday, August 1 ; Friday, August 2 ; Saturday,

August 3 ; Monday, August 5 ; and Tuesday, August 6, at hours appointed by the sectional committees.

Excursions will be made on Saturday, August 3, to places of interest in the district, such as Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, Belvoir Castle, Warwick, Kenilworth, Stamford, and Peterborough. A special excursion will be made to the Charnwood Forest.

The members of the BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION will meet at the County Museum, Dorchester, on July 16 at 12 o'clock. Members of the Dorset Field Club are invited to be present.

Transactions

THE lecture on "Conservation of Historic Buildings and Frescoes," delivered by Professor A. H. Church before the ROYAL INSTITUTION on April 12, has now been printed. It does not lend itself to condensation, but will be found of great utility to all who are interested in the highly important subject with which it deals. Professor Church is strong in his denunciation of gas as a destructive agency, and discusses remedial measures authoritatively.

Professor Arthur Schuster, of the University of Manchester, lectured before the ROYAL INSTITUTION on May 18 on "International Science." He pointed out that international co-operation in scientific research would, in spite of certain difficulties which accompany it, prevent much waste of energy and overlapping ; discussed the present position of such co-operation ; insisted that much valuable work could be accom-

plished in no other way ; and laid stress on the value of scientific work undertaken in common as a means of promoting a friendly understanding among the nations. "The co-operation of different nations in the joint investigation of the constitution of the terrestrial globe, of the phenomena which take place at its surface, and of the celestial bodies which shine equally upon all, directs attention to our common interests and exposes the artificial nature of political boundaries. The meetings in common discussion of earnest workers in the fields of knowledge tend to obliterate the superficial distinctions of manner and outward bearing which so often get exaggerated until they are mistaken for deep-seated national characteristics." Professor Schuster's interesting address has now been printed.

At the meeting of the ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON on June 18

Mr. H. O. Bax-Ironside, H.B.M. Minister to Venezuela, exhibited a series of eighteen models of Venezuelan animals. The models had been made from living specimens by a native Indian, the material employed being Ballata gum. Mr. C. L. Boulenger exhibited and made remarks on a new Hydromedusan, examples of both the polyp and medusa stages of which were obtained by Dr. Cunningham and himself during their recent exploration of the lake Birket Gurun in the Fayum. The medusa, for which Mr. Boulenger proposed the name *Moerisia lyonsi*, g. and sp. n., was an Anthomedusan which appeared closely related to *Sarsia*. The hydroid was gymnoblastic and resembled *Cordylophora*, differing, however, from that genus in possessing a more complex mode of branching, and in the situation of the gonophores, which were on the polyps themselves.

Mr. R. T. Günther contributed a paper on the jelly-fish of the genus *Limnocrnida* collected during the third Tanganyika expedition. The material had been obtained on four distinct dates in September, November, and February by Dr. W. A. Cunningham, and therefore during the season of the great rains. The greater number of specimens in all the collections showed a vigorous growth of young medusa-buds on the manubrium, and that therefore the theory that a sexual reproduction occurred during the dry season only, which was propounded by Mr. Moore, must be abandoned. Dr. Cunningham's material threw new light upon the order and succession in which the tentacles developed, and had enabled the author to record all ccciii—2119—July '07

the stages of tentacle development as exhibited by individuals ranging from 2 mm. to 22 mm. Certain variations in the arrangement of radial canals and of sense-organs were discussed. As large a percentage as 24 per cent. were found to possess five or more radial canals, the greatest number being seven instead of the normal four. The Victoria Nyanza form of *Limnocrnida* collected by Sir C. Eliot, which was also dealt with in the paper, was believed to be a variety which differed from the Tanganyika form in that the tentacles were more deeply imbedded in ridges of jelly of the exumbrella than in the Tanganyika form. All the individuals in a collection from the Victoria Nyanza were females. The result of a reinvestigation of both *Limnocrnida* and *Limnocodium* had led the author to the conclusion that both genera were to be referred to the Trachomedusæ, in spite of the fact that no other known Trachomedusan had gonads on the manubrium. Reasons for this view were given, as also for the association of both freshwater medusæ with the Olindiadæ. It was considered exceedingly doubtful whether either *Limnocodium* or *Limnocrnida* ever passed through a hydroid stage at all.

This meeting closed the Session 1906-1907. The next Session (1907-1908) will commence in November next.

The Connaught meeting of the ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF IRELAND was opened at Athlone on July 2. A full programme of excursions from that date to July 6 included visits to the islands of Lough Ree, the ruins at Clonmac-

nois, Roscommon, and Hare Island.

Lecturing before the ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY on June 19, Dr. Hebb showed two interesting slides of fluid crystals. He said an intermediate physical state existed between the solid and liquid forms of matter, *i.e.*, some substances presented themselves as liquids whilst retaining certain characteristics of their solid state. This intermediate state had been found to occur in animal tissues, and it was to Adami and Aschoff that we owed the demonstration of potential fluid crystals in certain organs, *e.g.*, the adrenal gland. The slides exhibited were sections cut from the fresh tissue of the adrenal gland. In the one illuminated by ordinary light the sphero-crystals were indistinguishable from common fat globules, but in the one illuminated by polarised light they evidently possessed the power of double refraction and exhibited a well-marked black cross.

At the meeting of the LINNEAN SOCIETY on June 20, Dr. Rendle gave an account of the plants collected on Mount Ruwenzori by Dr. A. F. R. Wollaston (1906), from the paper by Messrs. E. G. Baker, S. L. Moore, and A. B. Rendle. The plants from the Ruwenzori range were collected from two camps—one at about 3500 ft. above sea-level on the south-east slopes of the range between the mountains proper and Lake Ruisamba; the other at 6500 ft. in the Mubuku Valley on the east side of the range. Expeditions were made to intermediate and higher altitudes, the highest camp being at about

12,500 ft., whence plants were collected up to the snow-level at about 14,500 ft. on the east side. The time of year was January to July. Dr. Wollaston gives notes on the vegetation at different altitudes from 3000 to 15,000 ft., and has brought back some photographs showing the nature of the country and different aspects of the vegetation. The plants at the lower elevations include some common tropical weeds, with a fair percentage of more localised species and some novelties. Cultivation ceases above 7000 ft. and at from 7000 to 8000 ft. is found the largest forest of the range: a large *Dombeya* is noticeable, and one of the finest trees is a *Podocarpus*. Above 8000 ft. the forest thins out, and is gradually replaced by a belt of small tree-heaths and *Podocarpus*. The bamboo-zone begins on the east side at about 8500 and continues up to 10,000 ft. The big tree-heaths begin about 9500 ft., at which level a number of terrestrial orchids were found, with numerous ferns. From 10,000 to 11,000 ft. moss is plentiful on the ground and trees forming cushions two ft. deep; here were found two tree-Lobelias. In the next thousand feet *Helichrysums*, *Lobelias*, tree-heaths, and tree-*Senecios* are the most conspicuous plants. The heaths cease about 12,500 ft., but the *Senecios* continue almost to 14,000 ft. Another *Lobelia* appears at about 12,500 ft., and is found on the steepest slopes almost to the snow-line. *Helichrysums*, sometimes forming bushes four or five ft. high, grow luxuriantly. A small *Arabis* was found at 14,000 ft., and a rush, a grass (a new species of *Poa*), and mosses were found

growing up to the level of permanent snow.

The Bishop of Barking was among those who attended the meeting of the LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY on June 1. Members assembled at the Hospital of St. Mary and St. Thomas, Ilford, now surviving as an almshouse. It is one of the few mediæval Leper Houses still existing. After inspecting the Roman camp of Uphall the Society visited places of interest at Barking.

On June 15 the same Society assembled at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate Street, and proceeded to St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and thence to Crosby Hall, where a short paper was read.

The EAST HERTS ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY selected the Berkhamstead-Bayford district for their twenty-fifth excursion on June 20. Ponsbourne Manor House, Little Berkhamstead Church (which contains a memorial to Bishop Ken, who was born in the village in 1637), Essendon Church, Bayford Church, Roxford and Bayfordbury were visited.

The Society gathered at the parish church of Ware on the occasion of its twenty-sixth excursion on July 11, and witnessed the unveiling of a tablet inscribed to the Rev. Charles Chauncy, M.A., B.D., who was vicar of Ware from 1627 to 1633, and subsequently, having migrated to America, President of Harvard College from 1654 till his death in 1671. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador. Members afterwards visited places of interest in Ware.

A meeting of the BATH AND WEST AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES SOCIETY'S Show Dates Committee was held at the Town Hall, Dorchester, on June 18, in order to consider what would be the most suitable date for the Society's 1908 exhibition at Dorchester. The Mayor presided, and it was unanimously resolved to recommend to the Society's Council that the exhibition be opened on Wednesday, June 3, and closed on Whit-Monday, June 8, a very strong opinion having been expressed by those well acquainted with the locality that these would be the most suitable dates for Dorchester that could be selected.

A deputation from the Society, consisting of Lord Wynford, Col. the Hon. C. Byng, the Hon. J. R. de C. Boscawen, Major Sherston, Col. Parry Okeden, and Messrs. A. H. Gibbs, T. E. Studdy, G. Gibbons, A. O. Sillifant, C. L. F. Edwards, J. Rossiter, and T. F. Plowman, secretary, accompanied by the Mayor and other members of the local committee, then visited the site proposed for the exhibition, which is the same as that occupied by the Society on its two last visits, viz., in 1872 and 1887. The exhibition having considerably grown in extent in recent years, it was found necessary to add eight additional acres of adjoining land. Those present were entertained to luncheon by the Mayor, who assured the deputation that the Society would be very heartily welcomed at Dorchester, and that every effort would be made to ensure a successful meeting.

THE DORSET NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUARIAN FIELD CLUB opened their summer season on

June 20 with a pleasant excursion into a not too well explored district of mid-Dorset, one of much interest both to the archæologist and to the naturalist, and to all who have an eye for beautiful scenery. The route lay up the valley of the Pydel or Trent. The party made their first halt on Waterson, or Walterston, Ridge, where a clump of fir-trees is an easily recognisable landmark for many miles around, and where the highway is crossed by an ancient road. Here Mr. Prideaux pointed out the barrows which stud the ridge. The party then drove on to a spot at Little Pydel, where the Rev. C. W. H. Dicker called attention to traces of a British Valley Settlement. He had, he said, been in correspondence on the subject with Mr. Gould, the chairman of the Earthworks Committee of the Society of Antiquaries, who had expressed the opinion that the remains of the settlement belonged to an extremely remote age, probably palæolithic, and that they were the enclosures in which the stock-raising people who occupied these downs kept their stock safe from the attacks of wolves and of human enemies in time of war. They would in the course of their journey that day pass a large number of these enclosures, many of them upon the hills, and undoubtedly used as places of refuge in time of war. The whole of that part of the valley and the hillsides were divided up into squares by mounds and ditches, which formerly were considerable works belonging to the palæolithic age. The next halting place was opposite Pydelhinton Church,

where the party was received by the Rector, the Rev. J. E. Hawksley. Speculation was rife as to the nature of the large carved stone which has been built into the middle of the boundary wall of the churchyard alongside the road. Some suggested that it had been a font, but Mr. Alfred Pope, the author of "*The Old Stone Crosses of Dorset*," and therefore an acknowledged authority in such matters, expressed the opinion that it may have been the base, or a portion of the base, of a cross, and the square cavity the socket into which the end of the shaft was inserted. The visitors having seated themselves inside the church, Mr. Hawksley said he should welcome any light which members of the club and other antiquaries could throw upon the history of the church and parish. The first information that they could obtain about the parish was that it was given to the Priory of Morteyn, or de Mortano, in Normandy, so that the prior was practically lord of the manor and appointed to the rectory. This continued until 1472, when the manor came into the hands of Eton College, which had held it ever since and appointed the rectors. As to the date of the church, Hutchins said it was dedicated in 1295; but he thought that some part of it, probably the chancel, may be of earlier date. The first rector was instituted in 1295. The church was enlarged in 1867; whether it was improved was another question. The nave was lengthened and the north aisle added. He called attention to three brasses of interest, the oldest of the date

1445, and also to the sedilia and the little old piscina. There were five bells in the tower. He exhibited an old Communion plate, a pewter flagon and paten, a chalice, and the present alms dish, bearing the date 1685. Among their rectors at Pydelhinton were two known to fame, namely, Philip Montague, who was rector in 1751, and was a great pluralist, being Dean of Salisbury, Dean of Lincoln, Provost of Eton, and Chancellor of the Garter, and finally Bishop of Lincoln; and the saintly T. T. Carter, who was rector at Pydelhinton from 1837 to 1844, and who became Vicar of Clogher and Canon of Windsor. On the north side of the chancel outside the church he invited admiration of the beautiful moulded doorway.

The party next drove on to South House, the residence of Mr. E. Barkworth, near which were pointed out the Ancient Commonfield Acres, which are still clearly visible in the sloping fields. They then proceeded to Pydeltrenthide Church, where the Vicar, having bidden them a cordial welcome to his own parish, said that he did not propose to spend much time in speaking of the points of that church, as he had already dealt with it in detail in a paper which was to be published in the next volume of the "Proceedings" of their club. Domesday mentioned that a Norman family, the Arundells, held the manor under King William, and traces of the church built in their time would be found in the segmental arch of the doorway and the chancel piers. In the capitals on one side

of the chancel arch they had genuine Norman work of the twelfth century, and on the other side a Tudor reproduction of the same. He pointed out traces of the rood screen, the sockets of the roodbeam, and the stairway leading to the rood loft. The tower, the most important part of the present building, was erected in 1487, as was recorded in a very quaint inscription in bad and difficult Latin carved across the exterior. The south aisle appeared to be of the same date as the tower, but the north was a little later, probably built after 1500. The chancel was of late fourteenth-century work, and what was now a vestry, and was formerly known as the chapel of the Holy Trinity, was built about the middle of the fourteenth century, so that the church as it now stands was a fourteenth and fifteenth century building, with a little Norman work preserved in it. The font was thirteenth century, built of a block of marble from the Purbeck beds. The carved wooden cover of the font, probably Jacobean, was interesting and peculiar to Dorset. The holy table in the south aisle was possibly older than Jacobean, and was no doubt at one time the altar of the church. At the time of the restoration in the last century the altar was sold to a publican, and found a place for many years in his inn; but it was recovered thence when Mr. Dalison was Vicar, and was restored to its ancient sacred use.

Members of the Society afterwards visited "Plush Folly" and Buckland Newton.

Short Reviews

"THE LIFE OF WALTER PATER." By THOMAS WRIGHT. (Everett.) IN his preface to his "Life of Walter Pater" Mr. Wright recalls the fact that "although more than twelve years have elapsed since Walter Pater died, and although he was one of the most brilliant and most original writers of the Victorian era, no account of his life has yet appeared, with the exception of the meagre outline given in Mr. A. C. Benson's 'Walter Pater' and the few details to be found in magazine articles." It is a hundred and sixty years since Lord Chesterfield served his contemporaries as a guide to manners, and just upon a hundred since the great Napoleon was at the zenith of his fame. Yet in spite of the fact that one could stock a library with Chesterfieldian and Napoleonic literature, during the current year bulky volumes dealing with each of these two widely different individuals have been added to the list. We may presume, therefore, that Mr. Wright's will be only the first of a series of Pater biographies which will see the light of day as time goes on.

There are a good many differences of opinion on the subject of biographical writings, some people holding that a biography should be written while the memory of the man and his works is still green, others that sufficient time should elapse to enable the chronicler to focus his own ideas with the help of the material he has collected. Some declare, again, that the best biography of all is that undertaken by an enthusiast

to whom the personality of his subject was unknown. To this last category Mr. Wright cannot be said to belong, although it would seem that the pen-picture he presents to the reader is less an actual portrait of Walter Pater as he was than a minute description of what Mr. Wright supposed him to be. In his self-imposed task of explaining Pater he has given us a less convincing study of the man than he probably wished to give. He has fallen into the error not uncommon among biographers of preaching the gospel of Pater according to Thomas Wright, and we are of opinion that the gospel of Pater is more likely to be weakened than to be strengthened thereby. Yet we must give Mr. Wright the praise he deserves for having put before us a very living picture of the author of "Marius the Epicurean"—his childhood, his schooldays (he was educated at King's School, Canterbury), his life at Queen's College, Oxford. It is interesting to read of Pater's first days with his *Alma Mater*. "I am in much better spirits than Pater," writes his friend Macqueen, "who is now sitting opposite to me weeping." The friendship between Pater and Macqueen was considerably disturbed by the former renouncing his ultra-High Church tenets in favour of agnosticism. Yet it was the opinion of many of those who knew him best that he was never a confirmed atheist—an opinion which subsequent events amply bore out.

It is with his book "Marius the Epicurean" that the name of

Walter Pater is specially associated; but we agree with his biographer that his "Studies in the History of the Renaissance" was his masterpiece. This book was, however, not by any means universally appreciated. Blackwood's critic, for instance, stigmatised the theory respecting Botticelli's Madonnas as "one of the most incongruous and grotesque misrepresentations ever invented by man," and Jowett was distinctly displeased with the work. Pater's Greek studies receive full justice at the hands of Mr. Wright; indeed, the chapter dealing with them is one of the most interesting in the book. Mr. Wright, too, treats in an interesting manner of the Jackson episode, Jackson having been, as most people know, one of Pater's greatest friends and the original of "Marius." "Imaginary Portraits" gives Mr. Wright an opportunity of appearing at his best. Indeed it would seem that his appreciation of Pater's work is at once more delicate, more subtle, and—shall we say it plainly?—in better taste than his appreciation of Pater himself. Here and there occur passages which give one an impression of intrusion into the holy of holies, which in the life of every man, be he a public character or a private person, should be respected. The continual reference to Pater's personal appearance and his physical defects, which occurs with wearisome iteration, might, we think, have been omitted. Other mistakes might also have been avoided, and a line of Pater's might have served Mr. Wright as a model. "Descriptions of violent incidents," says Pater, "and abnormal states of mind do not serve

the purpose of art. The object of art is to help us to forget the crude and the violent and to lead us towards certain normal aspects of nature."

It is perhaps not quite gracious of Mr. Wright in his preface to devote so much time to finding fault with a fellow author. He divides his remarks concerning Mr. Benson's book under twelve heads, and sums them up by regretting that Mr. Benson "attempted to justify Pater at the expense of Jowett in a matter in which Pater was hopelessly wrong." In this same preface the biographer cannot be said to err on the side of modesty, for he remarks that his book is likely to go into many editions, and further on he observes that it is the kind of work in which Pater himself would have gloried. Indeed, throughout the book Mr. Wright shows no sign of undue self-abasement, nor do we quite think that his appreciation of Pater can have been as genuine as he would have us believe, or he would hardly have spoken of him as the "grasshopper of English literature." It is, as a matter of fact, a pity that so finished a master of English as Walter Pater should have come into the hands of a biographer whose style is devoid of elegance. When the reader has perused Mr. Wright's preface he will have that gentleman's unbiassed opinion of his own work. When he has read the two volumes before him he will, or we are greatly mistaken, have formed quite another judgment for himself, and one which will not be quite so flattering to the author.

ALICE L. CALLANDER,

"JAMAICAN SONG AND STORY."

By WALTER JEKYLL. (Published for the Folk-Lore Society by David Nutt. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

The Folk-Lore Society, to which we are indebted for the rescue from oblivion of so much of the primitive literature of the nations, has recently published "Jamaican Song and Story" as collected and edited by Walter Jekyll. These fifty-one stories by no means exhaust the folk-lore of Jamaica, which is rich in quaint tales that "present a network of interwoven strands of European and African origin"; most of them "come under the head of animal stories and are of the same type as 'Uncle Remus' and Junod's 'Roman du Lièvre,'" but, though they are entitled "Annancy Stories," that "cravin' ravenous creature," half-man, half-spider, does not appear in all of them. "Annancy is a legendary being whose chief characteristic is trickery," and to follow his innumerable adventures is to appreciate the finale of his encounter with the 'creech-owl, "an' from that day Mr. Annancy becomes the biggest raskil in the world." Some of the tales are evidently myths originating in an effort to account for facts of natural history. "Finger-quashy," "Tim-molimmo," "John Crow and Fowlhawk" belong to this category; others bear a strong impress of European birth, under their characteristic adaptations. The only one which differs in no way from its counterpart familiar in every English nursery is "The Three Pigs," except for the addition of a little tune sung by the Pig to the Wolf.

The stories and tunes have been taken down by Mr. Jekyll at the dictation of the native men and boys in his employ, and the former are printed in their *ipsissima verba*, which makes them at first a little difficult to follow; but when once "the wild confusion of pronouns" is realised the curious idioms and pronunciation are easily mastered, much assistance being given by the editor's annotations, which serve to elucidate numerous obscurities. A case in point is that of the formula with which each narration ends: "Jack Mantora me no choose any," which is a manner of disclaiming any intention of personal reference to the surrounding listeners. The negro is celebrated for his musical ear; also to be noted is the euphonic skill by which dramatic though otherwise meaningless syllables are made to describe sounds. "Mr. Blue-beard" gets on his three-legged horse, "an' he start off itty-itty-hap, itty-itty-hap until he get home," which differentiates the pace so clearly from that of the same mysterious animal in another story, wherein it is bestridden by the Devil, "coming like lighten deeble-a-bup, deeble-a-bup." Instances of this kind are also to be found in many Annancy stories not included in this volume.

Of Jamaican songs a fine selection is given, Mr. Jekyll dividing them under the heads of Digging Songs, Ring Tunes, and Dancing Tunes. Digging-songs are "used together with rum as an accompaniment to field labour . . . Nothing more joyous can be imagined than a good 'digging-sing' from twenty throats, with

the pickers—so they call their pick-axes—falling in regular beat. . . . One man starts or raises the tune, and the others come in with the bobbin or refrain of one or two words which does duty for chorus." Ring tunes are games such as children play all the world over, but with the negroes they are combined with a greater element of dancing; "every district has its own, and while some old favourites remain, new ones are constantly in process of making." This marks a peculiar contrast; the negroes are still creating what the civilised races are endeavouring to resuscitate. The Dancing Tunes are considered to be almost entirely of European origin, displaying "a more marked departure from what may be called the Jamaican type of melody," but generally "the tunes are refitted with a complete set of new words describing some incident which has lately happened in the district or some detail of daily life."

Miss Alice Werner contributes an interesting introduction to the book on the origin and variants of the stories, and appendices by C. S. Myers and Lucy Broadwood are included on the traces of African melody and English airs respectively in Jamaican song.

ALIX EGERTON.

"THE BOOK OF THE KNIGHT OF LA TOUR-LANDRY." Compiled for the instruction of his daughters. Translated from the original French into English in the reign of Henry VI., and edited for the first time from the unique manuscript in the British Museum (Harl. 1764) and Caxton's print, A.D. 1484, with an intro-

duction and notes by THOMAS WRIGHT. Early English Text Society: Original Series, No. 33, revised edition, 1906. (London: Published for the Early English Text Society by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., 43 Gerrard Street, Soho. Price, 8s.)

It is unfortunate that the reissue of this most interesting volume should have given occasion for censure upon a dead man. Dr. F. J. Furnivall explains in his "Foreword" in what respect the late Mr. Thomas Wright was culpable for neglect in preparing the edition of 1868 for press. It would have been a gracious act to omit the reference to Mr. Wright since "death pays all debt," but, presumably, this was found to be impossible.

As a mirror reflecting the life and thought of Western Europe in the fourteenth century the Knight of La Tour-Landry's book is invaluable. Primarily, it gives us French ideas expressed by a French gentleman; but, before the Reformation, the dissimilarity between the French outlook and our own was much less than it is now, and there is no reason to suppose that those who read the English translation made in Henry VI.'s reign found themselves in a strange atmosphere.

In his prologue the Knight explains the origin of his book in a passage whose tone has been finely rendered by the translator: "In the yere of the incarnation of oure lorde M^{re} iij^c lxxj, as y was in a gardin, al heui and fulle of thought, in the shadow, about the ende of the monthe of Aprille, but a litelle y reioysede me of the melodie and song of the wilde briddes; thei

sang there in her langages, as the Thrustille, the thrusshe, the nyt-ingle, and other briddes, the whiche were fulle of mirthe and ioye; and thaire suete songe made my herte to lighten, and made me to thinke of the tyme that is passed of my youthe, how loue in gret distresse hadde holde me, and how y was in her seruice mani tymes fulle of sorughe and gladnesse, as mani louers ben. But my sorw was heled, and my seruice well ysette and quitte, for he gaued me a fayr wyff, that was bothe faire and good, which had knowleche of all honoure, alle goode, and fayre mayntenynge, and of alle good she was belle and the floure; and y delited me so moche in her that y made for her loue songges, balades, rondelles, virallës, and diuerse new things in the best wise that y couthe. But dethe, that on alle makithe werre, toke her from me, the whiche hathe made me haue mani a sorufulle thought and gret heuinesse. And so it is more than xx yeere that I have ben for her ful of gret sorughe. For a true loveris hert forgetithe neuer the woman that enis he hathe truli loued. And as y was in the saide gardein, thinkynge of these thoughts, y sawe come towardes me my iij daughters, of the whiche I was joyfull, and had grete desire that thei shulde turne to good and worshipe aboue all ertheli thinges, for thei were yonge, and had but tendir witte; and so atte the begynnynge a man aught to lerne his daughters with good ensamples yevinge, as dede the quene Proues of Hongrie, that faire and goodly chastised and taught her daughters, as it is contened in her boke."

With this object in view the worthy knight employed two priests and two clerks to collect examples and anecdotes such as were then held suitable for the instruction and edification of young ladies. Much of the didactic matter is taken from the Scriptures and the Lives of the Saints; but there are many tales which, though they may be said to point a moral, certainly do not present it in a reverend guise; in fact, the education of the knight's daughters would, in modern opinion, seem rather to acquaint them with every phase of obscenity and credulity than with fit subjects for meditation.

Of course the knight himself was not to blame; he spoke as his age thought. And the book is so valuable and so interesting because, unconsciously, it presents to us the soul of our forefathers towards the close of a great epoch; it shows a dignified faith mingled with the most exaggerated superstition, a high standard of purity coexisting with the grossest ribaldry in fancy and diction, and true chivalry associated with unashamed brutality.

The staple of the character of men and women was, as one would expect, that with which we are all familiar more than five hundred years later. The foibles of feminine nature especially seem to be permanent. Thus the good knight writes a chapter on "How a lady took so long to dress that she kept mass waiting, and how, at last, when she looked in the glass, the devil appeared and sent her mad, till God restored her reason and caused her repentance;" another on "How a vain woman would

always don her best apparel for strangers and the feasts of men, but never for God and the feasts of the Church; and how a wind struck her helpless. Of her repentance and pardon"; again, "How St. Brice, saying mass with St. Martin, laughed when he saw a fiend, writing the idle talk of the women present, find his parchment too short"; "On new and strange fashions of dress for women and the dress of serving-women"; and "How a knight refused a lady for his wife because of her forward and familiar manner; and of the value of a quiet tongue."

A fair example of the good knight's mingled seriousness and childishness is found in chapter xx.: "I wille telle you," he writes, "of a lady that gaue the flesshe and the goode morselles of mete to the litelle dogges. Ther was a lady that had two little doggis, and she loued hem so that she toke gret plesaunce in the sight and feding of hem. And she made eueryday dresse and make for hem disshes with soppes of mylke, and after gaue hem flesshe. But there was ones a frere that saide to her that it was not wel done that the dogges were fedde and made so fatte, and the pore pepille so lene and famisshed

for hunger. And so the lady, for his saieng, was wrothe with hym, but she wolde not amende it. And after she happed she deied, and there felle a wonder meruailous sight, for there was seyn euer on her bedde ij. litelle blake dogges, and in her deyeng thei were about her mouthe and liked it, and whanne she was dede, there the dogges had lyked it was al blacke as cole, as a gentille woman tolde me that sawe it, and named me the lady." One fears that this gentlewoman took too much pleasure in the knight's simplicity.

Dr. Furnivall, in his "Foreword," explains the typography of the reprint. In a note, dated November 1906, and circulated with the volume, the Committee of Management tell us that the support hitherto given to the Early English Text Society is "far below that which it deserves." This is much to be regretted. Subscribers obtain membership on paying two guineas a year, and are then entitled to receive the society's publications as they appear. It need hardly be said that the publications are invaluable to all students of the history of the English language.

G. B.

Notices of Publications

TRANSACTIONS OF THE BUCHAN FIELD CLUB, 1906-1907. Vol. ix., Part I.

This volume opens with a long and valuable paper on "Folk-Song in Buchan," by Mr. Gavin Greig. "Folk-song," says Mr. Greig, "by a kind of social gravitation, always

seeks the lowest level, and keeps it. It is necessarily of the people and for the people, and all attempts to raise it are soon met by a certain invincible inertia, for it cannot transcend the average lyric sense and sanction of the plebs." This fact points to one of the difficulties of the collec-

tors of folk-songs who are determined to see that they "have the undiluted article." Mr. Greig observes: "In most cases folk-songs have to be hunted for. Not even in our most remote districts do they assail one's ears. Nay, it would be possible for one to spend a lifetime even in Buchan and hardly know of their existence. It is to the older people, as a rule, that we must go if we want to learn about our traditional songs. Usually it is somewhat difficult to induce them to sing the old ditties. They are slow to believe that any one—especially a musician—can be interested in these things; but, when they get reassured and well started, they generally become themselves interested in the quest, and will do their best to recall and sing the lilts of earlier days, and their memories are wonderfully good, although at times there may occur lacunae in their recollections of the words."

The genuine folk-song is apt to be elusive because it is so largely variable. "We get different versions of the words of any particular ballad or song, and we get different versions of the tune; but the variational range is much wider in the case of the music than it is in the case of the verses." It need hardly be said that the words of the songs are rough and simple. The opening verses of a widely popular ditty afford a fair example:

In Strichen you know pretty plan-
tin's do grow,
And all things in beauty appear;
The birds on the trees sing their
dearies to please,
And the hearts of young lovers
to cheer.

The houses to be seen in the
middle of the green

Most beautiful buildings appear;
Likewise the fishing pond where
the small fish abound,

Makes the hearts of young lovers
to cheer.

Frequently there are "nonsense lines" introduced and repeated for the sake of the lilt in them:

When first I gaed to sair the
fremt,
Lamachree and Megrum,
It was to Auchtiedoor I skeemt,
Auld gray Megrum.

"The church and religion, as such," says Mr. Greig, "have practically no place in folk-song." This is a fact which opens the way to much reflection. Mr. Greig claims for Buchan folk-song that "as regards the subject of drink its record is cleaner and better than one would have thought," though the bacchanalian inspiration is quite prominent enough. He adds: "When it deals with the relations of the sexes it is, we fear, 'no better than it's ca'd.' Even in songs that do not mean to be naughty there is often a frankness of statement, a primitive way of putting things, which rather embarrasses the modern editor when he wants to introduce these wild-ings to good society." This is not surprising when one considers the customs of some of those among whom folk-songs survive most vigorously. "The roving life which the farm-servant class leads colours their love affairs and gives them a complexion all their own. Thrown together for six months or a year the ploughman and the servant-girl adopt each other *pro*

tem. and without prejudice. They have the courage of their practices, and never seem ashamed even when the results of their amours come to light individually, or afterwards in the mass form of sinister statistical statement and comment. We simply have to recognise that sexual relations in this particular stratum of life are about as nearly natural as the law will allow them to be, and that sexual love appears in their songs pretty much as it would have done in pagan times."

The ballads of domestic life are, of course, of a cleaner strain. But the general ideals of men of the class that has kept folk-song alive are embedded in certain swinging stanzas that, by reason of their vogue, are incorporated in many ditties. For instance:

I can drink and nae be drunk,
I can fight and nae be slain,
I can coort anither's lass,
And aye be welcome to my ain.

In nothing is Mr. Greig's paper more commendable than in its insistence on the mischief of divorcing verse from tune in folk-songs. "A song is a union of words and music. We cannot judge of the product aright without having both before us. Further, we should hear it actually sung. Very specially is this needed in the case of folk-songs, the rendering of which is traditional and characteristic." Again: "For people who have never come into direct contact with folk-tune it may be as well to mention that the authentic rendering can be only approximately represented in musical notation. For the purpose of catching and preserving the traditional style phono-

graph records might with advantage be employed. Folk-songs are sung at a somewhat slow rate. As to pitch, each singer has his own." Mr. Greig treats of the structure of folk-melodies in a very instructive and scholarly way. His paper should prove stimulative to folk-song students and collectors south of the Border, to whose attention it may well be earnestly commended.

Other papers in the volume before us deal with "The Development of Buchan in Early Times," "Abbotshall of Elson," and "Lord Pitsligo, Patriot, Saint, Outlaw."

THE INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF APOCRYPHA. No. 10. July, 1907. (International Society of The Apocrypha, 15 Paternoster Row. 6d. net.)

THE present number of this valuable Journal contains interesting papers on "Tobit and the Legend of Achiacharus," by Canon R. E. Warner; "The Old English Poem of Judith," by Dr. Gregory Foster; and "The Transmission of the Wisdom of Ben-Sira," by the Rev. Allan F. Gardiner. Dr. Crawford H. Toy, Professor of Hebrew in Harvard University, discusses the question "Is the Book of Wisdom a Unit?" His conclusion is that "it consists of two parts combined by an editor." Dr. Sinker, in a continuation of his paper on "The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," deals briefly with the contents as distinct from the text, and especially with the Messianic element. The editor of the Journal, the Rev. H. Pentin, diligently collects literary references to the Apocrypha, and his excerpts in the current number

range from verses by Tom Moore in "The Fudge Family in Paris" to Longfellow's finely modulated lines giving the converse between

the Prophet Habbakuk and the Angel, and beginning "Why dost thou bear me aloft, O Angel of God, on thy pinions?"

Garden Notes

If it is the gardener's lot joyfully to play "the part of a true Adamist, continually toiling and tilling," as Taylor the Water-poet quaintly wrote of Adrian Gilbert, at least in summer time he might hope to have some decent reward for his labour.

Something was said last month about the raptures of June weather, which has indeed proved insulting.

"Volleying rain and tossing breeze" might have been more aptly quoted for the particularly unpleasant month of June which we have lately endured. From all sides rises the wail that weeds only are making a record; even the rooks, I believe, have taken to eating wheat and neglecting wire worm.

Most bedded-out plants have suffered somewhat from the inclement season, and gardens which depend on these for their principal display of colour have been rather a failure, so far, this summer.

Bloom has been checked, and too often there are gaps in the show of half-hardy plants which will require filling up. It is disappointing to see beds planted in May with seedlings now only half full of miserable little nipped plants — *Salpiglossis* giving but scanty promise of the lovely mass of variegated colour which so few other annuals rival; wilted and crooked *verbena* and *nemophila*;

storm beaten *petunias* and tobacco plants. It is well always to have a box or two of all seedlings in reserve for use in case of need. If not otherwise wanted, they can always later on be dibbled out in bare places in the herbaceous borders, where they are often very effective if a little care is taken to plant them with a due regard to their height and colour.

Petunias are annuals which must have their places chosen with special care. Even the best *petunia* colours are a little trying; the reds and purples being often very crude and vivid. They can quite spoil themselves and spoil their neighbours if injudiciously planted. For instance, I once saw them grown at the foot of a sweet-pea hedge. They were truly not a success.

The different coloured *portulacas*, red, white, pink and yellow, are exceeding pretty. They are not, however, of much use in a summer like this, for they delight in dry and very hot situations, and their flowers remain obstinately closed in cloudy weather.

The old name of the carnation, "July flower," is hardly a correct one at the present day, when art has so far triumphed over nature that very few flowers can be said truthfully to belong to any particular month. In gardens, however, which have no great array of greenhouses, the carna-

tion is still regarded more or less as the typical flower of the month, and even those happy if arrogant growers who have enjoyed the blooms since January know that now is the time to increase outdoor carnations with certainty of success. It is a mistake to imagine them very delicate or difficult to grow. Indeed, their hardy character is often destroyed by overmuch coddling. Damp, rather than cold, proves their downfall. Stagnant moisture at the roots and drip overhead is fatal, but planted in a well-prepared mixture of loam, manure, sand and leaf mould, there are numbers of beautiful varieties perfectly fitted to stand an English winter.

Many young plants do succumb, but this is usually due to late planting. They should always be settled in their winter quarters by the first or second week in September, and to ensure this the old plants should be layered or cuttings taken as early as possible this month. Layering is by far the best method. The plants obtained are stronger and flower earlier and more profusely than those from cuttings. The process is infinitely easier to carry out than to write of, and has a satisfactory completeness about it eminently soothing to neat-fingered folk, though some people I know never seem able to succeed in layering their plants.

A sifted mixture of sandy soil should be put round the roots about two inches deep, and the lower leaves removed from the selected shoots, leaving three or four joints untouched above. A slit should then be made with a sharp knife lengthwise, just below

a joint, cutting half way through the stem, and the little tongue thus formed gently pressed down and secured in the prepared earth. Bracken stalks make the best pegs. Hairpins, however delectably handy to the feminine gardener, must be avoided. They seem, indeed, made on purpose, but alas! they rust. Keep the plants well watered, and by the end of the summer the shoots will have made roots of their own and can be successfully separated from the parent stock. In a terraced garden, or one on the side of a hill, where a feature must necessarily be made of decorative stone vases, I often think the value of carnations treated as bedding-out plants is not enough appreciated. The cool blue-green foliage goes so well with a background of grey stone, and I well remember an old French garden with a terraced walk and stone steps where, in the shadow of the house, hung masses of glowing clove carnations.

Windy weather, if it serves no other purpose, at least makes one pay attention to the importance of staking. Few things in the garden require more care than this, and few things are often more odiously performed.

Plants are far safer left to their own unaided strength than fastened to insecure little sticks, while on the other hand it is almost better to let things freely flop than tie them up in huge bundles to cudgels as big as your arm. Both these methods are too often employed with dire results. It requires some skill to preserve the freedom and grace of a plant, and at the same time give it sufficient support.

Larkspurs, oriental poppies, monkshood, dahlias, all tall plants need care in this respect, as they are far more magnificent when they stand up at their full height, and they very easily break or are pulled out of position in the wind. A few branches should always be left free to fall as they like, and thus prevent the groups from looking stiff.

A captious spirit once remarked how few gardens have any feeling of poetry about them. I conclude he meant any more subtle meaning than what is plainly visible in well-grown beautiful plants and well-arranged form and colour. I suppose it might be fairly answered that after all few people are very poetical, and that if you have scent and beauty and the peaceful sense of wholesome, satisfying labour, there is poetry in these enough and to spare. But I went

not long ago into a garden a part of which supplied, I think, that for which my friend was seeking.

It lay somewhat apart—the garden of Friendship—a little space of ground shut in by low hedges of rosemary and lavender, a tangle of forget-me-not and heart-ease at their roots. Each plant in this little garden was a gift given by a friend. Every flower recalled kind thoughts, and spoke a language known only to the owner.

If in the years to come the garden of Friendship must inevitably become the garden of memory—of memory and sorrow—what fairer keepsake could we have of those we love and mourn than the plants which come up year by year to greet us, the symbols of resurrection and hope?

MARY C. COXHEAD.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1907

The Mischief of Pensions

(It is the desire of the Editor that THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE should give expression to widely varying opinions on important subjects of controversy; but he does not, of course, identify himself with his contributors in the statement of their views.)

PART I

"PENSION!"—What a soothing, restful word it is, to be sure, a veritable wrinkle-eraser, a most efficient tonic for grey hairs, a sure corrective for innumerable masculine Marthas of family life. To the Government official it is his prospect of tropic seas after the storm and toss of northern waters in this voyage of life, a sort of Chelsea Hospital without the disadvantages of a fixed local habitation.

In idea it is certainly heroic; a long service and good conduct award for those who need something more substantial than mere pectoral decoration as a reward for faithful service, an honourable distinction, therefore, adorning the sere and yellow leaves of the Government oaktree.

In practice, however, seeing that human nature is no more godlike than we find it to be, we discover that in the main our pension is an earthly paradise dreamed of in their workaday world by mediocre men, and we further discover that this pension-dreaming—like day-dreaming, star-gazing, and other forms of mental abstraction in general—has the power to inflict certain moral injury on

the character of the individual, as well as a very practical injury on the business to which the dreamer is properly supposed to devote himself.

Beneficent as it may appear on the surface, this provision by the State for the old age of her servants has a strong undercurrent of baneful influence. There can be but little doubt, in the first place, that it tends to foster selfishness, to dull the sense of domestic responsibility among those who participate in its benefits. The wage-earner who is pensionable is no longer encouraged to be thrifty, seeing that, whether he squander or whether he save, he rests comfortably assured of a sufficiency to eke out his declining years. Thus is Self, which plays a larger part in the scheme of life than we perhaps care to own, drugged into a financial lethargy by this very comfortable sedative of future security. Without the impetus to set Self working the arch of family independence is seldom completed into more than a bridge of sighs at best, for that celebrated dictum, *Après moi le déluge*, frank and contemptible as it is, might very well have been included among La Rochefoucauld's reflections on the less pleasing traits of human character. It is for this reason that we so often encounter the families of the pensionable wage-earner, accustomed during the life of the pensioner to comfort if not to affluence, reduced, by the cessation of pension at his death, to a penury far greater, by comparison, than is to be met with among families of the non-pensionable wage-earner of an equivalent position in life. The latter has had no assurance for his old age, beyond what he could encompass for himself by his own diligence and thrift; Self, as well as the lesser family promptings, has been kept alive to the necessities of the situation. What the man has secured, therefore, to crown his old age with at least a semblance of peace is also a security for such young fragments of humanity as may have been launched by him into the same struggling world. On the other hand, to the offspring of the pensionable wage-earner, the pension is but a will-o'-the-wisp which has treacherously led them by comfortable

and easy paths to the brink of the quagmire, and there leaves them, blinded by the sudden darkness, to fend for themselves among unknown pitfalls. And, after all, it is for the family more than for the man himself that, in the stern struggle for life, the means of subsistence are most needed—especially for his womankind. As for the man, apart from such dependents, his absolute wants are, or should be, few. The enjoyment or deprivation of luxuries, seeing that neither his age nor sex is tender, is a matter which stands apart alike from the necessities of life and the satisfaction of mental activities—in which the interest of life lies to a man who has spent his years of development and maturity in the habitual application of his best powers.

There is an argument, however, to the effect that the dignity of the State requires that time-expired Government servants shall be saved in spite of themselves, on cessation of their period of service, from a destitution which would necessitate their sweeping crossings or blowing penny whistles in the streets to earn the wherewithal to nourish their declining years. The State would blush to see Colonel A., late commanding one of H.M.'s Regiments of Foot, located as commissionaire at the swing-doors of Messrs. Dobbins, Pumpkin & Co., within a stone's throw of the War Office precincts, where at one time he held an honourable appointment; or to stumble upon Mr. B., a quondam Treasury official, responding to the cry of "Sign!" at the Commonwealth Co-operative Stores.

The State, however, does not blush when the daughters of Colonel A. are cutting out blouses at Madame V.'s, or polishing the nails of the wealthy in a fashionable manicure establishment next door to A.'s old club, or even serving out ribbon by the yard behind the counter of Pumpkin & Co. Neither does it blush if Mr. B.'s daughter is mother's help in the household of his former junior clerk. And, after all, why should it blush, provided that Colonel A. and Mr. B. have each in their time received full market value for their labour?

But that there are other parties interested in the

pension contract between the State and the servant to an almost greater degree than the servant himself, leads one to consider the unequal justice that arises from the gambling nature of the scheme.

It is obvious that the State gambles with its employee for his wage. "I will give you a portion of your wage as you earn it; the remainder we will toss for when I have finished with you. You yourself are the coin, with life on one side and death on the other. Live, you win; die, you lose." These are briefly the terms of the contract. "If you lose, part of your earnings is lost to your dependents; but if you win you take what is already yours plus a portion of what is properly due to another." This is a gamble pure and simple; as much a gamble as the State Lottery which is so popular in many countries, but which we in England do not countenance because it is immoral. It is a simple game, and, seeing that a love of speculation is inherent in human nature, the individual party to the contract is not altogether ill-pleased. But there are still his dependents to be considered, and the scheme should also be regarded from their point of view.

It is in no wise to be inferred that the State gambles for her own direct benefit; rather, it is merely a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. But Peter suffers none the less. What happens is somewhat as follows: Peter dies before he is pensionable. The total deductions made by Government from the marketable value of his labours on account of pension thereupon become lost to his dependents—who by reason of the early loss of Peter's wage-earning capacity need it more than if he had lived—and go instead to make up Paul's pension when he retires, whose dependents, by reason of Paul's two hands being still available, need it perhaps less than do the defrauded relicts of Peter.

One has, of course, heard it said that a Government does not recognise families and dependents. This argument cannot, however, rightly be urged, for it would entirely stultify its action in countenancing pensions at all. For a Government, though composed of individuals,

is not an individual but a machine. This being the case, it must adopt the utilitarian point of view. And from this point of view the discarded servant, as a solitary non-reproductive unit shortly to be wiped off the roll of the nation, is a waste product, and therefore not profitable to be further regarded. But as a family man—as the head of one of the innumerable sub-communities of which the nation is composed—he remains worthy of some further consideration at the hands of the State.

There is presumably no other source from which the pension is derivable but that above discussed, viz., the general fund raised by deductions from the fair market wage of public servants during their term of service. It would be the squandering of an unbusinesslike spendthrift if the pension were no portion of the fair wage earned; for in that case the Government would be guilty of wasting the public money by maintaining moral poor-houses for the benefit of those who have already received full value for their labour. But the everyday person who is interested in each item of expenditure from the funds of this Empire Company in which he is a shareholder, has doubtless satisfied himself that no such economic blunder is being perpetrated at his expense.

So far the question has been viewed solely from the standpoint of the servant. But there are two sides to every question, two parties to every contract, and we have yet to consider whether the pension system operates favourably on behalf of the State. As a matter of fact the bias of opinion will probably in the end be found to lie rather with the plaintiff than with the defendant, *on behalf of the country* against the pension-earner and the *system* under which he exists.

It is true I have said that the Government is a machine; and it might therefore be argued that its officials, being component parts of the machine, should analogously work within their grooves, and so remain until worn out and replaced. For a machine is amenable to theoretic laws—although there be mariners and motorists who say that their crafts are more fickle creatures to

manage than their wives. But although the Government as a resultant and in respect of its productive power is a machine, its components are individuals; and the individual is not entirely amenable to such laws as govern machines. Indeed, it is just by a too great insistence on this analogy that the Government is served by an undue proportion of mediocre men.

It is sometimes asserted that, by assuring the official against personal anxiety in the matter of adequate provision for old age, the country benefits by securing that undivided attention which her servants are thus enabled to devote to her affairs—freed as they are from all distracting thoughts touching the future welfare of Self. To that thrifty soul, however—in the minority it is to be feared—who realises that his pension is but poor capital for his dependents when he dies, especially if he dies early or before it becomes due, the anxiety of making provision for the future, if diminished at all, is by no means removed. To the perhaps greater remainder, who are satisfied with their pension prospects, that very security itself produces in many instances a pitiable lack of interest and energy in the work which they are called upon to perform. This is in a great measure due to the very human, if ethically despicable, part which Self plays in the conduct of life. If Self sees that he will materially benefit by work, then Self will work “like a nigger”; but if Self sees that he will gain no more by work than by judicious indolence—why then, assuredly, Self is content to be a very idle dog indeed.

The man who works for himself puts forth all his best energies to further his own interests. The pensionable wage-earner who is also a man of private means, and therefore independent of his salary and pension, works for himself entirely in the pursuit of his ambitions. That he works for his country too is a fortunate accident. But dependence on pension, which is the complement of wages due, renders a multitude of men quite characterless as regards their work; mere tools, who cannot risk the possibility of falling out of favour for fear of endangering

their pension prospects, which are themselves dependent on official promotion in salary from year to year; men who eventually reach such a state of habitual acquiescence in the words and deeds of higher authority that they are no longer of use as advisers or even assistants of Government, forsaking, as they do, the pressing needs of their department, which it is their duty to advocate, at the first breath of opposition—an opposition which is perhaps only precautionary and quite open to conviction. These same men, on the other hand, however disappointed and zestless in their work they may have become, equally dare not, because they cannot afford it, “cut the loss” on past years of labour by quitting Government service and seeking their fortunes elsewhere, and thus foregoing the prospect of pension. Only the few men of peculiar ability who realise sufficiently early in their career that it is worth while for them to seek for themselves fields of greater promise elsewhere, can afford to face this loss before it has assumed any considerable proportions, and treat the Government’s deferred pay accumulating towards pension as a bad debt. Such men can, and do, seek fields where they can reap more adequate fruit for their labour, not only in increased prosperity to themselves, but by the unrestrained development of the power that is in them to the full proportion of their ability. Patriotism is a magnificent characteristic; and those who have a sufficiency of private means do well to expend their energy in labouring for their country without taxing her coffers, for to them it means no great sacrifice of family life while it usually assists them in the attainment of their ambitions. But in the case of those others, the majority, who are not so fortunately circumstanced, the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the hire must be worthy of the labour. For it must always be borne in mind that the Family is the parent of the Community, not the Community of the Family, and but for family life there would be no national life, and therefore no country to work for. Hence the necessities of family life must still be of paramount importance to the individual.

MICHAEL PETERS.

Sea Maids' Music

THE familiar explanation which tells us that "the mermaid on the dolphin's back" was Mary Queen of Scots, that the phrase "dulcet and harmonious breath" described her bewitching charm, and that the certain stars that "shot madly from their spheres to hear the Sea Maid's Music" were the English nobles who inclined to her cause, adds to the interest of a passage itself one of the most poetical in the language. But even without the interpretation, the allusion to the mermaid and her harmony carries a fascination of its own.

In one respect the Sea Maids' Music may claim inclusion in Keats's pretty paradox :

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter.

Since first the mystic dwellers in the sea and stream uttered their witching melody to the inhabitants of the rathe world, the "song the sirens sang" has asserted the charm of its unheard music throughout the ages, while the very existence and occasion of utterance of what may be called historic melodies is forgotten. It may be surely urged that this permanence in phrase and tradition speaks trumpet-tongued for the original sweetness of the ideal song. And as with their music, so with the personalities of these Sirens, Naiads, Mermaids—Water Maids of whatsoever kind; when other myths have passed into oblivion theirs have still a living interest. The belief in their real existence has scarcely yet, perhaps, died away from remote and unsophisticated communities dwelling by the "tuneful sea."

Reasons various and profound may doubtless be advanced to explain this survival, but the average individual will probably find reason enough in the inherent gracefulness of the myth and its quasi-rational develop-

ments. When we first meet the Sirens, it is their characteristics rather than their appearance that we have presented to us. Ulysses, compelled by the gods to quit the too entrancing company of Circe, receives parting counsel from the enamoured goddess :

First, indeed, thou wilt come to the Sirens, who charm all men who ever comes to them. Whosoever through ignorance has approached and heard the voice of the Sirens, by no means do his wife and infant children stand near him when he returns home, nor do they rejoice. But the Sirens sitting in a meadow soothe him with a shrill song, and around there is a large heap of bones of men rotting, and skins waste away round about.

And it is when the ship of the Wanderer passes the island of the Sirens that we hear the first utterance of this soothing shrill song :

"Come hither, O much praised Ulysses, great glory of the Grecians ; stop thy ship that thou mayest hear our voice . . . For we ken all things, whatever the Grecians and Trojans suffered by the will of the gods in spacious Troy ; and we know whatever things are done in the food-abounding earth." Thus they spake, uttering a sweet sound.

It is not quite certain who the Sirens were. The general view was that they were the daughters of the river-god Achelous, either by his union with one of the Muses, or from the blood he shed in his conflict with Hercules ; Sophocles, however, refers to them as the daughters of Phorcys. In this connection, and bearing in mind their subsequent representation as half fish-formed, it is interesting to note that the spouse of Phorcys has been identified with the Derceto or Atergatis of the Syrians, who is portrayed with a fish's tail. It is as the daughters of Achelous that Ovid shows them to us, blythe sea-maidens playing with Persephone on the strand at Enna when she was abducted by Pluto, and afterwards—to choose the prettier form of the story—supplicating the gods to endow them with wings that they might assist the woeful Demeter in her search for her vanished child. At any rate the earlier representations of the Sirens show us birds with beautiful women's heads. Whether they

destroyed themselves when Ulysses escaped their wiles, or when Orpheus showed them that the Argonauts had in their company a master of a more potent harmony than was theirs—or after the “plucking” inflicted on them by the Muses for failing in the competitive examinations to which they challenged the tuneful nine—must be left undecided. Their place was filled by the fish-tailed women, the Mermaids of later days.

However artistically attractive, the Sirens were, with occasional exceptions, as a rule wholly malevolent; their very name, it is said, suggests their fatal power of drawing men to them and to destruction, or, as others hold, the withering heat of their deathful sway. The “heap of men’s bones” tells its own grim story: they are the type of the sensuality that woos to prey; their attractiveness is irresistible, even to godlike Ulysses, save for ultra-natural preservatives. Some old authors, indeed, did not hesitate to give an entirely materialistic explanation of the myth, affirming that the Sirens were but frail human beauties, whose allurements, proverbially fatal to sailors, were only equalled by their pitiless rapacity. Their number varies from the two indicated by Homer to the eight referred to by Plato, though it is possible that the latter, in common with others, used the word much as we do now, as expressive of combined melodiousness and charm, rather than as referring to the specific Sirens of any particular legend. Three, however, is the generally received number, and their names, though these too are variously given, are Leucosia, Ligeia, and Parthenope, which signify respectively the ideas of radiant fairness, clear-voiced melody, and maiden charm. Isidore refers to them as “three Sirens, some deall maidens and some deall souls, with wings and claws. One of them singeth with voice, another with shawme, and the third with harpe.”¹ The instruments are presumably the “flute

¹ Moore, in his poem of that name, explains the origin of the harp by the couplet:

’Tis believed that this harp which I wake now for thee
Was a Siren of old who lived under the sea.

of lotus wood and tortoise lyre," which they cast away in despair before the triumphant strains of Orpheus.¹

Very different from these were other Sea Maids, mention of whom is contemporaneous with that of the Sirens, though most of them preceded the latter in traditional existence. There were the fifty maidens, children of Nereus and Doris, daughter of Ocean, "versed in blameless labours"; and beside these there were, Hesiod tells us, "thrice a thousand tapering-ankled Ocean nymphs, bright children of the gods." And to their number were added others, mortal women whom the gods made equal to the daughters of Ocean. These were as benevolent as the Sirens were malicious. Idothea appeared to Menelaus in his distress, and after counselling him "dived under the billowy sea"; when Ulysses was exposed to the fury of Neptune, Ino Leucothoe, "who was previously a mortal that had speech, but now in the main of the sea had a share in the honour of the gods . . . pitied wandering Ulysses, undergoing toils, and like unto a cormorant in flight she came up from the deep"; it was by the help of Sea Maids that the Argonauts escaped the perils of Scylla; as we shall note further on, it was the daughters of Ocean who stayed with the heroic Titan in his doom.

Exactly when Sirens and Oceanides merged into the Mermaid of mediæval legend can scarcely be very definitely decided. Mr. Perry, in his interesting article on the subject,² is of opinion that there are no authentic sculptured or pictorial representations of the Siren as

¹ The music-breathing Ligeia seems to have had a great fascination for Poe. She gives the title to one of the dreamiest of his *Weird Tales*, wherein the beautiful unearthly woman who bears the name is described as charming with the "dear music of her low, sweet voice," which at the last seemed a "melody more than mortal." In "*Al Aaraaf*" a song is addressed to

Ligeia, Ligeia,
My beautiful one,
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run.

² *Nineteenth Century*, 1883.

half-maiden, half-fish, the conventional conformation, earlier than about the sixth century of our era. There are, however, much earlier examples of "Fish Maidens," differing but slightly from the mediæval mermaid, in the Babylonian reliefs of Derceto, who, as we have seen, has been by some identified with the mother of the Sirens. But it has been pointed out that Derceto is the same as Mylitta, the goddess of moisture, and there is at least a plausible theory of a connection between the goddess under that name and the kindred designations of certain of the Sea Maids, daughters of Doris, child of Oceanus—"graceful Melita" and Melia. And it is conceivable, as comparative mythologists may point out, that there is affinity at least in attribute between Mylitta, the goddess of teeming moisture, and Tethys, the spouse of Oceanus, "the force of nature nurturing all creation with fruitful moisture." So that if we look upon the Mermaids as representing only the Oceanides, and strike out the Sirens from the family tree, we need only consider the fish-tail as an instance of rather pronounced atavism, a throwing-back to very remote ancestors.

It seems the more desirable to emphasise this double ancestry for the Mermaids, inasmuch as there is a tendency to derive them only from the Sirens, to the exclusion of the Sea Nymphs. Mr. Baring-Gould describes the relationship as follows: "Originally the Sirens were winged, but after the fable had been accepted which told of their strife with the Muses and their precipitation into the sea, they were figured like Mermaids; the fish form was by them borrowed from Derceto." But the Mermaids of mediæval legend resemble in disposition the benevolent Sea Nymphs at least as much as the cruel Sirens. They too seek the love of men, but the passion is tender, more akin to the fostering affection of the Nereids than the sensuous cruelty of the Sirens; their voice is as sweet as the deathly strains of yore, but it is inspired by sorrow and pleading, love and counsel.

The great mediæval poets—Chaucer, Spenser, and Dante—almost treat the names Mermaid, Muse, and

Siren as meaning much the same thing. Chaucer identifies the Sirens with Mermaids :

The song of meremaïdens in the sea
That for their singing is so clear.
Though we meremaïdens clepe them here
In English, as is our usance,
Men clepe them Sereins in Fraunce.

Dante in his Purgatory meets a woman who

Such a strain began
That I, how loth soe'er, could scarce have held
Attention from the song. "I," thus she began,
"I am the Syren,"

no mention being made of more than one. Davies speaks of the peril Ulysses was exposed to from "the mermaid songs."

"These mermaids," says Spenser, as Sir Guyon came to the bay where the "five sisters" dwelt,

Were faire ladies till they fondly strived
With th' Heliconian maides for maystery,
Of whom they, overcomen, were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity
Transform'd to fish for their bold surquedry ;
But th' upper halfe their hew retained still
And their sweet skill in wonted melody,
Which ever after they abus'd to ill
T' allure weake travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

But it is not so much amongst the alluring groves of comparative mythology as in the more open flowerland of legend that we best catch the fleeting melody of the Sea Maids' Music ; however fascinatingly recondite may be the study of its origin, the view of most of us will be :

Let him name it who can,
Its beauty will be the same.

Perhaps what is most impressive in the Mermaid myth is its ubiquity and comparatively modern currency. We have seen the foreshadowing of it in the cradle lands of Greece and Syria : Russia has its "Daughters of the Tsar Morskoi" or Water King, the Swan Maidens, and the Rusalkas ; in Guiana we meet the Orehu ; the Bretons have the Morvech—daughters of the sea ; there is the Irish

Merrow ; there are the countless Sea Maids of Arabia and India and Egypt, respecting whom we have quasi-authentic narratives ; there are the more familiar Mermaids and their kin of Celtic and Teutonic lands. Certainly one of the strangest characteristics of the Sea Maid legend is the seeming authoritativeness of many of the accounts that support it. Encyclopædias still in valued use speak gravely of the genuine character of the narratives ; a French geographer (Maillet) relates as history that in the year 592 "a sea man followed by his female" were seen in the Nile ; that three hundred years later "the Prince of Derbent caught in the Caspian Sea a large fish in whose belly was a sea girl still alive" ; and he quotes an Arabian historical work as confirming the existence and appearance of Tritons and Sirens. A "sea girl" was confidently declared to have been found near Edam in Holland in 1430 ; a century or so later several persons of repute vouched for the fact of seven mermaids and mermen being caught near Ceylon—and the list is far from exhausted. But it must be admitted that these "authentic narratives" have the objectionable quality which Sir Lucius O'Trigger ascribed to another sort of explanation ; we feel, paraphrasing the gallant Hibernian, that "Sea Maid stories are very pretty stories as they stand, and we shall only spoil matters by trying to explain them"—or verify them.

Mermaids and their kin were, of course, taken seriously enough in the days when the visible activity of spirits was believed in, and fared no better than other traditional extra-human intelligences in being included in the Satanic legions. Heywood, in his "*Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*," is at once severe and descriptive. He tells us that :

Spirits that have ore water gouvernement
 Are to mankinde alike malevolent ;
 They trouble seas, flouds, rivers, brookes and wels,
 Meeres, lakes, and love t'enhabit watry cels
 . . . One kinde of these th' Italians Fatae name,
 Fée the French, we Sibils, and the same
 Others White Nymphs, and those that have them seene
 White Ladies.

Old Burton is characteristically uncompromising. "Water-devils," he tells us, "are those Naiads or Water Nymphs which have been heretofore conversant about waters and rivers. . . . These cause inundations, many times shipwreck, and deceive men divers ways." Gervase of Tilbury tells of "the Dracæ, a sort of water spirits, who inveigle women and children into the recesses which they inhabit beneath lakes and rivers." Yet it is very seldom indeed that we find the Sea Maids of post-classical times either wholly or chiefly bad: generally they are loving, lovable, and beneficent; sometimes, indeed, they are described in an aspect broadly humorous. Their craving for human love is represented as inspired or intensified by their yearning to possess a human soul with its eternal hope; the disaster that not infrequently overtakes the human consort is generally the result of a breach of faith, and the Sea Maids in many cases are rather Fate-constrained agents than avengers of their own mere motion.

Even to name the legends of these alliances between Sea Maids and men would occupy too great a space; it may be observed, however, that certain particulars are common in greater or less number to all the stories. It would be interesting, too, did time permit, to dwell on the Melusina tradition and the widespread legend of the "Swan Maidens," dear to later mythologists, and both inviting the most fascinating theories as to their connection with the Siren fable of old. But it must suffice to mention two Sea Maid stories, both inherently charming and both presenting, for those who wish to find them, marked traces of resemblance to the beautiful old myths which sprang to birth in the bright-hued, sensuous fragrance of the world's dawn.

One is the story of the Little Mermaid, as familiarised to us by Hans Andersen. In it we read how, far down in the depths of ocean, was the palace of the Sea King, its walls built of coral, its long Gothic windows of the clearest amber, its roof formed of shells that open and shut as the water flows over them, and each containing a

glittering pearl fit for the diadem of a queen. And here dwelt the Sea King's daughters, and of the youngest and prettiest we are told that "her skin was as clear and delicate as a rose-leaf, and her eyes as blue as the deepest sea, but like all the others she had no feet, and her body ended in a fish's tail." A dreamy child, what she treasured most was the marble statue of a handsome boy which after some shipwreck had sunk to the bottom of the sea. And she loved to hear stories of the world above the sea, and longed for the time when she should be old enough to go to the surface. At last the time came, and she rose, and wondered at the sky and the sunset and the passing ships. On one of these, festivities were being held in honour of a beautiful young prince whom she saw, and the Little Mermaid fell in love with him; and when a storm came and broke the ship to pieces she swam to the senseless body of the prince as it was sinking, and held his head above water so that he should not die. And when morning came she swam with him to a shore, and waited till she saw a young girl find him, and with the help the latter called the prince came to life and smiled on every one except the Little Mermaid, for of course he knew nothing of her having saved him. And she went back to her sea home very unhappy, and more than ever loved her statue which was so like the prince. She wondered what would have happened to the prince if she had not saved him, and then she was told that human beings have immortal souls, but that a mermaid could never gain one unless a man loved and married her. So she asked a Sea Witch how she could gain the love of the prince, and the Witch gave her a magic draught which would make her like a woman, but accompanied the charm with cruel words and the infliction of dumbness. She swam to the shore where the prince lived and changed herself into a beautiful maiden, and became his constant attendant, and sailed with him when he went to marry the bride chosen for him, who was none other than the girl who had found him on the shore. And then the Little Mermaid remembered that the Witch

had told her if the prince married any other maiden, she, the mermaid, would die that same day, and without having gained an immortal soul. And after the wedding, while she was standing by the side of the ship thinking of her coming death and her lost hope and fruitless love, her Sea Sisters came to the surface and told her that they had bribed the evil Witch with their beautiful hair that the doom might be averted; and they gave her a sharp knife with which to stab the prince, and then if she anointed herself with his blood she would be a mermaiden again and live out the long life the Sea Maids live. The Little Mermaid took the knife and went to the splendid chamber on board ship where the prince and his bride were sleeping. As she looked on him, his bride's name rose to his lips, and the knife trembled for just a moment. Then she threw it far away into the sea, and with one last look at the prince she loved she went to the side and cast herself overboard. She thought she was dying, but presently it seemed to her that she was floating in the air and not in the sea, and then a voice of wonderful music told her that for her love and sorrow she had been made one of the Daughters of the Air, who were allowed to gain for themselves immortal souls. Looking back at the ship, the Little Mermaid saw the prince and his bride sorrowing for her supposed death, and "unseen she kissed the forehead of the bride and fanned the prince, and then mounted with the other Children of the Air to a rosy cloud that floated through the ether."

The other story is Fouqué's immortal "Undine," which is too well known to need a lengthy reference. Stories such as these have in themselves a melody which may well compensate in some measure for what is lost or unknown of the Sea Maids' Music. Poets of all ages have given *words* to their endless, varying song, but not even that blind bard who

Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea

ever ventured, in Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, to
cccliii—2120—August '07

"hazard a wide solution" as to the *tune* to which they were sung. Yet the words thus attributed to them have their own music; somewhere in the limbo of unuttered harmony is the one inevitable "air" meet to be wedded to each "immortal verse"; and the Sea Maids who sang, as all tradition tells us, "so wildly well," may be credited with the melody demanded. In great measure—to follow out the fancy—the songs themselves suggest the tonic music to those who feel the poetry of the words; a reference to some of these, moreover, throws an interesting light upon the aspects in which the personality of the Sea Maids has presented itself to the poetical mind throughout the ages. We have heard the words the Sirens sang vainly to Ulysses; the other chief utterance ascribed to Sea Maids by an ancient writer is in the Prometheus of Aeschylus.¹ The chorus is supplied by "Ocean Nymphs," and the words emphasise what has been said as to their benevolence. The heroic Titan is stretched in agony; he hears approach the sound of wings, and for the moment apprehends some fresh torment. The gentle voices reassure him:

Nay, fear thou nought : in love
All our array of wings
In eager race hath come
To this high peak.

In a still higher strain of loyal love is their reply when Hermes warns them to leave the sufferer, "lest the relentless roar of thunder stun your soul":

With him I will endure
Whatever is decreed.

When Proserpine was abducted by Pluto, the utterances of the Water Nymphs are again expressive of sympathy and kindliness. Cyane "from the waves advanced her beauteous hand," strove to hinder the mighty ravisher, and pleaded with him to desist; as

¹ The quotations are from Professor Plumptre's translation.

Ceres wanders disconsolate, the first tidings she gains are from another Sea Maid :

Then from the waves soft Arethusa rears
Her head——

who greets the "Mother of the Maid" with words of sympathy and help. And with few exceptions the verbal music ascribed by later poets to the Sea Maids suggests kindness rather than cruelty.

Spenser introduces to us the nymph Cymoënt, who dwelt "deepe in the bottome of the sea," as mourning with all a mother's tenderness over her stricken son, and her companion, "lily-handed Liagore," aiding to restore him to health. The Good Spirit in *Comus*, when invoking the assistance of that "virgin pure" Sabrina, adjures her :

By Leucothea's lovely hands,
. . . And the songs of Sirens sweet ;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;

and at the summons "Sabrina rises, attended by water nymphs," and saves the Lady from the dread enchantment. We find a Sea Maid befriending love-lorn Endymion. His gloomy solitude is broken by the music of a "gentle tongue" :

It was a nymph uprisen to the breast
In the fountain's pebbly margin,

who essays to "weed his soul of care," and comfort him so far as is in her power. In *The Tempest* it is as a "nymph of the sea" that Ariel lures Ferdinand with the familiar strain, "Come unto these yellow sands," and we have the prince's own assurance that the

Music crept by me on the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air.

Describing the supposititious death of the King of Naples, the same spirit declares, "Sea nymphs hourly ring his

knell," a thought that finds an echo in Campbell's lines :

The mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.

It is a "Peri beneath the dark wave" whom Moore introduces as bewailing "Araby's daughter" with loving regret.

Innumerable are the stories of alliances between men and Sea Maids, often introduced by the familiar "charm" of the man stealing part of the Sea Maid's costume or disguise while she is bathing. One of these taken from the Celtic brings out in a striking way the goodness of the nymphs. The son of a King of Ireland saw a Mermaid on the sea shore pulling off her "husk" preparatory to bathing. He took it, and on her asking for it, demanded that she should marry him. "I will not marry you," was the answer, "for another man has a promise of marriage from me. A long time shall elapse before he will come for me, but I am going to wait for him." And then, much in the fashion of human maids of to-day, who, the comic papers assure us every week, always promise "to be a sister" to the lover they refuse, the Mermaid promises to be the friend of the Irish prince, and in his subsequent adventures proves herself as good as her word.

As in the story of Undine, often even when the love of the Sea Maid brings with it destruction there is no question of its reality. Were we able to hear the "music" of its avowal, it would be found to throb with tender passion; only in one or two of the German legends are her allurements represented as inspired by cruelty rather than love. Goethe's ballad of the Fisher certainly tells how a River Maiden sang to an angler with witching wile :

She spoke to him, she sang to him,
Resistless was her strain.
Half drawn he sank beneath the wave
And ne'er was seen again.

Heine, who in his "Oceanides" speaks of the "beautiful compassionate water nymphs," in another poem tells how the "great king Harold Harfagar in ocean depths is sitting," enchanted for two hundred years by "water sprite's magical art"; and when, as sometimes happens, he has visions of the lost life with its strife and gladness and honour, the Water Fay "with loving kisses" charms him into quiescence again. The same poet's "Lorelei" is unmixed Siren, as, gold-bedecked and with golden hair, she haunts the Rhine, luring men to death, and

Sings the while a song ;
How strange is that melody olden,
As loudly it echoes along !

But on the other hand the "Mermaid" Heine draws for us is ardent and tender as any damsel of the South :

My heart throbs with raging emotion,
Emotion raging and wild ;
For I love thee with speechless devotion,
Thou darling human child.

The famous poem "The Mermaid," given in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," makes the Mermaid almost an object of pity, despite the tyranny of her mode of wooing, so indubitable is her love for the Chief of Colonsay, and so completely is she deceived by the ruse he adopts to regain his freedom ; nor, as tradition holds, has her love yet died away, for

Ever as the year returns
The charm-bound sailors know the day,
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely Chief of Colonsay.

Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman" gives, it will be recalled, the reverse of this picture. It is a Water King who laments an earthborn "Margaret," as he sadly watches her coast-side home :

There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she !
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea.

The old Scandinavian story of "Duke Magnus and the Mermaid" again shows us a Sea Maid inspired by passionate affection, whom only the *spretæ injuria formæ* drives into revenge. The legend is a typical one. It tells us that

Duke Magnus looked out from the castle window
How the stream ran so rapidly.
And there he saw how on the stream sat
A woman most fair and lovely.

And the woman woos him with an ardent directness
beseeeming one "fair in the fearless old fashion":

Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, plight thee to me,
I pray you still so freely;
Say me not nay, but yes, yes.

The Duke declines. He is a king's son, he says, and adds that he does not think a wife who dwells "not on land but on the flood" would at all suit him. The Sea Maid promises him gold and pearls, a ship and a horse that could both go equally fast by sea and land. He is still obdurate, and she threatens him with insanity. And tradition avers that this very potentate did die out of his mind.

Often, however, the verbal melody of the Sea Maids' Music has no minor note of doom or anger to impair its harmony, but its strains are wooing and voluptuous, with an *abandon* of tenderness that makes us realise afresh how wise was the precaution "the divine one of goddesses" enjoined on Ulysses. Browne, the West Country poet, in his "Inner Temple Masque," written in 1620, makes the Sirens as irresistibly, caressingly attractive as are Tennyson's Mermaid and Sea Fairies:

Steer hither, steer your winged pines,
All beaten marineres:
Here lie love's undiscovered mines,
A prey to passengers.
. . . Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips,
But come on shore
Where no love dies till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange, and be awhile our guests ;
For stars gaze on our eyes.
The compass Love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

There is a distinct resemblance between the imagery of Browne's song and that of Tennyson's *Sea Fairies* and *Mermaid*. The latter pictures all things "mad for the love" of her :

They would sue me and woo me and flatter me
In the purple twilight under the sea ;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me and win me and marry me.

The former show

Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold.

They sing :

O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
Come hither to me and to me . . .
We will sing to you all the day . . .
And sweet shall your welcome be.
O hither, come hither and be our lords,
For merry brides are we :
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words :
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and jubilee.

If a glowing, intoxicating voluptuousness be the informing *motif* of these songs, the strain which Lowell puts into the lips of his "Sirens" offers the scarcely less tempting allurements of rest, peaceful, unbroken, slumbrous :

Follow ! O follow !
To be at rest for evermore !
For evermore !

It is perhaps scarcely to be expected that the conceptions of *Sea Maids* and their *Music* should always attain the same high poetical level. *Autolycus*, we may

remember, had a "ballad of a fish . . . which appeared upon the coast, forty thousand fathom above the water, and sung this ballad. . . . 'Twas thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for hard-heartedness to her lover"; while Ingoldsby's "Lurline" is a genuinely humorous parody of the well-known typical legend of the slighted Sea Maid. And even in quasi "historical" accounts we find the same tendency. An old tradition records that a Clyde-dwelling Mermaid, observing the funeral of a young girl passing over the river-bridge, gave utterance to the following expression of didactic sympathy :

If they would drink nettles in March
And eat muggins in May,
Sae mony braw maidens
Wadna gang to the clay ;

while a Scottish almanack of 1688 is said to have announced that visitors to a certain part of the coast "would undoubtedly see a pretty company of mermaids, creatures of admirable beauty, and likewise hear their charming sweet melodious voices

In well-tuned measures and harmonious lays
Extol their Maker and His bounty praise ;
That godly honest men in everything
In quiet peace may live, God save the king.

It would hardly be fair to omit all mention of the gorgeousness which is almost invariably found in the dwellings of the Sea Maids, very different from the gruesome *entourage* of the Homeric Sirens. When Endymion accompanies Glaucus to the court of Neptune, he moves amongst diamond gleams, golden glows of amber :

Rich opal domes were seen on high upheld
By jasper pillars letting through their shafts
A blush of coral ;

through a golden gate appears the Sea God's throne of "emerald deep." A legend of the Isle of Man tells how a daring diver saw in the subaqueous world "large streets and squares, ornamented with pyramids of crystal,

buildings of mother-of-pearl." In a great room he found table and chairs of amber ; the floor was of rough diamonds, topazes, emeralds, and pearls. A Cornish legend, given by Mr. Bottrell in his "Traditions of West Cornwall," makes a Mermaid tell the sailor she is talking with, "The walls of our abodes are encrusted with coral and amber, entwined with sea-flowers of every hue, and their floors are all strewn with pearls : the roof sparkles with diamonds and other gems of such brightness that their rays make our deep grotto in the ocean hillsides as light as day." The Bretons say that the Morvech dwell in palaces of gold and crystal. In the old story of the "Prince of Persia and Giahaure, Princess of Samandal," given in the Arabian Nights, the Princess, who is a daughter of a king of the sea, tells the Persian monarch that "the [subaqueous] palaces are very sumptuous and magnificent. Some of them are of marble of various colours ; others of rock crystal, mother-of-pearl, coral, and of other materials more valuable ; gold, silver, and all sorts of precious stones are more plentiful than on earth." Gray's memorable line about the gemmiferous character of the caves of ocean might have been written at the direct inspiration of a literary Sea Maid.

It is needless to say how very much that is kindred to the subject has perforce been left unmentioned : tradition peoples the "dim water world" with other wondrous, quasi-human dwellers besides the Sea Maids ; and it is but the fringe of the brilliant, mystic, shadowy robe that Romance has woven for these that we have been able to touch. Apart from the graver value that mythologists find in the connection and significance of the legends, there remains for the rest of us an indefinable charm in the suggestiveness of the Sea Maids' Music. Many-sided, many-lessoned is this charm. At one time it prompts the lament—

Yet when palls the insipid bliss,
Men perchance may mourn in vain
The rapture of the Sirens' kiss,
The magic of the Sirens' strain.

At another it tells of human passions old and ageless, varying and constant as "the insuperable sea." At another, like that "voice as of the waters" which mingled with the "holy hymns" at the coming of the blameless King, it whispers of rest and strength and calm, unbroken, harmonious,

Whatsoever storms
May shake the world.

WALTER RICHARDS.

Sanctuary

IT is a wild and stormy night, black-browed and horrible: such a night as when Macbeth slew his royal master; and there are "lamentings in the air, strange screams of death," and the distant roar of many voices clamouring like wolves for blood. A man worn and wearied is toiling up the dark, steep, silent lanes that lead to Durham Minster. Ever and anon he glances furtively behind him, and then he tries to run, but his tired limbs will scarcely bear him onwards. He stumbles over a heap of garbage in the street and nearly falls. The cries of his pursuers become louder. He is up again, and speeding on, and the long, dark outline of the minster is dimly seen. A few steps more, and then he catches convulsively at a huge strange knocker on the church-door. One loud, appealing knock he makes, and then sinks exhausted on the minster steps. Two lay brothers slowly open the heavy door, and lead in the wanderer, and he is safe. Outside the avengers are clamouring for his blood, but they are too late. They cannot touch him now.

Such was sanctuary in olden days in England, a strange and curious custom which prevailed to a very large extent throughout the land. All churches had the privilege of sanctuary, and infraction was deemed a species of sacrilege, and was punished sometimes with the loss of life and

goods. Even divine vengeance was believed to pursue the daring wretch who violated the holiness of a church, and presumed to capture one who had sought refuge therein. Thus Leland tells us of a knight named Thurstin who was instantly struck with a disease for pursuing a person in a church with a drawn sword. Nor did Henry VII. dare to capture Perkin Warbeck, who sought sanctuary in a church, but allured him from his place of safety by a promise of life and pardon.

But inferior churches were not often resorted to, and this for a very excellent reason. Although avengers or ministers of justice dared not infringe the sacredness of sanctuary, they could guard the gates and doors of the church, and so prevent their victim from receiving any food. Sometimes they set fire to the church, and so compelled their prey to come out. Hence the wise man who had reason to fear for his safety sought refuge in some of the great *asyla*, where there was food enough provided for such as he, warm cloaks too, and plenty of liberty, and where his foes would not dare to come and seize him.

Such secure retreats were the beautiful Abbey of Beaulieu, in Hampshire, founded by King John; Battle Abbey, built by the Conqueror in memory of Senlac; the cathedrals of Winchester, Wells, Ripon, Norwich, York and Durham. If we had erred in London, we should have sought safety in the church of St. Martin-le-Grand, or the Temple, or St. Mary-le-Bow, or the famous sanctuary of Westminster. The collegiate church at Manchester, now the Cathedral, Beverley Minster, the churches of Lancaster, Derby and Hexham would have offered us havens of rest in the north; and Colchester, Northampton, Merton Priory, Abingdon (Berkshire), in other parts of the country. Scottish debtors found protection in Holyrood Abbey, and its precincts remained a refuge for them until comparatively recent times.

Whence did this strange practice arise? It is doubtless connected with the Mosaic enactment appointing six cities of refuge that the manslayer, who by misfortune or accident had killed a person, might have a place of

security to flee unto. The Greeks, too, had their places of safety, such as the sanctuary of Cadmus at Thebes, and that of the Heraclidæ at Athens. Their temples were *asyla*, and especially the touch of the tutelary image brought safety to the refugee. Plutarch tells how Alexander would not violate the sacredness of a temple, and how he directed Megabysus to draw and entice a slave from his asylum and capture him, but not to touch him while he remained in the temple. The Romans, too, copied the Greeks, and the ancient founder of the city of the seven hills is said to have filled his newly erected Rome by declaring it to be an asylum, and thus collecting a colony of outcasts, runaway slaves, and lawless profligates. Juvenal might well reproach the Romans of his day with their base and ignoble descent.

To Boniface V., who assumed the Papal tiara in 609, is usually assigned the honour of instituting the privilege of sanctuary in Christendom. He ordained "that criminals who fled to churches should not be taken thence by force." The result was not entirely satisfactory, as the churches became the resort of thieves, traitors, murderers, and other villains. So great was the abuse that Pope Sixtus V. suppressed all the sanctuaries in Rome. His edict was not very effectual. Smollett tells us that he saw "the most execrable villains diverting themselves in the cloisters of some convents in Rome," and also beheld a man who had murdered his wife "taking the air with great composure and serenity on the steps of a church at Florence."

All Christian countries seem to have been furnished with sanctuaries, but in England they were more abundant than in any other land. It would be tedious to enumerate all the laws relating to them issued by ancient Kings, from the times of Edgar and Alfred until their final abolition by James I. We would rather watch the system at work, watch the culprit as he flies to his restful haven, and see the welcome that awaited him there. At Durham, having gained the door of his minster, he raised the sanctuary knocker—a grotesque head made of bronze

with a ring hanging from its grinning mouth. Its eyes were formerly filled with crystals or enamel. Two janitors who occupied chambers over the doorway, traces of which may still be seen, were ready to let the wanderer in at any hour of the night. They then tolled the Galilee Bell, in order that the outside world might know that some one had taken sanctuary. A gown of black cloth with a yellow cross, called St. Cuthbert's Cross, was given to the fugitive, and he was lodged on the south side of the Galilee Chapel. He was, moreover, disarmed, and was only allowed to retain a pointless knife to carve his food. This was a wise precaution in the most frequented sanctuaries, as bands of these sanctuary-men were sometimes known to sally forth from their harbour of refuge and commit murders and robberies and bring back with them their stolen goods. Such outrages rendered them liable to imprisonment in the monastic gaol, where they remained as long as they claimed their privilege; but they could depart when they pleased.

Beverley Minster retains the famous frith-stool or sanctuary chair, a rude stone seat which formerly bore the inscription :

HAEC SEDES LAPIDEA FREEDSTOLE DICITUR. *i.e.* PACIS CATHEDRA AD QUAM
REVS FUGIENDO PERVENIENS OMNIMODAM HABET SECVKITATEM.

Here the fugitive could wander with no fear of capture to a distance extending a mile from the church in all directions. Richly carved crosses marked the limit of the sanctuary. The altar and frith-stool were regarded as the most sacred spots, which no one dared to violate. Great kindness and hospitality were shown to those who sought sanctuary at Beverley. They could have food in the refectory for thirty days, and usually lodgings in the precincts. At the end of that time their privilege protected them to the borders of the county. If a fugitive sought safety three times he became a permanent servant of the Church. He took an oath of fidelity to the Arch-

bishop of York and the rulers of the Church, and was ordered

to bere gude hert to the Baillie of the town, to bere no poynted wepen, to help to quell riots and extinguish fires, to do his dewty in rynging.

Here is an example of the form of entry in the register :

John Spret, gentilman, Memorandum that John Spret of Barton upon UMBER in the connte of Lyncoln com to Beverlay the first day of October the vii year of the reen of Keing Henry the VII., and asked the lybertes of Saint John of Beverlay for the death of John Welton, husbandman of the same town, and knowlig (acknowledged) hymself to be at the kylling of the saym John with a degarth (dagger) the 15th day of August.

Some sought refuge for murders and felonies, many were debtors, and others were coiners of base money, stealers of horses and cattle, or were guilty of treason or other crimes. All sorts and conditions of men flocked to the sanctuary. Here came gentlemen, esquires, and gentlewomen too, wandering minstrels, chapmen with their wares, weavers, vintners, pewterers, singing men, pouch-makers, skinners, and divers other workers and traders, who were driven by crime or misfortune to this secure haven.

The collegiate church at Manchester was constituted an asylum in the time of Henry VIII., and the sanctuary-men bore a cross in their hand, as a sign that they were pardoned for the sake of the holy place where they sought succour. But their presence caused much trouble to the merchants and traders of this busy hive of industry. "Divers light and evil-disposed persons" seeking sanctuary there used to escape out of the town by night and commit sundry great robberies and felonies upon the King's loving and obedient subjects, entice honest servants to unlawful games, and be guilty of many misdemeanours. Hence the act ordaining the privilege of sanctuary was refused, and the sanctuary-men removed to Chester, where there was a strong jail and a mayor and officers to curb the spirit of these not too sincere penitents.

What happened to the fugitive when his time of sojourn had expired? He was not usually supposed to have a right to burden the Church for ever. If we were travelling in mediæval times along the king's highway, we should occasionally meet a man carrying a crucifix in his hand. This was a sign that he was under protection, and that he was a sanctuary-man making his way to the nearest port in order to leave the country. Forty days were allowed him to try to gain a passage on board a ship. Each day he must wade up to his knees in water; and if after that period he failed to obtain a convenient vessel he might return to his sanctuary.

The name of the old sanctuary at Westminster still remains; it was the scene of many exciting episodes in the annals of English history. Here Edward V. was "born in sorrow and baptized like a poor man's child"; and here Skelton, the rude, raiding satirist, found shelter from the revengeful hand of Cardinal Wolsey. Sir Thomas More gives a picturesque account of the widow of King Edward IV. taking sanctuary in Westminster:

Therefore now she (Queen Elizabeth Woodville) toke her younger sonne the Duke of Yorke and her daughters and went out of the Palays of Westminster into the Sanctuary and there lodged in the Abbote's Place, and she and all her children and compaignie were registered for Sanctuary persons. Whereupon the Bishop (Lord Chancellor Rotheram, Archbishop of York) called up all his servants and took with him the great seal and came before day to the Quene, about whom he found much heavynesse, rumble, haste, businesse, conveighaunce, and carriage of her stuffe into Sanctuarie. Every man was busy to carry, bear, conveigh stuffe, chestes, and fardelles, no man was unoccupied, and some caried more than they were commanded to another place. The Queen sat alone belowe on the rushes all desolate and dismayed.

This privileged precinct, under the protection of the abbot and monks of Westminster, included the space immediately adjoining the Abbey on the west and north side. The privileges survived the Reformation, and the bulk of the houses which composed the precinct were not taken down till 1750.

When James of Scotland began to rule over England, one of the first acts of the "Solomon of the North" was

to abolish the privileges of sanctuary with all the abuses, crimes and follies which had woven themselves around the ancient institution. But imagination still pictures the hunted criminal or luckless homicide clinging to the frith-stool at Hexham or Beverley, secure within the sacred circle of the crosses, while his pursuers cry aloud for vengeance, but dare not thwart the power and might that thus granted to him protection.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

The Birth of a Great Seaport

CITIES, like families, are always anxious to prove an ancient origin, and thus secure to themselves that reputation for respectability which apparently attaches to anything extremely old.

While not comparable in respect to age with London, Winchester, York or Chester, Liverpool can boast of her seven hundredth anniversary in the present month of August—a fact which, no doubt, will be a surprise to many who, deceived by her present intensely modern aspect, have assumed the great seaport on the Mersey to be a thing of yesterday.

The district which now comprises the south-west of Lancashire and the Hundred of West Derby was an unknown and unexplored land long after the south and east of England had been brought into communication with the Continent of Europe. The Romans appear to have passed it by, confining their attention to Chester and the Dee on the south, and Ribchester and the Ribble on the north, and using these as the principal ports and waterways for that part of Britain. The absence of any mention of the Mersey by these indefatigable explorers gives colour to the suggestion that the estuary did not then exist as we know it; it has been asserted that towards the end of the Roman occupation an earthquake

destroyed the Ribble port, and that probably about the same period some tremendous inundations in Lancashire and Cheshire altered the whole physical configuration of the locality, especially the Mersey basin. The frequent occurrence of submarine forests on the shores and of peat mosses extending under the sands beneath the sea level tends to confirm the supposition that a great convulsion of this character must have taken place. Probably the broad sheet of water from the Sloyne to Runcorn was before this event a freshwater lake, finding an outlet by the low marshy land to the sea. The sea, breaking in where the narrow portion of the estuary now is, formed a connection with this lake and so established the noble expanse of water at present existing; an insignificant stream, unnoticed by the Romans, being transformed into a fine estuary and harbour. The earliest mention of the Mersey is found in the will of Wulfric, Earl of Mercia, bearing the date 1004 A.D. (in the reign of Ethelred II.), in which he bequeaths to his heirs the district between the Mersey and the Ribble.

That many places in the neighbourhood were in existence previous to the Norman Conquest is proved by their names, which denote a Saxon or Danish origin. Of Anglo-Saxon, we have Toxteth, Walton, Everton, Bootle, and of Norse and Danish, Kirkdale, West Derby, Crosby and Roby. As evidence of the important inroad of the Danes into this locality it may be pointed out that within a short distance of Liverpool there are two places bearing the name of Thingwall, one on the Lancashire the other on the Cheshire side. In Norse "Thing-Wald" signifies "hill of counsel," and these two places undoubtedly mark the spot where the Danish inhabitants assembled to proclaim laws or local regulations and to hold courts of justice. It will be remembered that a similar custom still exists in the meeting held on Tynwald (Thingwald) Hill in the Isle of Man.

On the restoration of the Saxon line, we find Edward the Confessor the possessor of a manor at West Derby, and in the great survey of 1086, usually known as Domes-

day Book, this place also appears ; but the name of Liverpool is absent.

The land on which Liverpool now stands was part of the fief granted by William the Conqueror to Roger of Poitou, son of the powerful Roger of Montgomery, and after changing hands several times it reverted to the Crown. The desire to prove Liverpool's ancient origin brought about two attempts to show that charters had been granted to the borough before the end of the twelfth century ; one by Henry I. in 1129, and another by Henry II. in 1173. The genuineness of both these documents has been denied by all later historians, who pronounce them to be clumsy forgeries. It is now known that the spurious Charter of Henry II. was the work of a James Williamson, who forged the document in order to sell it to the Corporation, they being desirous, as he knew, of showing that Liverpool had been a borough before King John's time.

Early in the reign of Henry II., Gilbert de Furnesis (Furness), Baron of Kendal, was made the King's Receiver for the honour of Lancaster, his youngest son, Warine, being entrusted with the custody of the castle and prison at Lancaster. As a reward for certain services rendered to the king, Warine received a grant of various lands, including possession of the manors of Litherland, French Lea, and Liverpool. This document, however, does not now exist, but the transaction is referred to in a subsequent deed by which John, then Earl of Mortain, confirms the grant of the property "which Henry our father gave to Warine" to Henry the son of the said Warine. Though not dated, this second grant was almost certainly made about 1190, and is the earliest written record extant mentioning Liverpool.

On his accession, John again confirmed Henry Fitz-Warine in his possession of the lands mentioned in the previous deeds, but this time Liverpool is omitted from the list. The reason for this is apparent. It will be remembered that Ireland had lately been partially conquered by Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, and the necessity for

The Birth of a Great Seaport 147

the establishment of a suitable port in the north-west as a means of communication with that country similar to those of Milford Haven and Bristol in the south-west, must have suggested to John the advisability of reserving Liverpool as Crown property. In 1206 he was in this neighbourhood ; being on February 26th at Lancaster, and on the 28th at Chester. Whether he visited Liverpool is not certain, though it is extremely likely that he passed through on his journey, and may probably have then ordered the district of Toxteth to be formed into a Royal Park, which we know to have been done about this time; but on August 23 of the following year (1207) he formally entered into possession of Liverpool, giving to Henry FitzWarine other lands in exchange.

On August 28, five days later. John issued Letters Patent to Liverpool, and the document is commonly, but erroneously, referred to as a charter. The original is in the possession of the Corporation of Liverpool, and is lodged in the Municipal Buildings in Dale Street. It is written on a small piece of vellum, in good condition, seven inches wide and from two to three inches long. The writing, which is in the clear elongated characters of the period, is in excellent preservation, though somewhat faded ; the contractions are numerous, and the seal is wanting. The terms are as follows :

John, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, Count of Anjou, to all his faithful people who have desired to have Burgages in the township of Liverpul, greeting. Know ye that we have granted to all our faithful people who have taken Burgages in Liverpul that they may have all the liberties and free customs in the township of Liverpul which any Free Borough on the sea has in our land. And therefore we command you that securely and in our peace you come there to receive and inhabit our Burgages.

And in witness hereof we transmit to you these our Letters Patent.

Witness—SIMON DE PATESHILL, at Winchester on the 28th day of August, in the ninth year of our reign.

The “burgages” referred to were small holdings, comprising strips of land on one side of the main road of the town, and to each burgage was attached a part of the arable fields of the borough, probably at first of the

extent of a Cheshire acre (that is, rather more than two statute acres). The rent exacted was twelve pence per annum, no charge being made for the share of the fields of the township attached, as the latter was not strictly a part of the burgage and might be sold or transferred separately.

It is evident that John's intention was to make his new town profitable; for he freed his burgesses from trade dues within the township as an inducement to make it a trading centre. By "liberties and free customs" is meant exemption from dues within the limits of the borough which the lord of the berewick would exact before it became John's. Dues were of course still imposed on traders in the borough other than the burgageholders, and even the latter had to pay, in addition to the burgage rent already mentioned, rent for their stalls in the market (the establishment of a weekly market and yearly fair being credited to the King), and for the grinding of their corn at the mill, which was the property of the Crown; also occasional special taxes, known as "tallages," which the monarch had the right of levying on his demesne lands and his boroughs.

It will be observed that John did not by his Letters Patent create an independent self-governing body, but granted certain personal privileges—freedom from tolls and the freest mode of landholding—to a number of individuals. The organisation of the borough was similar to that found in Normandy; and it may be noted that at Salford and Manchester about the same period the burgage rentals were on the same scale as at Liverpool, namely, twelve pence per annum.

The administration of the borough was in the hands of the King's Officers, the Bailiff enforcing the regulations, collecting the burgage rents, working the mills and ferry, and receiving the dues, and he was answerable to the Royal Sheriff for all receipts and expenditure. The Bailiff also presided over the Borough Court, where local disputes were decided and all offences against the borough regulations were punished.

The Birth of a Great Seaport 149

The Reeve, who was elected by the burgesses, was responsible to the Bailiff for the due performance by the burgesses of their various duties in Court or Market, cleaning and keeping the streets in order, &c.

The borough and port seem to have started prosperously. From the Patent Rolls and Sheriff's Accounts we gather that John made full use of Liverpool for shipping stores and reinforcements to Ireland and to Wales; and in a Pipe Roll of 1208 the removal, presumably by order of the King, of the Hundred or Wapentake Court of West Derby to Liverpool is recognised. Fifteen years after the granting of John's Letters Patent, in the sixth year of Henry III. (1222), a tallage or subsidy was levied on all the King's manors, and it is interesting to find that Liverpool was assessed at five marks (about £50 of our present money), Crosby five marks (£50), West Derby one mark (£10), and Everton one mark (£10). Five years later (1227) another subsidy yielded the following: Liverpool eleven and a half marks, West Derby seven, Everton five, and Crosby eight marks.

On March 24, 1229, in the thirteenth year of his reign, Henry III. granted a charter to the borough, which remained the governing charter till the seventeenth century, those succeeding being little more than confirmations. The original is in the possession of the Corporation of Liverpool. It is a single sheet of parchment nine inches wide and eleven and a half inches long. The writing is in the customary fine elongated characters, and the ink is a good black. The seal is missing, but the brown plaited cords still remain.

The following is the text of the charter:

Henry, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, Earl of Anjou, to the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Priors, Earls, Barons, Justiciars, Sheriffs, Reeves, Ministers, and to all his Bailiffs and faithful people, greeting. Know ye that we have granted, and by this our charter have confirmed that our township of Levere pool shall be for ever a Free Borough, and that the Burgesses of the same Borough may have a Merchant Gild, with a Hanse and the other liberties and free customs pertaining to that Gild, and that no one

who is not of that Gild shall transact any business in the aforesaid Borough except by the consent of the same Burgesses. We have also granted to the same Burgesses and their heirs, that they may have soc and sac and thol and theam and infangenethef, and that they shall be free throughout all our land, and throughout all seaports from toll, lastage, passage, pontage, and stallage, and that they shall do no suit of county courts, or wapentake courts, for their tenements which they hold within the aforesaid Borough. We have also granted to the same Burgesses and their heirs, that those Merchants who shall visit the aforesaid Borough with their merchandize of whatever place they may be, whether they are foreigners or others, who have been of our peace, or have come into our land with our consent, shall in safety and security come with their merchandize to the aforesaid Borough, and in safety remain there and in safety depart thence, paying therefor the right and due customs. We also forbid anyone to injure, damage, or molest the aforesaid Burgesses, on pain of forfeiture to us of ten pounds. Wherefore we will and strictly command that the aforesaid township of Leverpool shall be a Free Borough, and that the aforesaid Burgesses shall have the aforesaid Merchant Gild, with a Hanse, and other liberties and free customs pertaining to that Gild, and that they shall have all other liberties and free customs and acquittances as is aforesaid.

Witnesses :—

H. DE BURGH, Earl of Kent, Justiciar of England,
 PHILIP DE ALBANY
 RALPH FITZ NICHOLAS
 NICHOLAS DE MOELES
 JOHN FITZ PHILIP
 GEOFFREY DISPENSER, and others.

Given by the hand of the Venerable Father Randulf, Bishop of Chichester, our chancellor, at Marlborough, on the 24th day of March, in the thirteenth year of our reign.

It appears from the records of the Rolls of Fines, under date 1229 (Rot. Fin., 13 Henry III. m. 9) that the Burgesses of Liverpool purchased this charter for the sum of ten marks (£100).

As distinct from John's Letters Patent, this charter is a clear and definite grant to a body of burgesses legalising their organisation. The Borough being freed from the jurisdiction of the Hundred and also of the Shire Court, the Borough Court is consequently given authority over all property and civil cases within the limits of the Borough, and therefore the Hundred Court is now moved back to West Derby. The trading privileges

The Birth of a Great Seaport 151

are greatly increased, the burgesses being exempt not only from tolls within the town itself, but from all tolls throughout the Kingdom. Further, the Burgesses are authorised to form themselves into an Association or Gild Merchant, with liberty to exact a "hansa" or entrance fee for the right of admission to the Gild, and with a view to increasing its importance and power, the trading privileges of the burgesses as tenants of burgages are confirmed exclusively to members of the Gild.

Notwithstanding all these liberties, privileges and exemptions, the Crown still had numerous rights and property in the Borough, and the revenue from the burgage rents, ferry dues, dues paid by "foreign" merchants, the fines and fees paid in the Courts, the profits of the Royal Mills, the licences for fishing in the Mersey, and "wreckage," was still collected by a Royal servant, probably the Bailiff. The fact that the profits of the Courts belonged to the Crown was the excuse for the Royal Bailiff to preside over the Court in order to enforce payment of the fines and fees; and his presence in the town would often interfere with that self-government granted by the charter.

Some of the greater Free Boroughs had rid themselves of this obnoxious officer by obtaining what was called a "farm" of the town; that is, compounding with the King for a fixed sum in exchange for all his rights, and collecting the various dues themselves.

Liverpool followed the example of these elder Boroughs and obtained a similar power by a grant dated the day after the issue of the charter as follows:

We (the King) have granted to our honest men of Liverpool our town of Liverpool, to be held at farm from the feast of St. Michael, in the thirteenth year of our reign, unto the end of four complete years, rendering therefor unto us in each of the aforesaid years at our Exchequer, by the hands of the Sheriff of Lancaster, at two terms £10; to wit, at Easter in the thirteenth year of our reign, £5; and at the feast of St. Michael in the same year, £5; and so from year to year, at the same terms, £10, as is aforesaid.

The Crown apparently benefited slightly by this

arrangement, inasmuch as in the Royal Accounts, 1226, the Sheriff was only responsible for the sum of £9 from the Borough. The subsequent history of the fee farm leases was a very chequered one.

There is every probability that the Common Seal of the Borough dates from the period of the granting of the charter by Henry III. The original was lost or destroyed during the siege in 1644. The present Seal, which is two and a quarter inches long and one and five-eighths broad, is of silver, and displays a bird with outstretched wings holding a sprig in its beak, a crescent and a star, with a scroll underneath. The popular etymology of the name of Liverpool, which is founded on the supposition that this bird is a "liver," has been effectually disposed of, for it is now recognised as a representation of the eagle of St. John. It was a common practice for Gilds to have their patron saint, and the bird depicted on this seal signified that St. John was the choice of the Corporation of Liverpool. The inscription round the margin of the seal (supplying the contractions) is as follows :

Sigillum commune Borgensium de Leverpol.

The translation usually given is "The Common Seal of the Burgesses of Liverpool," but it has been argued that the word "commune" is the genitive of "communa," and that the rendering should therefore be "The Seal of the Gild (commune) of the Burgesses of Liverpool."

The question of the exact meaning of Liverpool is still a matter of dispute ; and the spelling of the name has varied greatly. We have already seen that in John's Letters Patent it is spelt "Liverpul" ; in Henry III.'s Charter "Leverepool" ; and on the Seal "Leverpol." The earliest mention of the town (in Richard I.'s reign) also renders it "Leverpol," and it appears later in the following forms : 1314 and 1327 "Lyverpol," 1323 and 1328 "Liverpol," in 1330 "Liverpool" (the present form), 1333 "Liverpull" and "Liverpole," 1337 "Leverpol" once more, and in addition to these it

is frequently spelt in the above varying forms with "th" in place of the "v." Without entering upon a discussion of the various derivations, it will perhaps be sufficient to mention the two latest. The first derives it from the old English "lither," bad, dirty; hence "dirty pool": while the second authority prefers to derive it from "hlither," the genitive singular of the old Teutonic word "hlith," a slope; so that Litherpool would mean "the pool of the slope" (the latter part of the name, of course, referring to the old pool), while similarly Litherland, a district just outside the town, signifies "the sloping land."

And now having seen the great seaport started on its career, first by the Letters Patent of John, and then by the Charter of Henry III., which constituted it a "Free Borough for ever" with a corporate organisation, we bid farewell to Liverpool. Its subsequent history, with brief alternating periods of prosperity and adversity, was not particularly eventful until the great industrial and commercial activity of the nineteenth century, which may be said to have revolutionised the north-west of England, gave to the Mersey port an importance hitherto unknown, and placed it in the front rank of English cities and among the greatest seaports of the world.

ALFRED INKLEY.

The Celtic Year

Summer ; Beltane

IN considering the course of the Celtic Year from late winter to early spring,¹ I passed hurriedly over the month of April—the month of the opening buds—the Germinal as, up to the nineteenth century, it was known in the French Republican calendar, the charming

¹ See THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, February, 1907.

season at home in which many will echo Browning's well-known cry, "O to be in England now that April's there." The Gaelic name for the month is *Giblean*, or *Giblin*, but its significance is difficult to determine.

Over the early part of this month we saw that the Cailleach or the old woman or wife reigned. The latter part of it—the fourteen days preceding May-Day—was called *Bailc na Bealltainn*, the balk or ridge of Beltane.

The first day of the month, All Fools' Day, is now known as *Latha na Gogaireachd*, "The day of going on fools' errands," also *Latha na Cuthaig*, "Cuckoo Day," and *Latha nan Car*, "The day of Tricks." That the observance of customs common to many countries occurs on April 1, new style, argues its recent introduction into the Highlands. It therefore need not be dwelt upon here. It is enough to say that it is now as popular there as elsewhere to send folk on gowks'—Scots for cuckoos'—errands and to make them what the French call *Poissons d'Avril*.

The fifteenth of the month is called *Céitean na h-òinsich* or "the May day of the silly one," "the foolish woman's May," probably from the idea of folly in antedating the arrival of summer by a fortnight. *Oinseach* denotes both a silly woman and a cuckoo. A bird having no nest of its own and going about in a supposed aimless manner uttering its peculiar note is considered to be silly. Hence the Scots word "gowk." Premature glimpses of fine weather are thought to mislead it as to the advent of summer.

The sixteenth is a memorable day in the Highlands, *Latha chùil-fhodair* being the date of the battle of Culloden in 1746.

The thirtieth is *Oidhche Bealltain*—Beltane Eve, when it was supposed that witches were awake and went about as hares. Their object was to steal the *toradh*, the produce of the cows' milk for the cheese. To thwart their evil intentions and to frustrate their machinations branches of the rowan tree were hung in their homes.

Tar was put behind the ears of the cattle and at the root of their tails, and they were sprinkled with urine. This was supposed to keep them from fighting. The fairies would be kept away from the farm for the rest of the year, if the churning was past and the cheese made (*muidhe's mulchag*) before sunrise. If a neighbour came to ask for rennet (*deasgainn*) on no account was it to be given. If it was, the dairy produce of the giver was sure to suffer. The cattle were to be got away to their summer pasture among the hills (*àiridh*) as early as possible, no matter how bad the weather, and though people had to wade ankle deep in snow, or, as it is put in Gaelic, "though snow came over their shoes." And sometimes the weather was very cold at this season. There is a name for the snow that often fell as late as this—*Sneachda mu bhial na Bealltainn*—"Snow about the mouth of May-Day." And we read of *Glaisein cumhach na Bealltainn*—"The mournful linnet of Beltane."

The whole of the summer season on which we have now entered is known as *Bealltainn* (Irish *béalteine*, *beltaine*, *beltane*, Manx *Boaltiom*, *Baaltum*).

The common derivation of the word is from *Bel teine*, the fire of Baal or Belus, and it has been considered by many to be a sure evidence of the Phœnician origin of the sacred institution of the Celts. Mr. John Gregorson Campbell, however, is strongly against this idea. Such a derivation he thinks lacks all the elements of probability. In his "Witchcraft and Second-sight in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; Tales and Traditions collected entirely from Oral Sources,"¹ he says:

There is a want of evidence that the Phœnician Baal, or any deity resembling him, was ever worshipped by the Celts, or that the fires kindled and the observances practised on this day had any connection with the attributes ascribed to him; while the analogies of the Gaelic language prevent the supposition that the fire of Baal could be rendered *Beall-tein*. Besides the word is not *Beall-teine* but *Bealltainn*—a difference in the final syllable sufficiently noticeable to a Gaelic ear. It is the difference between the single and double sound of the *n*. Baal and Ashtaroth were the supreme male and female divinities of the Phœnician

¹ Glasgow: James Maclehose & Co.

and Canaanitish nations, and were supposed to be personifications of the generative and receptive powers of nature, and to be identical with the sun and moon. In Hebrew and kindred languages, *Baal* is a mere title of honour, signifying "Lord or Possessor of," and in Gaelic the sun and moon are both feminine nouns, merely descriptive of the appearance of these planets. There is nothing that indicates their having been looked upon as divinities, or ascribing to them any attribute such as belonged to Baal. In Gaelic, the noun limited or possessed always precedes the qualifying noun, and it would require strong evidence to show that "Baal's fire" could be Beltane (*i.e.*, Baal-fire) and not "Tane Bel" (Teine Bhàil), *i.e.*, fire of Baal. The contrast between English and Gaelic in this respect is often very striking and a safe rule in etymology.

Mr. Gregorson Campbell proceeds to tell us that

the final syllable is the same as in Samhainn, the end of summer, which is thought by Lhuyd to be from *fuinn* (connected with the Latin *finis*), an end. In this case *t* is simply accretive. *L* has an attraction for *t* after it as *m* has for *b* and *u* for *d*. *Beall* is likely connected with the other words that have *bl* in their initial syllable, with a root idea of separating, parting, opening; and claims kindred with *blàth*, a blossom, *bial*, the month, *bealach*, a pass, more than with the title of a Semitic deity. It is the opening day of the year, when the rigours of winter are parted with and the seasons as it were separate. Behind lay winter, cold and unfruitfulness of the earth, but before was warmth and fertility and beauty. The final syllable has no more to do with fire than it has in *gamhainn*, a stirk, *calltainn*, a hazel tree.

Dr. Alexander MacBain, of Inverness, is equally clear upon this point. In his "Celtic Mythology and Religion"¹ he says:

The great festival of Beltane occurred on May-day. Cormac's reference to this pagan festival is the first and most important. "*Bell-taine, bil tene*, a goodly fire, *i.e.*, two fires which Druids used to make through incantations (or with great incantations), and they used to bring the cattle to those fires as a preservative against diseases of each year." Here we have to note that the fire was made by Druidic incantation, which means no more than that it was made by the *tingin*, or need fire method, and that it was a preservative against diseases in cattle. Cormac's derivation has the misfortune of making a wrong division of the syllables of the word, which are *beallt-uinn* or *belt-anc*, not *bel-tane*. We must reject any derivation that so divides the word, and hold that the latter part of the word has nothing to do with *teine*, fire, but is probably the -n termination of most words of time. Hence derivations which connect

¹ Inverness: Printed for the author, 1885.

the word with the fire of Baal or Bel are out of place, granting that such a god as Bel is Celtic and not invented for the occasion. Belinus is the Celtic Apollo. Mr. Fitzgerald's derivation of Beltane from the *bile-tineadh* (fire-tree) is to be rejected on the ground of wrong division of the word, and his instances adduced of the existence in Ireland of usages pointing to a belief in a world tree of the Norse type appear to be too slight and too little founded on general Celtic, especially Scottish, traditions in regard to the Beltane festival. The world-tree and consequent May-pole are not distinctively, if at all, Celtic in this connection. The first of May, says M. D'Arblois de Jubainville, was consecrated to Beltene, one of the names of the god of death, the god who gave and took away life, the root in this case being the prehistoric infinitive *beltin*, to die. Why the festival at the beginning of summer, the outburst of nature and the conquest of death and winter powers should be sacred, not to the god of life and light, but to his opposite, is what this derivation and theory cannot account for. The November feast might well be one where the loss of the sun-god and victory of the god of death were commemorated, but the first of summer is far from appropriate for this. Both in Welsh and Gaelic myth the victory of the light-gods is indicated on the first of May. Gwyn fights for Cordelia and the Tuath de Danann overcame the Firbolg, the earth-powers, on that day. Grimm hesitatingly hints what appears to be the true derivative. The Norse Sun-God is called Balder, and he suggests that this is connected with Lithuanian *baltas* (white). The connection of Beltane with these two words is confirmed by the Gaelic saying of *la buidhe Bealltainn* (yellow May-day), which may be a reminiscence of the primary meaning of Beltane.

Well, Yellow May-Day has come. The boys go out to listen for the cuckoo and shout "cuckoo" and "gowk" aloud (*Gug-ùg ars' a Chuthag latha buidhe Bealltainn*). There is a feast in their houses and they look forward to better food than on ordinary days. We may take the account of the minister of Callender in describing the May-Day festivities in his parish as typical; it appears in that valuable work, "Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, 1794." We see on the first day of May all the boys in the township or village assembling and meeting together on the moors. They dig a trench in the green sod of sufficient roundness to enable the whole company to sit in the enclosure. They kindle a fire with the eager delight characteristic of their age, and on it they cook a feast of eggs and milk of the consistency of a custard. They bake a bannock of oatmeal and

toast it on a stone against the embers. This, so soon as the custard has been eaten, they divide up into little bits as nearly similar as possible, and every one gets a piece. One of the portions is daubed all over with charcoal until it is perfectly black. Then they put all these pieces into a bonnet, and every one being blindfolded, a portion is drawn out. The holder of the bonnet gets the last bit—the only piece left if the division has been accurate. Whoever draws the black bit is the devoted person who is to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favour they implore in rendering the year productive of the sustenance of man and beast. “There is little doubt,” adds the minister of Callender, “that these inhuman sacrifices were once offered in this country, as well as in the East, although they now pass from the act of sacrificing and only compel the *devoted* person to leap three times through the flames; with which the ceremonies of the festival are closed.”

Most authorities seem to agree with Cormac that there were two fires, through which the cattle and even the children were passed. Criminals, it is said, were made to stand between the two fires. And a proverb in reference to one in extreme danger has it, “He is between two Beltane fires.”

Another minister writing an account in the same authority, and Pennant, the author of the well-known “Tour,” both agree in saying that the festivities of May-Day were chiefly observed by “herdsmen,” and the latter tells us that pieces of the cake were offered to beasts and birds of prey, such as the fox, the eagle and the hoodie crow, which were enjoined to leave the cattle alone. According to Pennant, after some candle-grease had been spilled by way of oblation, every one took a cake of oat-meal upon which were raised nine square knobs, each one dedicated to some particular animal. Each person then turned his face to the fire, broke off a knob and, flinging it over his shoulders, said, “This I give to thee, preserve thou my horses; this to thee, preserve thou my sheep,” and so on. After this, they used the same ceremony to the noxious animals, “This I give to thee, O fox! spare

thou my lambs; this to thee, O hooded crow; this to thee, O eagle!"¹ And Martin, writing sixty years earlier than Pennant, mentions a curious custom prevalent in Lewis. A man was despatched very early in the morning on every first of May to cross Barvas river. This was so that a man should cross before it was likely that any women would pass over. Were this not done the salmon would be hindered from entering the river throughout the whole year.

It was customary in some parts of the country to burn a *Sop Seilbhe*, or "Possession Wisp," on land which was to be taken possession of at Whitsunday. The burning of this heather or fodder insured possession—*bha e cean-gailte aige tuille*.

The month of May, which derives its English name from Majores, the senior section of the Roman Senate, or from Maia, a goddess of growth and increase, is named in Gaelic *An Céitein*, old Irish *Cétam*. Its derivation is *Cét-Sam*—the *sam* of *Samhradh*—the first of summer. It really covers the season of which Beltane or May-Day (old style) is the centre—the last fourteen days of spring and the first fourteen days of summer. According to our present reckoning it corresponds exactly to our month of May. The name *Màigh* is however quite common in the Highlands, and occurs both in song and proverb. And this, Mr. Gregorson Campbell thinks, is interesting as "showing incontestably that Roman (or rather ecclesiastical) notations of time were adopted into the ancient Celtic calendar."

In regard to the conditions of the weather a Gaelic proverb has it '*S fhearr sneachda sa Chéitein na bhi gun uisge*' ("Better is snow in May than to be without rain"). Another proverb says, "Better snow than no rain-storm when the seed is in the ground." The first week of summer gets the name of the whistling week, *Seachdain na feadaireachd*, from the loud whistling winds by which it is often ushered in. It is not con-

¹ "Tour in Scotland," 1771.

sidered lucky during its continuance to proceed with field operations.

The third day of summer (some say the second, others the fifth) is known as *Latha seachnach na Bliadhna*—the day of the year to be avoided. Mr. Gregorson Campbell has searched far and wide for an explanation of the name, and has only heard one that was satisfactory. But whether our readers will agree with what satisfies him is doubtful. On this day, he says, it was supposed that the fallen angels were expelled from Paradise, and on it people should avoid doing any kind of evil. If caught in the act, they will be similarly expelled from the regions of forgiveness and be visited with "judgment without mercy." If it was unpardonable to commit a crime on this day, it was also unlucky to begin any important work, or, if it fell on a Friday, to set out on a journey. The Reverend Alexander MacGregor, in his book on "Highland Superstitions," tells us that May 14 was considered an untoward day, so much so that the day of the week on which May 14 fell was deemed unlucky during the whole of that year, and nothing of consequence was undertaken on that day. May and January were considered unfortunate months to marry in, as also the Friday of any week.

In regard to marriage in May, Celts seemed to share the old superstition :

Marriage in May,
Rue for aye.

A curious proverb, of which there seems to be no explanation, says, *Is mairg a's mathair do mhicein maoth, anuair a's e Dordaoin a' Bhealltainn*—"Alas for tender infant's mother, when Beltane falls on a Thursday." Another Beltane proverb is supposed to be the language of procrastination: *Suas leis a chuigeil bharraich ! 'Sioma la fada gu Bealltainn*. "Up with the loaded distaff, there's many a long day till May-day." Another proverb in reference to May mentions that the grey rain of May (*'S uisge glas a' Cheitain*) is, along with the brown rain

at the fall of the leaf and the black rain at the springing of roots, among the worst of waters—*tri' uisgeachan a's mis' a th' ann.*

Another saying is that “the brown rain of the foliage is very good for young men.”

The lore of the centuries seems to indicate that it is best when there is a good deal of rain in May :

A leaky May and a hot June
Bring cheap meal and harvest soon.

Again it is said

A dry May brings nothing gay,

and

A cold May is kindly
And fills the barn finely ;

while

If you look at your corn in May
You'll oft come weeping away.

The thirteenth day of May is the date of the death at Edinburgh in 1812 of the famous Gaelic bard Duncan Bànn Macintyre-Donnacha Bànn nan oran.

The fifteenth is Whitsunday, one of the two principal term-days in Scotland, at which half-yearly servants enter upon their duties and removals take place. In many parts of the Highlands, the term is observed on the sixteenth, old style twenty-eighth, St. Brendan's day, and is called *An Fheill Breànnain*. St. Brendan was a great traveller, and his name is associated with more than one Highland parish. The parish of Kilbrandon in Argyllshire, *Sgìreachd a Chuain*, the parish of the ocean, is called after him. It is recorded that the Saint, with fourteen companions, once made a voyage in search of Paradise and arrived at this parish of the ocean, but whether he found what he was in quest of is not related.

The cuckoo is the bird of the Highlands in May: *Gùg, Gàg, ars a' chubhag, latha buidhe Bealltainn* (“Coo, Coo, says the cuckoo on yellow May-Day, and the Coo, Coo is heard throughout the month”). According to the

saying attributed to a Celtic Sybil, *Cailleach Bhéurra*, it is unlucky to hear it when fasting :

I heard the cuckoo while fasting,
I saw the foal with his back to me,
I saw the snail on the flag-stone bare,
And I knew the year would be bad for me.

One Gaelic proverb says, "You'll get it when you find the cuckoo's nest," and another speaks of "The cuckoo's voice in the jackdaw's mouth and the seagull in the young scarts." If you heard the cuckoo's call fasting, she was said to "have shame of you" (*Chae chutheg air*).

The month of June in Gaelic is called *An-t-òg-mhios*, the young month, and thus has some analogy to its own derivation from *juvenis* or *juniores*.

The ninth of the month is known as *An Fhéill Chaluim*—St. Columba's day. Judging, however, from certain references it seems often to have been held on the Thursday of the week in which the month fell.

A Gaelic saying enjoins :

Thursday, gentle St. Columba's Day,
The day to put sheep to pasture,
To warp, and cow to calf.

Columba was regarded as the special patron of cattle, and such invocations were common. "May Columba protect your cattle for you"; "May the herding or guardianship of God and Columba be on your cattle."

An old Uist woman leaving her cattle on the hillside would say to them :

May each pit be closed
And each hillock be plain ;
Columba's herding o' ye
Till home ye return !

And here is an incantation used when a cow lost her calf and refused to give milk, with the view of inducing her to give milk, or to allow the calf of another cow to suckle her :

The charm that Columba made
For the old wife's only cow,

For the giving of her milk
After the killing of her calf;
From the veins of her back
To the veins of her belly,
From the veins of her belly
To the veins of her side;
From the roots of her ears
To the joints of her thighs,
For the giving of her milk
After the killing of her calf.

The plant, St. John's Wort, which was venerated for its supposed magical powers, is known in the Highlands as *Achlasan-Chaluim-Chille* (Columba's herb or plant), also as *Seud Chaluim Chille* (Columba's jewel). The schoolboy wore it to protect him from the dominie's tawse; the grown-up man wore it so that his flocks and herds might flourish. It was carried about the person as an amulet. A Harris man was known to wear it sewn on the neck of his coat to prevent him from seeing visions. It seemed to have been effectual, as "he says he never saw any since he first carried that plant about him." To find it unlooked for on the mountain side was considered to be a token of success and prosperity. When it was thus found, an incantation was uttered:

The herb of St. Columba
Unsought for, unasked,
Fortunate the one who should get it.
I will pluck the foliage of prosperity
As commanded by the High King.
Wherever it is put up it will command victory and homage.

The twenty-fourth is St. John's Day, Midsummer—
La Fhéill Eathain—and it is said:

At Hallowe'en the calf is called a stirk aye;
At St. John's Eve the stirk is called a quey.

It is the day the cuckoo is said to enter its winter-house, *theid a chuthag na tigh geamhraidh*. It is not considered natural if its call is heard after this. The bird may be seen but not heard. Like the landrail, stonechat and other birds that disappear in the winter, it is supposed to be one of the seven sleepers who are believed to pass the winter underground.

Seathain, Eathin, Swithin, is the old form of the name John-Iain, Eòin. It survives in the name of the Clan Maclean, Mac-ill' Sheathain, also written Mac-Ghilleòin.

The celebration of the Summer Solstice is not a specially Celtic feast. Mr. MacBain, in his "Celtic Mythology," says :

The wheels of wood wrapped round with straw, set on fire and sent rolling from a hillock summit, to end their course in some river or water, which thus typified the descending course of the sun onward till next Solstice, is represented on Celtic ground by the occasional use of a wheel for producing the *tein-egin*, but more especially by the custom in some districts of rolling the Beltane bannocks from the hill summit down its side.

Shaw says : "They made the *Deas-sail* (at Midsummer) about their fields of corn with burning torches of wood in their hands, to obtain a blessing over their corn." But he adds : "This I have often seen, more indeed in the Lowlands than in the Highlands. On Midsummer Eve, they kindle fires near the cornfields and walk round them with burning torches." And this we know they did in Cornwall and Ireland.

The month of July is known in Gaelic as *Am mìos buidhe* : also *Mios deineannach an t-Samhraidh*, the last month of summer. Its most common name in Gaelic is, however, *An-t-Iuchar*¹ (the dog days), also *Mios Crochadh*

¹ In regard to the term *Iuchar*, Mr. Henry Whyte, the well-known and popular "Fionn" of the *Glasgow Herald*, who has kindly put his valuable notes on the Celtic year at my disposal, says it may be explained that there is a summer and an autumn *Iuchar*. The summer *Iuchar* (*An t-Iuchar shamhraidh*) is the last fortnight of summer, O.S. *An t-Iuchar Fhoghair* (the autumn *Iuchar*) is the first fortnight of autumn. This corresponds with the *Faoilleach*, which is the last fortnight of winter and the first fortnight of spring, as I pointed out in my last article. Of these seasons, it is said *Di-h-Aoine thig iad, agus Di-h-Aoine dh fhalbhas iad* (they come on a Friday and they go on a Friday). They also say *Tra trì laithean den Fhaoilleach 'san Iuchar, agus trì laithean den Iuchar' san Fhoilleach* (there are three days of *Faoilleach*, i.e., stormy weather, in *Iuchar*, the dog days, and three of the dog days, *Iuchar*, in *Faoilleach*). It used to be calculated that *An t-Iuchar Shamhraidh* (summer *Iuchar*) began on the Friday next to the fourteenth day before Lammass, O.S., and that *An t-Iuchar Fhoghair* (autumn *Iuchar*) ended on "the Friday come a month."

nan Con (the month for hanging dogs). This latter is a boyish name, Mr. Gregorson Campbell tells us, for the time of greatest scarcity with the poor. The stores of last harvest are exhausted and the new supplies are not yet ready. The best thing then is to hang dogs, for which there is a scarcity of food. Besides, as the heat is so great, the fewer superfluous dogs the better.

Latha Martainn Builg, Martin of the Bags day, falling between July 4 and 16, received its title of "the Translation of St. Martin" from being the day on which the remains of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, "the Apostle of the Gauls" (who also gives his name to the Martinmas term), were transferred to the Cathedral of Tours. In Scotland the day is called St. Martin of Buillons day, and it was a proverb that if the deer rise dry and lie down dry on it, that is if the morning and evening be dry, it will be a dry season till harvest; and it was a general belief over Europe that rain on this day betokened wet weather for the next twenty days. Then there would be no *gose* or early harvest. This day is commonly interchangeable with St. Swithin's day (*An t-seann Fhéill Eathain*—the wet Saint) which falls on the fifteenth. The twenty-fifth is St. James' day (*An Fhéill Sheumair*), but St. James was not a specially Celtic saint.

On July 26 (1822) the salt tax was abolished and the day became of some importance in the Highlands. In giving the Gaelic saying *cha b'è sin an salann saor* ("That was no cheap salt") Sheriff Nicolson, in his collection of Gaelic proverbs, remarks:

In 1669 Charles II. appropriated an exclusive right to make salt though only to hand it over to a courtier; the salt was consequently bad and dear. In some districts, as Galloway in the west, and the Highlands, to which the native article could not be carried, salt was wholly wanting, and the people used salt-water instead, by which many of them died of plague; others being forced to buy at intolerable rates, as 16s. the boll, though they formerly had it for 4s.¹

So late as 1800 salt was taxed to the extent of forty times its cost.

¹ Chambers, "Dom. Ann.," ii. 332.

The thirty-first is *Oidhche Luinastaill*—Lammas Eve, and with it comes the beginning of another season in the Celtic Year.

W. W. TULLOCH.

Mitcham Fair

“**T**O be, or not to be? That is the question.” Hamlet’s query, applied in this instance to the annual Charter Fair, is seriously engaging the attention of the inhabitants of Mitcham. Indeed, for two-score years or more, all questions affecting the much-maligned “parish pump” have paled into insignificance beside this more important institution. The reason is not far to seek. A custom of village life grown hoary with age, better adapted, it may be, to the needs of our great grandfathers than to ours, cannot be expected to withstand the march of progress without kindling opposition among those whose craving is for modern conditions. But however much a rural fair may outgrow its popularity with this class, it is sure to retain it among the humbler folk.

The working man, as a mere unit of the masses, views with tolerance the rich man’s motor-car until it comes into collision with him or his offspring or develops into an evil-smelling, obnoxious pest of the streets or countryside; he regards with complacency the golfer’s curious antics with club and ball, until the latter assumes rights of lordship over common lands. But let any of these or of their kind interfere with the privileges which the working man or villager holds dear as his very own, and his voice is raised in no uncertain sound. The fair he unhesitatingly claims as the people’s possession, and he is staunch to it and fights for it. And in this regard for old-time festivals the masses do not stand alone. Lovers of things antiquated and rustic are ready to join forces with those discerning enough to appreciate the people’s frolics and pastimes.

When Queen Elizabeth granted the charter for the fair—whether to the lords of the manor or to the inhabitants forms the crux of the whole dispute—Mitcham to the Londoner was remote in the country ; to-day, though it retains many rural features, it is rapidly becoming a suburb of London threatened with a huge population.

For centuries the old parish, which is one of the largest in the Kingdom, has been content to be famous chiefly for its fair and its productiveness in the matter of medicinal and aromatic plants, notably lavender. But we all know that the old order changeth. The fair and the lavender have receded from first place. Out of new conditions a new spirit has arisen, and quite lately Mitcham found a supreme interest in its exciting local election and the number of gentlemen aspiring to distinction in parochial politics. The event was in reality a spirited contest between the newcomers and those who had been bred amid the old traditions—between the old and the new wing of this straggling parish. For the fifteen seats—the maximum allotted to parish councils—no fewer than fifty-one nomination papers were handed in at the annual parish meeting. Thirty-nine candidates went to the poll, and, metaphorically speaking, the place was flooded with literature, oratory and excitement. The result was that the veterans scored nine to six. The fair, though fallen on evil days, finds champions in a few of the young bloods on the Council ; yet that body has adopted a motion petitioning the Home Secretary to close the fair for ever.

In granting the charter Queen Elizabeth little knew that she was bequeathing contention to posterity. Her interest in the fair is beyond all doubt. Accompanied by a courtly retinue she journeyed to Mitcham to attend it, and at the same time honoured Sir Julius Cæsar with a visit. She then proceeded to Nonsuch. Like most of the ancient fairs—St. Bartholomew's, Greenwich, Southwark, Totfields (Westminster) and Mayfair—Mitcham Fair had a commercial origin : it was intended to serve as an annual market for the sale of produce, cloth and horses, and in all probability—as is the case in the

" statuses " in the Fens—to facilitate the hiring of agricultural labourers and domestic servants. The population was thin at the time. With the growth of the community came the shopkeepers, and their advent practically ended the need of a business fair. Henceforth pleasure-seekers alone were catered for, and to this day Mitcham Fair attracts visitors from far and near—Londoners in brake-loads—on August 12 and the two following days. To the resulting controversy, as to every other, there are two sides. The Home Secretary has been literally bombarded with petitions for and against the abolition of the ancient festival, and at the time when these lines are written Mr. Gladstone holds the balance.

On the one hand, it is contended that the fair no longer serves a useful purpose ; that it attracts a number of undesirable people to the village, and that, as the fair is vested in the franchise owners, and the people have no voice in the matter at all, the former are justified in closing it. This is the unpopular view. The popular party maintain that fairs exist by the will of the people, and they are firm in their belief that the Home Secretary will withhold his assent to abolition until the people have proved themselves overwhelmingly in favour of it. To make quite sure that this is not the attitude of the populace, the anti-abolitionists have appealed to Cæsar—*i.e.*, to the electors—and Cæsar, in parish meeting, has plumped for the retention of the institution, and for the improvement of it, and its removal to the open common, inasmuch as the Fair Green is now too confined a space and lends itself to disorder and inconvenience. Meanwhile the show people, under the auspices of the Showmen's Guild, offer to submit all exhibitions to the approval of the local authorities concerned, and suggest that the fair, instead of being abolished, should be brought under popular control.

Rumours of injunctions against the show people are in the air. At Mitcham one can only repeat, " To be, or not to be ? That is the question."

CHARLES H. DANT.

The Timid Lover

I WAIT beneath the green grass where-through the
children play,
In dreamy caves of darkness for the breaking of the
day,

With the old joys quick about me and the new life certain
now,

Waiting for the morning with her kiss upon my brow.

There she laid it gently where the grey hairs called me
old

And it seemed I thrilled to feel her kind lips kissing me
so cold,

Just one kiss from her sweet mouth upon my forehead
grey

And a hot tear beside it and then she went away.

What have I done in my life so well to gain me this

The quiet and the darkness and the sweetness of her
kiss?

What wrought I in my weakness so well to lay me
here

To think upon her friendly face and her compassionate
tear.

I lie beneath the green grass with my face toward the
skies,

Waiting till the sunshine shall break into my eyes,

Waiting till the great winds shall fill my ears again

With music of the mountains and the castle walls of
Spain.

Lying here a-dreaming with the song upon my lips

Of the great sea of heaven and the shining stars like
ships;

With the old joys quick about me and the new life certain
now

I, who never dared to love her, with her kiss upon my
brow !

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

A View of Balzac

BALZAC, the great plan-maker, among the innumerable commercial bubbles which he blew, and which always burst in his hands, leaving him none the richer, conceived one plan, built one vast edifice, which, although not complete—for the lifetime of one man could not suffice for its completion—is yet so huge a work that we stand in awe to see what a man may do if his conceptions are magnificent and his industry untiring. He lived but fifty-one years, and he wrote the *Comédie Humaine*. The idea of uniting all his novels into one whole, which should show human life complete from every one of its many sides, did not come to him till he had written many novels. It is in the preface to *La Maison du chat qui pelote* that he first announces (1842) the unity and the intended scope of his work.

The idea, he says, came to him at first as a dream—as one of those impossible projects which one cherishes for a time and then loses; a chimera, which but shows its fickle woman's face, and then spreads its wings and returns to the world of fancy. But by degrees this dream became more real, until it dominated him and he had to give it shape and form.

Hitherto, he asserts, most of the celebrated storytellers had limited themselves to creating one or two typical characters, representing one side of life, but it was his intention to represent every side. It was in Walter Scott that Balzac found his model. In Scott he saw romance elevated to the dignity of history; all he wanted for the painting of life was here; drama, dialogue, portrait, landscape—the marvellous and the true, which are the elements of the epic. But Scott made no attempt to unite his work by one connecting link—each book stood alone. Balzac, adopting Scott's methods—as he understood them—and adding the idea of a complete picture of human life, each part fitting into the other and completing it like the portions of a puzzle-map, conceived and carried out his plan.

He became, as he says, the Secretary of French Society, and so wrote his "History of Manners." This was history in a new sense. He charges the historians who went before him with omitting from their works all information as to the life of the people. Thierry had made this charge before. In 1827 he asked whether "there exists a history of France which reproduces faithfully the ideas, the feelings, the manners of the men who have transmitted to us the names we bear, and whose destiny determined ours"? Thierry himself filled in many of the blanks in French history. His *Histoire du Tiers Etat* was not published till 1853, but the *Récits Mérovingiens* came out in 1840, before Balzac uttered his reproach. Michelet, too, had already written much, and was to write more, which gave a new life to history.

So Balzac would be the secretary, the historian, of the life of his own day. This was one of his aims; but he aspired to more than this. He meant to dig beneath the surface and find the roots of that which grew above—to seek the causes, the reasons, of actions and events. The principles on which he founds his work are these:—Man is neither good nor evil. He is born with certain instincts and tendencies. Society does not deprave him, as Rousseau asserts—it perfects him. Self-interest develops his evil tendencies; but Christianity, especially Catholicism, represses them, and is the most powerful element of social order. Education by religious bodies is the great principle of existence for the nations. The only means of diminishing the sum of ill and augmenting the sum of good in Society is to teach it to obey the mandates of religion. By religion alone can thought be controlled, and the only possible religion is Christianity.

Catholicism and Monarchy go hand in hand. These are the two principles necessary to modern life, and towards these two principles every writer of sense should endeavour to lead the country. So Balzac aims to lead as well as to chronicle. He has yet another reason for upholding Catholicism. He asserts that Protestant

women have no ideal, therefore no passion, and therefore there is but one type of woman for a Protestant writer to describe. This, he says, accounts for the lack of variety in Walter Scott's women !

Nevertheless, in a private letter, written a few years earlier, he asserts his own disbelief in the Roman Church :

I am not orthodox and do not believe in the Roman Church. My religion is that of Swedenborg, with the additional dogma of the incomprehensibility of God.

Was it from Swedenborg he borrowed this sentence, which seems so incongruous from Balzac's pen ?

The sky is always blue above ; when you are sad, you have only to mount a little higher.

Balzac defends himself from the charge of immorality by saying that such charges are always brought against the man who points out a wrong and wishes to have it abolished. Society, represented in its entirety, shows many groups in which evil predominates over good. Critics seize on these and cry that the author is immoral, not considering the contrast offered by the rest of the work. To understand the work you must grasp the whole plan. He asserts that in the picture which he has drawn all crimes, all faults, from the least to the greatest, find their punishment, human or divine, open or secret. This may be perfectly true, and still the question remain an open one as to whether the vivid representation of evil does good or harm. Schiller is of opinion that it does no good, even on the stage, where it is shown in its most realistic form. He says that " the most touching and the most terrifying scenes produce only a passing, a surface emotion. The audience shivers to see Macbeth stagger out of the room where the murdered man lies ; but what Macbeth among them gives up his own evil purpose ? Each man persuades himself that his own case is different."

But, at any rate, we may believe Balzac when he pro-

claims that in all his writings he had a moral end in view. Again and again he enforces the keeping of the law, as here : "Society can only exist by the individual sacrifices which the laws of society demand. To accept the advantages of a society is to undertake to maintain the conditions upon which it is founded." Thus an unhappy marriage must not be held as an excuse for wrongdoing. The individual must suffer rather than snatch happiness in a way which injures the community. Again, there is the dying cry of H  l  ne (*Femme de Trente Ans*) :—" *Le bonheur ne se trouve jamais en dehors, des lois,*" and Madame de Morttraut's injunction to F  lix : " *Ne se rien permettre ni contre sa conscience ni contre la conscience publique.*"

The *Femme de Trente Ans* is altogether a strange story. At the beginning it is a warning to young girls not to marry men with whom they have nothing in common ; then an example of renunciation for the sake of duty ; then a record of great suffering and its effects. The priest tells Madame d'Aiglemont that none can come through this period of suffering without undergoing some change ; either they give themselves to higher service, or, if they will not do this, they return to the world to play a part in it, and sooner or later they give way to its vices. Madame d'Aiglemont chooses the latter course, and her final punishment comes through her children. She is left with one, the youngest daughter, to whom she has sacrificed almost everything, and on whom she lavishes all her love. Mo  na is in danger ; but, though soft to the rest of the world, she is as hard as iron to her mother, who sees she is ruining herself from mere coquetry, but cannot move her :

Madame d'Aiglemont avait b  ti son cachot des ses propres mains, et s'y   tait mur  e elle-m  me, pour y mourir en voyant se perdre la belle vie de Mo  na, cette vie devenue sa gloire, son bonheur, et sa consolation, une existence pour elle mille fois plus ch  re que la sienne. Souffrances horribles, incroyables, sans langage ! ab  me sans fond !

There are some curious discrepancies in this book. Balzac must have been as sanguine in reckoning age as he

was in money matters, for he calmly knocks seven or eight years off Madame d'Aiglemont's. A more serious incongruity is the extraordinary change in the character of M. d'Aiglemont. We leave him a careless, rather brutal husband, a stupid man, owing his position entirely to his wife's cleverness. We find him again affectionate, domestic, a good and contented husband. He has earned the red ribbon by bravery, and we discover that he has become both unselfish and capable; for he goes to America and endures every kind of hardship to reconquer fortune for his wife and children—and he succeeds. It is not easy to guess how Balzac came to dislocate the book in this way. He worked at very high pressure, but on the other hand he grudged no trouble in revision.

Besides encouraging men to keep the laws of the State and the Church, and showing that breaches of these laws entail their own punishment, Balzac asserts that he has solved the difficult problem of representing virtue in such a manner that it is interesting. He enumerates a long list of characters in his books to prove this. One of these, the judge Popinot, is certainly a fine example of a man who gives himself up entirely to his fellow-men. Here the contrast between the man and his outward appearance is drawn sharply. The description is brutal in its frankness. Popinot stands before us with his unkempt grey hair, his unshaven face, his twisted cravat, and his hands stuck into his pockets, which are dirty and frayed at the edges. We are spared no sordid detail; but the man himself is great. He lives among the poor, for the poor; by long and careful observation he has learnt to distinguish truth from falsehood at a glance; he has unerring intuitions which enable him to do justice in the face of contrary evidence; he is love and justice personified—and withal he is interesting.

M. d'Espard, too, is a lovable, noble man, whose sense of honour is so true that he makes restitution of property fraudulently obtained by an ancestor one hundred and fifty years before. Taine thinks this action loses merit because it was inspired by the pride of an aristocrat who would

not suffer a blot upon his escutcheon ; and he says, too, that the greedy, unscrupulous, successful people are Balzac's heroes "*puisqu'il les couronne.*" But is this so ? The woman who had been the wife of Colonel Chabert is successful, but Balzac shows her to be mean and despicable, and it is her husband, dying in an almshouse, who is the hero ; Goriot's daughters succeed in robbing their father of everything, but it is the self-immolating father who appears heroic ; and again, no one could doubt that it is with M. d'Espard that Balzac's sympathies lie, even if his wife succeeds in her endeavour to prove him unfit to manage his own affairs. But it is true that Balzac's heroic figures are somewhat lost in the crowd of the mediocre and the evil.

In one of his letters the great novelist gives this outline of the plan of his entire work :

In the *Etudes des Mœurs* the feelings and their play, life and its aspect : in the *Etudes Philosophiques* the reason of these feelings, the foundations of life (*pourquoi les sentiments, sur quoi la vie*). The *Etudes Analytiques* will follow. Thus man, society, humanity, will be described, judged, analysed, without repetition, in a work like the Eastern Thousand and One Nights. Afterwards will follow Science in *Pessai sur les Forces Humaines* and at the foot of this splendid edifice, the immense arabesque of the *Cent Contes drolatiques*.

He concludes :

Some day, when I have finished, we shall laugh—to-day I must work.

He was a brave man who could dream that the day would ever come when he could laugh and write *finis* to a work like this.

These were the plans, the aims, of Balzac ; but the motives which drove him to his desk and kept him chained there twelve, fifteen, and eighteen hours a day were, first the desire for fame, and then, overriding and absorbing that, the desire for money.

He was extremely ambitious, and for many years perfectly self-confident. From the age of fourteen he announced the fact that he would be a celebrated man.

He had a statuette of Napoleon in his room, and on the sheath of the sword was written: *Ce qu'il n'a pu achever par l'épée je l'accomplirai par la plume*, and even when so many of his plans had miscarried, he still fully intended to become a member of the Academy, and then a peer, and so obtain political power.

He began life as clerk to a notary, then went into partnership with a printer, and got into debt and difficulty. He lived in a garret and scribbled for a living. In 1828 his debt was so heavy that he could not pay the interest and live. He did not pay the interest, and the debt mounted. When his books began to bring him in fame and money, his expenses increased; he was, he said, forced to live expensively. His pleasures were "so innocent." New furniture for his room, that turquoise-studded cane which all Paris talked about (or he thought it did), a "divine lorgnette" made by the optician at the observatory, gold buttons on his blue coat—buttons carved by a fairy's hand—those dinners of which Rossini declared that he had never seen, eaten, or drunk better at the table of kings. He must keep a carriage, for his time was so valuable that he could not afford to walk. He must have comfort or he could not work. He must appear rich that he might make better bargains. Then there was that little property in Touraine, La Grenadière. It would be so good to be able to retire to it; and how fine to be a "proprietor"—a "laird," as they say in Scotland—and then a house of his own in Paris would be such an advantage. This project was, perhaps, abandoned, but he bought some land outside Paris and had a little house built there. And this was to effect a great saving!

As for the schemes which were to make his fortune, they were legion. Silver mines, concessions of land, which he was to sell again to Rothschild for four times the price he was to give for it; but then he must borrow the money to pay, so that plan fell through. Even when they were within his own scope his schemes for fortune-making failed. There was the speculation in the *Chronique de Paris*, a political journal, into which he

put 3,200 francs, and from which he expected to make 20,000 francs per annum, besides the fruits of his articles *payés très cher* and his director's fees. This was one of his worst failures. We find him very anxious to sell his shares in the journal. He asked a possible purchaser to dinner, but his plate was all in pawn, and if the man suspected him of poverty he would be "off the bargain"; three thousand francs would redeem his silver but he could not raise it anywhere, though in a week he expected the *Contes drolatiques* to bring him in 15,000 francs.

The company went into liquidation, and Balzac borrowed from his tailor, and from a poor workman who offered him money for his immediate necessities.

Besides these debts, which were an ever-present goad to him, and his own craving for things beautiful and pleasant, there was his care for his own people, and his kindness and generosity to those who were in want. His constant desire was to conquer fortune in time for his mother to share it. He appeals to his sister to care well for her; he cannot do without her when his hour of triumph comes. He writes to a friend that his mother is ailing. He is anxious that she should grow strong to be able to enjoy what he is preparing for her. It is a hope which sustains him in the face of many a misfortune, this of one day making his mother happy by his own unaided efforts: *Ce qui me fait tant hâter, le principe de tout mon courage, est mon désir d'arriver à temps pour lui dorer sa vieillesse.* When he takes his mother to a comfortable boarding-house at Poissy, he is filled with sadness to think how far it falls short of what he had planned for her:—

Le cœur me saignait de la conduire là, moi qui rêve de lui faire une belle fin de vie, avec une belle fortune.

Then there was his sister whom he loved and to whom he turned so constantly. His success was to be for her too. He chronicles the fact that she wept with joy to think that she was the sister of the author of *La Recherche de l'Absolu*. When she was ill the universe was "out of

joint " for him. He longed for the time when she should share his complete triumph.

He had, also, a brother to support, and two nephews to bring up. This brother—the mother's favourite—had turned out badly, and Balzac not only gave him material help, but " could not refuse him, for he was unfortunate," when asked to stand godfather to his child, though he had resolved never to stand as godfather for any one.

Besides his own relations there were other people to whom he held out a helping hand. As an instance, we have Jules Sandeau, who came to Paris without knowing where to turn for help till his writings should catch the public ear. Balzac furnished rooms for him, and " piloted this poor shipwrecked, tender-hearted fellow into the ocean of letters." Jules Sandeau did some secretarial work for him, but they soon disagreed, and Balzac writes :

Jules Sandeau has been one of my mistakes. You cannot imagine such idleness, such indifference; he is without energy or will. The finest sentiments in words, but there is nothing done. He has not written half a volume in three years.

Sandeau finally departs, leaving Balzac to pay his rent and a few other debts.

Balzac is inclined to despair of the unsuccessful literary man :—" I have swept Paris with the lantern of Diogenes for men of talent. I have heard many cries of distress, but when I offered money for work well done, they could not do it." The story of the Irishwoman, Miss Patrickson, illustrates his kindness of heart, if we may take it as he tells it. This woman had joined with a certain countess to play him a trick. His story is that after seeing him she was filled with remorse, and to make amends offered to translate all his works into English, and make a good thing of it for both of them. He describes her with brutal frankness—perhaps, since he was writing to a lady, he exaggerated purposely—*cette horrible, vieille, et dentue Miss Patrickson*. But he agrees to let her do the translation. It hangs fire for some time, and then another English lady makes the same offer, and he thinks

they might hasten matters by collaborating. He goes to see Miss Patrickson and finds her in a miserable, dirty, untidy lodging, and, as he thinks, drunk! She bursts into tears at the thought of anyone sharing her work, and he leaves her as soon as possible, not knowing what to do. A few days later he takes an English lady into a pastry-cook's, famed for its oyster patties, and there he finds Miss Patrickson. Seeing that he is "neither a monk nor a fool," he quite grasps the fact that the more miserable one is the more one is driven to seek consolation—and it is very fortunate when one can find it in a pastry-cook's! The English lady assures him that Miss Patrickson has the face of a gin-drinker; but whether this is so or no, she is evidently in profound poverty. What he would like to know is whether she is in misery because she drinks gin, or drinks gin because she is in misery. Anyway he appears to have made no further effort at this time to give the translation to anyone else, for he writes, later: "Reparation to the poor 'Miss.' She only drinks water, and it was my unexpected visit which literally intoxicated her!" How she managed to persuade him of this we are not told.

MARGARET WATSON.

Sussex Iron

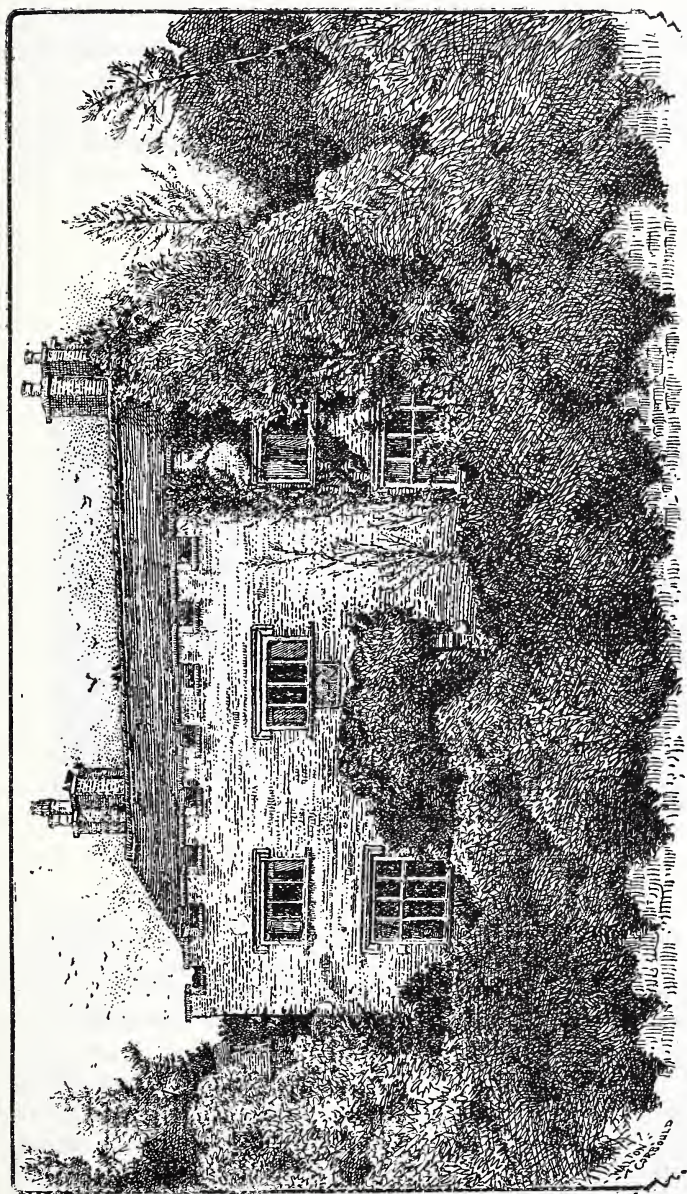
IN ancient and mediæval times the County of Sussex was noted for two things—namely, mud and iron. Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, the value of the latter came into close connection with the former. Of the almost impassable nature of the byways we know a good deal, and no doubt the ironmasters did not look with a kindly eye on the state of the roads over which their productions had perforce to be conveyed. However, this article is not concerned with Sussex mire, but with an old-time industry of the county.

The casual wayfarer tramping the lanes of Sussex will, if he be an observant being, often notice the brick-red

tinge of the tiny rivulets which career down the wayside after heavy rain. He will perhaps conclude that this betokens the presence of iron in the soil, and his inference will not be amiss. By a train of thought he may hark back to mediæval Sussex, to the times when half the county resounded with the thud of mighty hammers, as they crushed the unwilling ironstone where wealth lurked. Perchance in the woodlands he will come across great cinder heaps bearing the stamp of age. These tell of a civilisation of many centuries ago, when the fame of the iron of this county was Continental.

That the industry dates back to the age of the Roman Conquest seems fairly certain, for Julius Cæsar, in Book V. of *De Bello Gallico*, writes thus of the Britain whose subjugation he was about to essay: "Nascitur ibi plumbum album in mediterraneis regionibus, *in maritimis ferrum*, sed ejus exigua est copia." From this it is not unfair to conclude that the ancient Britons worked the ironstone in Sussex and other coastal counties. The Romans, who knew most things worth knowing, exhumed the secrets of the earth in similar manner to their predecessors. Roman coins have been found in the cinder beds, but the extent of the activities of these world-conquerors is a matter of surmise. Domesday Book makes no mention of iron mines, so perhaps the industry lapsed for some little time after the Norman Conquest—many of the Saxons had been killed in defending hearth and home, and the invaders were too busy consolidating their possessions to think of such things.

The first really definite mention of the iron industry in Sussex relates to the time of Henry III., when that monarch made a grant to Lewes (after the great battle fought there), authorising the inhabitants to raise a tax on all iron brought within the walls of the city. We learn this from old-time chroniclers. However, the forges were at their height four hundred years ago, when the county, which is now dotted with palatial residences, was a veritable Black Country, and the centre of a great and thriving trade. Ironworks, with their glowing forges,



Ralph Hogge's House at Buxted (showing hog in bas-relief on front of house)

gave employment to hundreds of men, and where the uplands now resound with the merry click of the golf-ball might then have been heard the ponderous strokes of the hammers as they found their mark.

In the mid-fifteenth century came the discovery of how



Sussex Iron Fireback

to cast great guns, and the ironmasters' prosperity advanced by leaps and bounds in consequence. Writing of this, Thomas Fuller, in his "Worthies," tells us in his quaint fashion: "It is almost incredible how many are made of the Iron of this County. Count Gondomer well knew their goodness, when of King James he so often begg'd the boon to transport them. A Monke of Mentz is generally reported the first Founder of them. Surely ingenuity may seem transpos'd, and to have cross'd her hands, when about the same time a Souldier found out

Printing; and it is questionable which of the two Inventions hath done more good or more harm."

However that may be, there is no doubt that by the middle of the sixteenth century Sussex had a Continental reputation for the excellence of its work in iron. There was little coal used in England in those far-off days, but



Pair of Waffle-irons. Dipper. Spiked shot. Rush-holder. Articles made of Sussex iron to be seen in the Sussex Archæological Museum at Lewes. The spiked shot, from Roman Ironworks at Maresfield, Sussex, is supposed to have been stuck into the ground to resist cavalry charges

the shrewd ironmaster had only to look beyond his doorstep, and there lay many square miles of timber just suited to his purpose. The extensive forest, which covered most of the county, and stretched away into Hampshire, was the ancient Anderida of the Romans. Much of it, alas!

has gone, and its depletion may in part be laid at the door of the ironmaster, who, however, used the wood for a worthy purpose. It is said that at Lamberhurst one furnace alone consumed yearly thirty million cubic feet of wood. In Ashdown, Tilgate, St. Leonards and Balcombe Forests we still recognise the grandeur of old Anderida, but how long modern improvement will suffer us to gratify our taste in this direction is matter for conjecture.

Regarding the great consumption of the forest trees by the furnaces Michael Drayton took a serious view, more as a friend of superstition than as a political economist, for he wrote thus :

The daughters of the Weald
(That in their heavy breasts had long their griefs concealed),
Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast come on,
Under the axe's stroke, fetched many a grievous groan,
When as the anvil's weight, and hammer's dreadful sound,
Even rent the hollow woods, and shook the queachy ground,
So that the trembling nymphs, oppressed through ghastly fear,
Ran madding to the downs, with loose dishevelled hair.

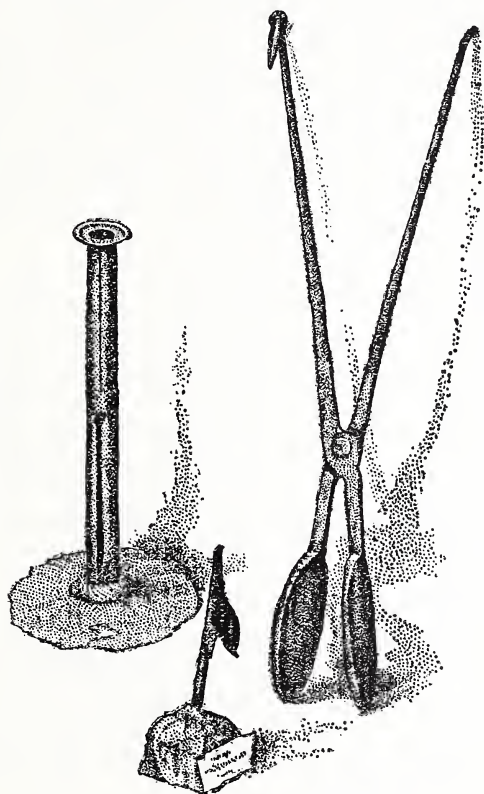
.
Jove's oak, the warlike ash, veined elm, the softer beech,
Short hazel, maple plain, light asp, the bending wych,
Tough holly, and smooth birch, must altogether burn ;
What should the builder serve, supplies the forger's turn,
When under public good, base private gain takes hold,
And we, poor woful woods, to ruin lastly sold.

And so on, in doleful strain.

Still scattered about Sussex are large ponds, known then and now as hammer ponds, which have an interesting history. If we go into an up-to-date iron foundry we notice, amid the roar of machinery, how science has come to the aid of the manufacturer. But in those days much cruder methods obtained. Giant hammers were used to crush the ironstone, and the overflow of the ponds furnished the necessary motive power for the hammers. Typical examples of these useful sheets of water may still be seen. At Lower Beeding, on Sir E. Loder's estate, are four such in a secluded ravine. They have been skilfully converted into a chain of miniature lakes. There

are two more between Colgate and Horsham, known as Hawkins' Pond and Hammer Pond.

As we have already seen, one of the staple sources of wealth lay in the casting of guns. Originally these were



Pair of Waffle-irons. Candlestick. Pot-hanger. Articles made of Sussex iron to be seen in the Sussex Archæological Museum at Lewes

hooped. The first cannon in one piece was made by Ralph Hogge, at Buxted, in 1543, and it was not long before the report of this triumph of manufacturing extended all over the kingdom, and likewise reached the ears of our friends, and enemies, on the Continent.

Large orders, in particular, accrued from foreign privateers, and a roaring business was done with the French, who returned the compliment with interest when they bombarded and laid waste Sussex coast towns with guns of Sussex make. But business is business, and probably no one objected much to the sale of cannon abroad. In 1595 the Government ordered forty cannon of three tons weight each from a Sussex foundry, and Count Gondomer, the astute Spanish Ambassador, wished to buy some for his own country. So, helped by friend and foe, the business prospered exceedingly, and some of the ironmasters made great fortunes.

In addition to the casting of cannon, other lucrative branches of manufacture flourished. The iron railings round St. Paul's Cathedral were made at the Lamberhurst forges, to the order of Sir Christopher Wren, at a cost of quite eleven thousand pounds—a vast sum in those days. Iron fire-backs, too, were in great demand, and well-preserved specimens may still be seen in old Sussex manor-houses and farm residences. Here and there a few may be picked up at the curio shop, but the collector has been so much abroad of late that it is difficult to obtain the real article. Iron tombstones, indicating a considerable demand for such articles, still exist in church and churchyard, notably at West Hoathly, in Mayfield Church, and at Wadhurst, where the pavement in the churchyard consists almost entirely of them. It may here be mentioned that the museum of the Sussex Archæological Society in Lewes is well worth a visit on the part of any one interested in this subject.

Of the worthy ironfounders we possess a fair amount of knowledge. Ralph Hogge, who, as we have seen, had the honour of casting the first gun, flourished at Buxted, and his residence there is still standing. A hog in bas-relief is shown on the front of the house. Holinshed mentions him in his Chronicles. Another famous manufacturer was Leonard Gale, of Tinsloe Forge, who lived at Crabbet Park. A descendant of his is well known. I refer to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, famed as a champion of lost

causes, as a breeder of Arabs, and not unknown as a poet. A third ironmaster was Richard Woodman, born at Buxted. He had a large foundry at Warbleton, near Heathfield. However, instead of sticking to his trade, Woodman mixed himself up in religious controversies, and paid the full penalty, for he was burnt at the stake. His forge lay near the church at Warbleton, and a ponderous door in the tower thereof is attributed to his genius. Huggett, another worker in iron, lived in the same neighbourhood, and his name and calling remain with us in the spot known as Huggett's Furnace.

The iron country embraced a tract of land bounded on the west by Horsham and Lewes, on the east by Ashburnham and the Lamberhurst district. Southwards, a line drawn from Lewes to Ashburnham, and, northwards, one traced from Horsham to Lamberhurst *via* East Grinstead complete a rough parallelogram. The strata from which the ironstone came belong as a rule to the Hastings Sand.

Reminiscent of the ancient workings in iron are many place and other names. To instance a few:—The "Gun" Inns at Chiddingly and Netherfield date back to Tudor times, and are sufficiently indicative of their origin. Ashburnham Furnace, Ashburnham Forge, Furnace Pond, Forge Pond, Shovelstrode, Horseshoe Farm, and Cinder Hill need no explanation.

The reason for the decline of iron manufacture in Sussex is not far to seek. In the north of England coal was discovered close to the ironstone areas, and consequently the founders were put to considerably less cost in the working of the ore. Competition from the south grew fainter and fainter, till it died away altogether, and the extinction of the furnace at Ashburnham in 1828 marked the end.

It is sad to see the shrinkage and total decay of ancient industries, but it was inevitable that, with the more general use of coal, of which Sussex was supposed to possess none, the ironworks of this county should gradually pass away, and the last furnace flicker out its

one-time roaring flame. The early part of the nineteenth century witnessed the death-throes of an honourable calling. In 1883 there died the sole surviving labourer of the Ashburnham Forge, which, alone, had struggled on into the nineteenth century. The manufacture of guns had long been extinct, and, shorn of their ancient glories, the furnaces were only used in the casting of firebacks. So disappeared the remaining link of an industry which might almost be termed the father of its kind in these islands. It would indeed be strange if the recent discovery of coal on Lord De La Warr's estate in Ashdown Forest should once more enrich Sussex—and blacken its fair face—by the revival of its ancient enterprise.

F. CARTWRIGHT.

Retrospective Review

A Forgotten Book of Travel

“A JOURNEY FROM ALEPPO TO JERUSALEM AT EASTER A.D. 1697. By HENRY MAUNDREL, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter Coll. and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo. Oxford. Printed at the Theater, AN. DOM. MDCCXXXII.” (Fifth Edition.)

AT one of the meetings held in 1624 by the Corporation of Levant Merchants a petition to be allowed a preacher was presented from the “Nation at Aleppo,” *i.e.*, the Company's principal factory. The petition was “condescended to,” and Henry Maundrel, whose Journal we found recently on a dark corner of a second-hand bookshelf, was the eleventh of the chaplains due to the Company's condescension. Mr. Maundrel's account of his charge is enthusiastic. “In all my experience in the world,” he says, “I have never known a society of young gentlemen, whether in the city or country (I had almost said the University too), so well disposed in all points as this.”

Soon after his arrival, Mr. Maundrel joined a party of fourteen "gentlemen of the nation," who had determined on a visit to the Holy Land; his once famous book is a diary kept during this journey.

In his dedicatory letter to his "ever honoured uncle," Sir Charles Hedges, the author confesses that two "general defects run through the paper, the one frequent errors, the other tediousness." In mitigation of the first defect he urges that there are at least no lies. As to the other, he is sadly conscious of "many nauseous places," where he has fallen into "the grating and disgusting affectation" to which travellers are especially prone, namely, of "abounding both in the sense they have and the accounts they give of their occurrences."

The first stage of the journey was made on February 26, 1696, and the first night passed at the Honey Kane. Kanes, it is explained, are "publick lodgements, founded in charity, for the use of travellers. They are built in fashion of a cloister, enclosing a court of which the size depends on the measure of the Founder's ability, or charity."

The route from the Honey Kane lay across the Plains of Kesteen, whence four or five hours' travelling through the rich valley of Rooge and a rather difficult crossing of a "certain large water of the same name," brought the travellers to Te-ne-ree, where they paid their first caphar.

"Caphars," says Mr. Maundrel, "were, originally, a tax levied by Christians for keeping the roads in order and securing them from Arabs and Robbers. The Turks keep up so gainful an usage, pretending the same cause, but they exact from Passengers, especially Franks, arbitrary and unreasonable sums; and instead of being a safe guard, prove the greatest Rogues and Robbers themselves."

The night was spent at Shoggle, "a pretty large but exceedingly filthy town on the river Orontes, whose waters are turbid and unwholesome, and its fish worse."

On leaving Shoggle, they passed out of the Bashalick of Aleppo and entered that of Tripoli. An unusually

pleasant bit of country, fragrant with "Aromatick Herbs" and bright with flowers, was the next stage; then, climbing Mount Occabry, they came to a country planted with "Silk Gardens," and thence to Bellulca.

As the Kane at Bellulca was an adjunct of the house occupied by the Aga, the travellers did their best to ensure comfort during the night by propitiatory gifts to that official, but their foresight was thrown away on him, and they had considerable difficulty in getting shelter.

Though several Christians inhabited this place, they were very poor, and their church—with its mud walls, its roof of bushes laid across traves, its mud altar protected by potsherds, and the few old prints which formed its sole decoration (if the bags of silkworms' eggs, brought thither by their owners in the hope of obtaining a blessing on them, were excepted)—was "so poor and pitiful a structure, that Christianity seemed to be brought to its humblest and Christ to be laid again in a manger."

Heavy rains now compelled the travellers to "drink deeply of the bitter cup of pilgrims." An attempt to camp in the open field was soon foiled by rain, thunder and lightning. A small "Sheik's house" hard by promised shelter; the difficulty was to get admission—"the Turks," says the author, with one of his favourite hits at the nation, "being generally men of greater zeal than mercy." A politic reply to the somewhat truculent villagers won leave to put the baggage under cover, but the travellers had to wait until the villagers were safely asleep before they themselves ventured to enter the place. The following description of such buildings is given by way of payment for the night's lodging :


They are six or eight yards square, erected over the graves of some eminent sheiks, that is, such persons as by their long beards, Prayers of the same standard, and a kind of Pharisaical superciliousness (which are the great virtues of the Mahometan Religion) have purchased to themselves the Reputation of Learning and Saints. There being far more dead Saints than living ones among the Turks, many of these buildings are scattered up and down the country.

Some curious tombs next attract the travellers' attention, and after them, some "rude people" who lived in the mountains above Jebilee. The Turks called them "Neceres," and they were of "a very strange and singular character, being such Proteuses in Religion, that nobody was ever able to discover the real shape of their consciences. All that is certain is, that they make much and good wine and are great drinkers."

Jebilee, the ancient Sabala, in addition to a Mosque and an Almshouse (both built by one Sultan Ibrahim, about whom the Turks tell many tales, "persuaded, doubtless, of their truth"), possessed the remains of ancient convenience for shipping and of a noble theatre.

Tortosia, anciently Orthosia, and once a Bishop's See, in the province of Tyre, was the next stopping-place of importance. The castle was very large, still inhabited, and contained a spacious room, once the church to the castle and still carved with emblems on one side: on the side that pointed outwards it had the face of a castle, with port-holes for artillery. At Tripoli the party took a week's rest, during which they paid two visits.

The first was to the Greek Convent on Bell Mount, whose inhabitants seem to have been very much the same in character as when Curzon visited them some hundred and fifty years later, or Mr. G. W. Steevens still more recently. They were about forty in number, "good-natured, industrious and ignorant people"; and so curiously blind to the fitness of their compliments that their chief told the Consul "he was as glad to see him as if he had beheld the Messiah coming in person to visit him."

The Englishmen arrived in time for the evening service, of which Mr. Maundrel gives a gently contemptuous account. At its close, five small cakes, arranged in a cross  and each having a lighted taper fixed in its centre, were brought in on a small table covered with a "fair linnen cloth." The Gospel of the

feeding of the multitude was then read, the cakes were broken and distributed, and the priest's blessing brought the service to an end.

As the rubric forbade the monks to sit down and the service was often long, each was provided with a pair of crutches on which to lean: those younger monks who had "no necessity for such easements, used them nevertheless, as the Spaniards do spectacles, in affectation of gravity."

The second visit was to Ostan, the Bassa of Tripoli, and is, perhaps, one of the occurrences, in his sense of which, to quote Mr. Maundrel's self-indictment, the traveller abounds a little too much. Nothing is left out, from the duan (divan) on which the person visited was found to the finishing part of the entertainment, the perfuming of the beards of the company, a ceremony which, its element of the ridiculous notwithstanding, rather commends itself to Mr. Maundrel, since it supplies masters of houses with that long felt want, a civil means of dismissing their guests.

Some distance from the river Adonis, on whose banks they passed a stormy night, a fourth caphar had to be paid to Maronites, "a pack of rogues more exacting and insolent than the very Turks themselves"; thence the travellers followed the Antonine way. The path was in bad repair, and though the rocks on its sides were carved with figures bordered with mouldings, the inscriptions were so worn that "only the footsteps of the characters were visible."

Before reaching Beyroot, they passed the plain, "said to be the stage on which St. George duell'd and killed the dragon, and the chapel once dedicated to the Christian hero, but perverted to a mosque."

Emir Faccardine's palace at Beyroot was almost entirely in ruins, but, though used as sheep and goat folds, the gardens, laid out in the Italian style, still retained their beauty, and the walks, shaded by orange trees "gilded with fruit," still led to "booths, summer-houses and other apartments."

One of the two large churches in the neighbourhood was used as a mosque, the other, "a very mean Fabrik," remained in the hands of the Greeks. It was abundantly adorned with old pictures, among them one of Saint Nicephorus, a person of eminent virtues but some vanity, seeing that his difficulty in growing a beard caused him to fall into a deep melancholy. His valour in resisting the devil's offer of assistance won for him the desired adornment.

At Sidon the travellers stayed at a Kane which belonged to certain French merchants and their Consul, and constituted the largest French Factory in the Levant. At that time the French Consul at Sidon also bore the title of Consul of Jerusalem. Among his duties was that of visiting the Holy City every Easter, and from Acra Mr. Maundrel's party travelled with him.

In 1697, the city of Acra was "little but a vast and spacious ruin," St. John's Church, the Convent of the Knights Hospitallers and the palace of their Grand Master alone being still in fair preservation.

Near the river Kishon the travellers spent an uncomfortable night, partly because "experience taught them" what the Psalmist meant by dew of Hermon, partly because the camp had been pitched between two bad neighbours, who gave them considerable uneasiness.

The author took advantage of a short halt at Naplosa to visit the chief priest of the Samaritans, in order to discuss with him certain difficulties in the Pentateuch, as, for instance, whether Mount Gerizim or Mount Ebal was the site on which the Children of Israel were enjoined to set up stones inscribed with their law; what sort of animals the Selavae might be with which the same people were fed in the desert; the precise nature of a mandrake; and an hypothesis on the history of the locusts. The discussion does not seem to have materially lessened the difficulties.

Jerusalem was at last reached on March 26, about a month from the start.

The Governor having been informed by messenger of
cccliii—2120—August '07

their arrival, the travellers received permission to enter the city by the Bethlehem Gate, and being in the company of a Public Minister, they were allowed to do so mounted and armed ; all Franks not in such company were required to give up their arms and enter humbly on foot.

March 26 was Good Friday, according to the Latin Style, and the Consul having to go to the Church of the Sepulchre to keep his feast, the English party accompanied him thither.

The doors were guarded by janizaries and other Turkish officers, to whom a caphar had to be paid by all who entered the church.

Pilgrims were admitted all day long on the Friday, but at nightfall the doors were locked, to be opened no more until Easter day. Those within were "kept in close, but very happy, confinement for three days," a time spent in visiting the various holy places contained in the church "as in a cabinet," and in attending the ceremonies.

Mr. Maundrel gives a full description of the church, with its twelve or thirteen sanctuaries, its galleries and annexed buildings, in allotted apartments of which almost every Christian nation formerly maintained a small society of monks. In 1697 the number of nations so represented had dwindled to four, "Latins," Greeks, Armenians and "Cophtites"; of these the Cophtites contributed a single member, and the Armenians were so deeply in debt that it was not thought likely they would remain long. Each fraternity had the right of performing its own divine service at, and of excluding other nations from, certain altars.

All the sects, however, coveted the command of the Holy Sepulchre, and the contest was so hot for the privilege of performing Mass within it that scuffles at its doors were frequent. The matter was at last settled by granting the right of solemnising public worship in it to the Latins alone.

The recluses, some of whom remained within the precincts five or six years, others all their lives, employed

themselves in trimming the lamps and in making devotional visits and processions to the various sanctuaries. Ten or twelve Latins with their president were always in residence, and it was their Easter ceremonies, as "the most polite and exact" that Mr. Maundrel described.

At dusk on Good Friday all the friars and pilgrims assembled in the chapel of the Apparition, in order to go in procession round the Church. Before this started, a friar preached an Italian sermon, beginning with the words: "*In questa notte tenebrosa*"—at which all the candles were instantly put out. Sermon being ended, all were provided with large lighted tapers and the procession started, carrying crucifixes, among which was one with a life-sized image of Our Lord's body smeared with blood. At the Pillar of Flagellation hymns were sung and a Spanish sermon preached; at the prison of Christ, another hymn and a French sermon; at the Altar of the division of Christ's garments a hymn only was sung; and at the Chapel of Division, a fourth sermon, in French, was given. From here they went up into Calvary, leaving their shoes at the bottom of the stairs; at one of the two altars here the great crucifix was laid down upon the floor, and "a kind of resemblance to Christ's being nailed to the Cross was acted"—the ceremony being followed by another Spanish sermon. At the adjoining altar, in a hole said to be that in which the foot of Our Lord's Cross stood, they set up the cross with the crucified image on it, and leaving it in that posture they sang a hymn and listened to a Passion sermon in Italian from the Father Guardian, who sat in a chair before the cross.

The ceremony of the Passion over and the sermon ended, two Fryars, personating, the one Joseph of Arimathea, the other Nicodemus, approached the cross and with a most solemn, concerned air, both of aspect and behaviour, drew out the great nails and took down the feigned body from the cross.

It was an effigy so contrived that its limbs were soft and flexible, and nothing could be more surprising than to see the two pretended mourners bend down the arms and dispose them in the manner usual in corpses.

The image was then carried to the stone of Unction, and anointed, and wrapped in the winding-sheet, hymns being sung and a funeral sermon preached in Arabic; then "the feigned corps was laid in the Sepulchre" and shut up till Easter Morning.

Saturday the pilgrims spent "chiefly in having their arms tattooed with the usual ensigns of Jerusalem, and the Fryars in singing the Lamentations of Jeremiah before the Holy Grave."

Very early on Easter Morning the Sepulchre was opened; the Father Guardian, arrayed in episcopal robes and mitre, celebrated Mass in front of the Sepulchre. This over, the congregation left the church.

On Easter Monday about two thousand pilgrims started for the River Jordan. As "the multitude and insolence of the Arabs" made the journey otherwise impossible, they were escorted by a "Mosolem" or Governor of the city and several bands of soldiers, a guard for which a caphar was of course exacted.

Even so, the journey was not without its alarms; on their arrival at the river troops of Arabs appeared on the opposite side and fired in the direction of the pilgrims. They were too far off for the shots to have effect, but the friars were too alarmed to perform the prescribed service for the place, and were indeed "in more fear with less cause than the rest of the company."

A visit to the Dead Sea gave Mr. Maundrel the opportunity to confute two traditions, the one, that birds attempting to fly across the sea drop down dead, and the other that men wading to a certain depth are buoyed up to the top. As to the first, several birds were to be seen flying over the sea "without visible harm," and the second was found, "upon experiment, not true."

His failure to perceive, with more fortunate geographers, the "ruins and smoak from the cities anciently situate in the place and made so dreadful an example of Divine vengeance," he ascribes to the height of the water, the more readily that the Father Guardian and Procurator of Jerusalem, "both men in years and seeming not

destitute of sense or probity," asserted themselves to have beheld one of the ruins.

Failing, however, either to see or hear of the apples of Sodom in the neighbourhood, he "reluctantly believes that there is even more deceit in the Fruit than is generally ascribed to it, and that its being, as well as its beauty, is a fiction kept up for its usefulness in helping the Poet with an allusion."

The account given of the Function of the Holy Fire at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the same essentially as that given by Curzon, though the earlier traveller was spared the terrible scenes in connection with it witnessed by the later.

About the middle of April the travellers left Jerusalem, taking with them diplomata certifying that they had visited all the Holy Places.

At Nazareth they were entertained at the Convent of the Annunciation by "seven or eight Latin Fathers, who live a life truly mortified, being perpetually in fear of the Arabs, who are absolute lords of the country."

Three grottoes on the top of Mount Tabor elicited the observation that in the Holy Land almost every event recorded in the Gospels is represented as having taken place under ground, "and this in spite of probability."

At Damascus they were refused permission to enter the Church of St. John, converted to a mosque, and were not admitted far beyond the gates of the Castle, but they were able to see within a store of ancient armour, spoils of the Christians in former days. The procession of the Hadjees, which started the following day on its yearly pilgrimage to Mecca, included a company of soldiers "fantastically armed with coats of mail, gauntlets and other pieces of old armour," evidently taken from this store.

Another week's travelling brought the party again to Aleppo. "No one had come to any ill accident throughout their whole travels and only one fell sick in consequence of the journey after their return: which I esteem," says the Author, "a less diminution to so singular a mercy, in that it fell to my own share to be the sufferer."

EDITH M. MILLAR.

Correspondence

An Unrecognised Essay of Carlyle

M R. URBAN,—Recently, when looking through a volume of *Fraser's Magazine* for 1849, I came upon an article on "Indian Meal" signed "C." I was at the time hunting for material in regard to Cobbett, and recollecting that he had published a "Treatise on Cobbett's Corn," I at once concluded that the contribution before me was from his pen. I commenced to peruse it, but I had not gone far when I perceived that the initial stood not for Cobbett but for Carlyle. I turned to Carlyle's published essays, then to Froude's "Life," and finally to a bibliography of the Sage's works; but from none of these could I get any satisfaction. It was as plain as a pikestaff to me that the essay was the work of Carlyle. The internal evidence was itself proof positive, but a reference to "an American friend" sent me hunting in a new direction. In the "Correspondence between Emerson and Carlyle" I found indisputable corroborative evidence; for Indian meal was the subject of several of the letters, and some of the phrases used in the essay also occur in the letters.

"The fact is," wrote Carlyle to Emerson, "potatoes having vanished here, we are again, with motives large and small, trying to learn the use of Indian meal; and, indeed, do eat it daily to meat at dinner, though hitherto with considerable despair." Cobbett's attempt to popularise the meal had failed because of the excessive dryness of the flour, which required to be mixed with one-third, or even one-half of rye or wheat flour, "to prevent cracking and crumbling," as he himself admitted. Carlyle's objection to it was on account of a peculiar bitterness which rendered it not particularly pleasing to the palate. And so he asks: "Is there by nature a *bitter* final taste, which makes the throat smart, and disheartens much the apprentice in Indian meal; or is it

accidental and to be avoided? . . . Pray ask some philosophic miller if Mrs. Emerson or you do not know ; and as a corollary this *second* question : What is the essential difference between *white* (or brown grey-white) Indian meal and *yellow* (the kind we now have, beautiful as new Guineas, but with an ineffaceable taint of *soot* in it)?—And question *third*, which includes all : How to cook *mush* rightly, at least without bitter ? ”

“For the Indian corn,” wrote Emerson in the course of his reply, “I have been to see Dr. Charles T. Jackson (my wife’s brother, and our best chemist, inventor of etherisation), who tells me that the reason your meal is bitter is, that all the corn sent to you from us is kiln-dried here, usually at a heat of three hundred degrees, which effectually kills the starch or diastase (?) which would otherwise become sugar. This drying is thought necessary to prevent the corn from becoming musty in the contingency of a long voyage. He says, if it should go in the steamer, it would arrive sound without previous drying. I think I will try that experiment shortly on a box or a barrel of our Concord maize, as Lilian Emerson confidently engages to send you accurate recipes for johnny-cake, mush, and hominy.”

Accordingly a barrel of the corn was sent, “from the barn of Emerson himself,” and in regard to this Carlyle wrote : “We find the grain *sweet*, among the sweetest, with a touch even of the taste of *nuts* in it, and profess with contrition that properly we have never tasted Indian corn before.”

The day previous to this, that was on April 18, he had completed his article on “Indian Meal,” and it appeared in *Fraser’s Magazine* in the May issue.

“It is much to be regretted,” he there writes, “that no individual of the many large classes whose business and interest it might seem to be, has yet taken any effective steps towards opening to our population the immense resource of Indian corn as an article of food.” Could Carlyle possibly be ignorant of Cobbett’s treatise, and his many efforts in this direction ? “To all that have well

considered it," continues Carlyle, "this grain seems likely henceforth to be the staff of life for overcrowded Europe; capable not only of replacing the deceased potato which has now left us, but of infinitely surpassing in usefulness and cheapness all that the potato ever was."

A man, Carlyle maintained, could be agreeably and wholesomely supported on the meal at the rate of little more than a penny a day. And he added:

Nor is there danger, for unlimited periods yet, of its becoming dearer; it grows in the warm latitudes of the earth, profusely, with the whole impulse of the sun; can grow over huge tracts and continents lying vacant hitherto as pestiferous jungles, yielding only rattle-snakes and yellow fever:—it is probable, if we were driven to it, the planet Earth, sown where fit with Indian corn, might produce a million times as much food as it now does, or has ever done! To the disconsolate Malthusian this grain ought to be a sovereign comfort. In the single Valley of Mississippi alone, were the rest of the earth all lying fallow, there could Indian corn enough be grown to support the whole Posterity of Adam now alive; let the disconsolate Malthusian fling his "geometrical series" into the corner; assist wisely in the "free-trade movement," and dry up his tears. For a thousand years or two, there is decidedly no danger of our wanting food, if we do not want good sense and industry first. In a word, this invaluable foreign corn is not only calculated, as we said, to replace the defunct potato, but to surpass it a thousandfold in benefit for man; and if the death of the potato have been the means of awakening us to such an immeasurably superior resource, we shall, in addition to our sorrowful Irish reasons, have many joyful English, European, American, and universal reasons to thank Heaven that the potato has been so kind as to die!

Carlyle proceeds thereafter to describe some experiments and experiences of an interesting but unsatisfactory kind, and follows with particulars regarding the barrel of corn already referred to as having come from Emerson.

Ground by a reasonable miller, who grinds only it and not his mill-stones along with it, this grain, I can already promise, will make excellent, cleanly, wholesome, and palatable eating; and be fit for the cook's art under all manner of conditions; ready to combine with whatever judicious condiment, and reward well whatever wise treatment he applies to it; and indeed on the whole, I should say, a more promising article could not well be submitted to him, if his art is really a useful one.

He thus concludes:

Practical English enterprise, independent of benevolence, might now find, and will by-and-by have to find, in reference to this foreign article

of food, an immense development. And as for specially benevolent bodies of men, whose grand text is the "food products," they, I must declare, are wandering in darkness with broad day beside them, till they teach us to get Indian meal, such as our American cousins get, that we may eat it with thanks to Heaven as they do. New food, whole continents of food ;—and not rancid ham, but the actual sound Westphalia ! To this consummation we must come ; there is no other harbour of refuge for hungry human populations ;—but all the distressed population fleets and disconsolate Malthusians of the world may ride there ; and surely it is great pity the entrance were not cleared a little, and a few buoys set up, and soundings taken by competent persons.

Here, surely, is an essay worth incorporating among the other published works of Carlyle. Though he was no more successful than was Cobbett in creating interest in the subject, he here revealed himself as a man of unique character, possessed of a literary style at once picturesque and forceful. To bibliographers and publishers I commend this essay as worthy of inclusion in future editions.—Yours truly,

COOPER K. COOPER.

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

LAST month these notes had to record the lamented death of Mr. Joseph Knight. They have now to refer to another loss, which more particularly concerns the older readers of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*. It was in 1868 that the late Mr. Joseph Hatton entered upon the work of Sylvanus Urban. Born into the world of journalism, he excelled in that sphere, but he also gained celebrity as a writer of fiction, and his novel "By Order of the Czar" won from Swinburne the admission that it was the best thing he had read in that order of book. Mr. Hatton was also a playwright of repute, and enjoyed the friendship of many eminent men and women connected with letters and the theatre. Modest in spite of his high talent, he possessed unusually varied attainments and great versatility, and his death was widely and deeply regretted.

The Royal National Lifeboat Institution deserves and receives liberal public support, and every one desires that it should keep pace with the times. Therefore most people will agree that the attempt, inaugurated in the summer of 1905, to use petrol motors in lifeboats was well conceived. In the August number of the institution's *Journal* an official account of the experiments is given, which concludes as follows :

Until the boats have had some years' work at their stations it will be difficult to gauge the exact degree of success which has been attained ; at any rate, so hopeful does the outlook seem that the Committee of Management have felt justified in ordering four more motors for lifeboats which have been specially built for them, instead of, as in the case of the three experimental boats, simply adapting existing boats.

The extreme importance of lifeboat work justifies some criticism of this statement, because the account which it closes appears to give little justification for the optimism of the Committee of Management. For instance, in the case of the Newhaven lifeboat, trouble began when she was taken down to Long Reach on the Thames for her speed-trials. "It was necessary to stop the engine, and the boat was shortly afterwards taken in tow by one of the other motor lifeboats ; in an hour and a quarter the repairs were completed and the engine again started." Since promptitude is of the essence of lifeboat work, and it is most desirable that the crew should have confidence in their boat, it cannot be said that such a commencement was auspicious. On October 12, when a further trial was made, "the engines ran satisfactorily at full power and down to six hundred and forty revolutions, but below that they would not run properly, which was not satisfactory, this speed being rather too fast to manœuvre safely with in close quarters or going alongside a vessel." On October 26 the Newhaven and Walton-on the Naze lifeboats left Blackwall for Harwich. On the way down the river, the silencer of the Newhaven boat "got so hot that the matting in which the life-belts were stowed was found to be scorched in places where it came in contact

with it." On October 30, at Harwich, "the first sea-trial took place in a moderate gale, wind south, and sea fairly heavy." On this occasion, "without any warning the machinery stopped dead, and the engineers on board were suffering so much from seasickness that they were incapacitated from getting at the trouble." Surely the sending of "unseaworthy" engineers on such a cruise is evidence of indifferent management.

Then we read that "further trials were run until November 8, when unfortunately more difficulties began." Certain defects "took over three weeks to remedy, and the sea-trials were resumed on December 19, when the boat was again taken out with unsatisfactory results. Again on February 14 and 15, 1907, the lifeboat was taken to sea, but on each occasion gave trouble, particularly on the latter date, when the motor practically ceased to work." There were further lengthy repairs of defects, and "it was not until April 24 that the sea-trials could be resumed. The boat was consequently taken out on that day and the three following days, the result being only partially successful."

In the case of the Walton-on-the-Naze boat, the speed-trials were run on June 7, 1906. "On the way back from these trials the motor stopped constantly, owing to water getting into the carburettor." During further sea-trials "considerable trouble was given by the reversing gear and the petrol feed; the propeller also was not giving good results." Subsequently it was found possible to allow a guarded commendation to this boat, which "has already had short periods at her station, and so far as present experience goes, gives much satisfaction to her coxswain and crew."

The third boat chosen for experimental purposes was that which had been stationed at Ramsgate till 1904. After the installation of the engine a trial was made on June 22, 1906, "but proved unsatisfactory." The self-righting trials took place on August 2, and "were carried out with satisfactory results, except that a rather alarming incident occurred. After the boat had righted and

when the starting-handle was being manipulated to restart the engine, a violent explosion took place in the engine casing, and the hatches, which luckily had been unscrewed, were blown open." In the speed-trials carried out at Long Reach on September 7, it was found that "after three hours the thrust began to heat." On October 16, "a two hours' run was begun, but after an hour and a half the bilge pump failed to act, and a large escape of lubricating oil came from the reversing gear. Another pump and different reversing gear were therefore substituted, and on December 12 the installation was again completed, and the lifeboat taken out for her consumption of petrol trials, but the results were not very satisfactory. Shortly after the completion of these trials the motor worked very irregularly." After a further repair, "again there was trouble." On January 22 "the lifeboat was dispatched to Harwich, but broke down almost immediately." There were minor accidents, due to carelessness or want of foresight, besides those enumerated.

On the other hand, a number of successful trials and runs were recorded, though none which seems to have tested the motors in very heavy weather. Considering the conditions in which lifeboat work is carried on, the risks run by the gallant crews, the hardship of exposure due to delay, and the urgent need for as much certainty of action as possible in life-saving operations, there appears to be a strong *primâ facie* case for demanding that the Committee of Management should take the public into its confidence and explain the reason for its trust in motors in face of such a formidable list of breakdowns.

Governments, according to the exponents of their policy, are always actuated by excellent motives—even the administration of the Congo State is not an exception—and this being so, one looks with a certain justified suspicion at the statements of M. Stolypin, which explain his efforts for the amelioration of affairs in Russia. However, in a speech delivered by him on the Agrarian

Question in the Duma on May 10 of this year, and now circulated in pamphlet form in this country, with the title "The Great Point at Issue," he dealt with certain figures which are instructive not only to Russians but to ourselves. He was criticising those who demand "the nationalisation of the land," and he offered the following observations :

As to the hope of securing a grant of land for every citizen, and of liberating him in this way from the thralldom of being paid for his labour or from the necessity of working for a living at some branch of industry, it is purely chimerical. . . . The population of the Russian Empire, during the last ten years, has been growing in the fifty provinces of European Russia at the annual rate of 15.1 to every 1000 ; this gives us an increase of the population equal to 1,625,000 each year, which number being divided by five (allowing, say, five members to each family), the result would be that every year 341,000 families would stand in need of a grant of land sufficient to guarantee a fair livelihood. If we limit this grant to ten acres, we should be obliged to distribute land to the extent of 3,500,000 acres yearly.

There is in this country a school of idealists, to whom it is hard to refuse sympathy, who would like to make of England an Arcadia by means of a great movement from the industrial centres "back to the land." Perhaps few of these kindly schemers have considered the cumulative difficulty which they would create. A very large proportion of the children reared on the soil in Arcadian conditions, and having no association with any calling but agriculture, would desire to become possessed of small holdings. And, to accommodate them, there must be expropriation on an ever-increasing scale, or they must abandon their ambition and renew the ill-omened movement from the country to the towns. In modern circumstances the Arcadian solution, though it would promote health and happiness more than any other, seems unattainable. The growth of knowledge and civilisation with the accompanying suppression of a high death-rate, drives people into industrial life ; and the practical question before social reformers is, How can industrial life be made wholesome for men, women, and children—especially children ?

During the time of anxiety one could hardly believe that Crosby Hall would be allowed to fall into the hands of the Philistines. And now little remains to be said except words of congratulation. Mr. Philip Norman, the treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries, writes: "The site of the Church of St. Peter-le-Poer would have done admirably for the Bank. Crosby Hall should have been used as a museum for London objects. Those at the Guildhall are now housed in a cellar." It is to be hoped that Crosby Hall may yet serve this which is obviously its right purpose.

I am glad to see that in the "Memorials of the Counties of England," of which the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield is general editor, the "Memorials of Dorset" will be edited by the Rev. Herbert Pentin, well known in the county as vice-president, hon. secretary, and editor of the Dorset Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club. The work was begun by the late Rev. Thomas Perkins, whose unexpected death after a painful illness was a severe loss to many friends. Dorset, as most people now know, is one of the most beautiful of English shires, and is particularly rich in early records, interesting houses, and quaint survivals of tradition and superstition. The Bishop of Durham is among the contributors to the volume, which has been excellently planned, and should help to spread knowledge about a lovely land that has a fascination and a character of its own.

Life on the Lees

IT was the usual French seaside town next door to England; I was staying there for a fortnight's change of air, food, and language. It was dull enough—in the off season, with the Casino just beginning to stir from its long winter repose, as was made evident by a few workmen with pots of white paint.

At home I exercise some mild discretion in my choice of friends, but after a few days' solitude at Bâillement-sur-Mer I could have formed a friendship for life, or at least for the rest of the fortnight, with a French waiter. As a matter of fact there was no necessity to lower my insular self-respect to that depth, for I discovered early

in my visit quite a dozen English male residents, who passed their waking hours in the English bars and French cafés along the quai-side and about the harbour. They were amusing fellows enough in their way, with reminiscences of a public-school education about them, and decent names, which they were now engaged in making into indecent bywords. But they were not intellectual. Day by day they passed the idlest hours in consuming inordinate quantities of spirit and indulging in a careless banter that jarred on the nerves even of a highly tolerant person like myself. Obviously my fellow-countrymen were engaged in the tragic pastime of poisoning themselves by alcohol away from the cold and disapproving eyes of friends—for there lurks in England still a certain contempt for the person who publicly gives way to his failings. There was, perhaps, some excuse for Captain Blank's excess. Rumour whispered he had run a ship ashore some years back, and the alcoholic habit had possibly been contracted before the accident. What I saw was merely the finish.

But with J. and R. and young O. dissipation seemed to be the fulfilling of a more or less ingrained instinct. They were so disgracefully happy and contented. Their thoughtless jollity was intolerably depressing, and I found I had exhausted the intellectual possibilities of my English friends in a couple of rowdy evenings and a boating expedition.

It was on the morning when we started up the river that I had occasion to ask J. about a certain pale, distracted-looking young man

who, I had noticed, always came down to the pier to see the morning steamer leave for England. Dissipation, rank and terrible, lay like a blight upon the pale features and stared at one in the feverish expression of the nervous, distended eyes. His face had intellectuality in it however.

"That thin cove?" said J., as he turned his stupid face in the direction of the young man. "Oh, I don't know; he lives in the 'Terminus.' Been here some six months. Mad, I think. By jove, he's a oner for the green fairy, but he is so unsociable about it. Had an attack of the blue devils about three months ago at the L'Europe. and half-killed old Granier. And look at his legs. If that isn't loco. I don't know what is." With a curious galvanic movement the young man turned on his heel, as the paquebot left the quai-side, and was lost to view in an adjacent café.

Late that night I was dragged for the final whisky into the same café wherein the young man had disappeared in the morning. It was a shabby enough little cabaret with sawdust on the floor, a tinkling piano, and a few tawdry-looking Frenchwomen grouped at the different tables. He was still there, the tragic-looking young man, propped in the darkest corner of the room, and while our drinks were being prepared—let me hasten to add I had relapsed into the most sugary and harmless of *siraps* early in the day—I strolled over to the piano, and in my most impressive and obscure manner began strumming over some of the *Tannhäuser* motives.

"*Mon Dieu, c'est pas gai, ça,*" cried

208 *The Gentleman's Magazine*

a female voice, "*jouez-nous une valse, monsieur.*"

I turned on the well-worn piano stool to see who this inartistic and forward young woman was that, waiting for no introduction, had mistaken me for a mere professional pianist, and could also prefer *Quand l'amour meurt* to the glories of the "Romance of the Star." But my attention was drawn at this moment towards the stumbling figure of the young man who, with a pathetically reminiscent expression and reeling gait, was making towards the table at my side. His face was flushed with an emotion stronger than that born of wine, and as he fell into a chair beside the piano, the glass of spirits that he held in his unsteady hand was spilt upon the table in front of him.

"Play the part," he whispered hoarsely, "where Tannhäuser dies beside the body of Elizabeth, and the pilgrim-staff bursts into flower, where the music of the Venus-

berg and the pilgrim chorus blend into one perfect whole. Do you realise what Wagner meant by that harmonious coalition of the motive of evil and the motive of good in the last act? It was not good conquering evil by antagonism, like some primitive fools maintain, but by love. For Wagner knew, as I know, when my mind is opened by this absinthe, that all things good and evil are in God's scheme, and the salvation of the world, society, and the individual is love."

It was a surprising fragment of conversation from a hopeless drunkard in a French café, and I did my utmost to represent upon the ill-conditioned instrument a sort of skeleton of the portion of the opera to which he alluded. As I played, I noticed that the slender fingers of the young man, abstractedly dabbling in the wine-lees, had written upon the table the name of a woman.

A. J. S.-G.

Societies and Institutes

Transactions

The Archæological Institute at Colchester

THIS year the ROYAL ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE has attained the age of sixty-three years, and held its annual summer meeting of a week's duration at Colchester. In 1876, when it was therefore just half its present age, it visited the same town. Much water has run under Colne Bridge since then, and many revolutions in archæological knowledge have taken place since that date. Not

a few conclusions as to historical points different from those held thirty years ago have now been arrived at even in Colchester itself.

The exterior proceedings were much as usual, and the arrangements were, as is almost always the case with the Institute, well carried out, thanks chiefly to Mr. Hale-Hilton, the honorary secretary for the meeting. Sir Henry

Howorth, the President of the Institute, was present, and the local President for the week was the Right Honourable James Round. We need not go through the whole list of vice-presidents, patrons and committees. Suffice it to say that there was a strong body of local men to meet experts from outside, and we may add that the former were well represented by Mr. Henry Laver and the latter by Mr. St. John Hope. These two gentlemen, though many others gave valuable assistance, were the most prominent leaders of the party. They were well qualified to be so, for they are both of them well known in the innermost circle of archæology.

A whole day was given up to a careful examination of Colchester itself, and there were excursions during the week south, west and east to many spots known to all who love the antiquities of the land of the East Saxons. Perhaps some of the excursions might be said to have been rather lengthy ones, but when once the archæologist finds himself amongst the churches, abbeys and mansions of Essex, he does not know where to stop. Castle Hedingham, so splendid an example of a Norman fortress; the circular nave of the church of the Hospitallers at Little Maplestead; Faulkborn Hall; the Cistercian Abbey of Coggeshall; Maldon Church, with its three-cornered tower; Præmonstratensian Beleigh; Dunmow of the flich of bacon; Horham Hall, so remarkable a mansion of the earliest part of the sixteenth century; the Augustinian Priory of St. Osyth; and the remarkable early church at Bradwell juxta Mare, a building
cccciii—2120—August '07

of the seventh century, "the sacred spot of the county," said Dr. Laver, from which St. Cedd set out to christianise East Anglia:—these form together a rich intellectual pic-nic for the antiquary as he drives through Essex lanes, and were all visited by the Institute.

Local papers, read at the evening meetings after the excursions of the day, form an interesting feature, and Mr. W. Gurney Benham's paper on the "Town Charters of Colchester" was a valuable one, while Dr. J. Horace Round read one which tended to prove that William Gilbert, the pioneer of electrical science in the sixteenth century, was not born, as is commonly supposed, at Tymperleys, an old house in the town.

But it is Roman antiquities which chiefly draw the antiquary to Colchester itself. This is *the* Roman city of Britain, Bath only excepted, and Silchester, which is open to us now at the present day. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to compare Colchester and Bath, for their appearance differs greatly. In the Somerset city we have remains of the Roman occupation unique and unparalleled. What other place can show us such a Roman bath? But at Colchester we can trace the Roman city clearly and distinctly mapped out in the midst of the modern town. The attraction of Colchester is in one way that it has never ceased to be an inhabited spot so far back as history extends. It is not an uncovered and recovered city as is Silchester, and doubtless not quite so many perfect remains in the matter of foundations would be discovered, if Colchester were laid bare as have been found at Sil-

chester and a few other places. This is, of course, the result of the continuity of human life on this hill above the Colne. Later man always trades on what his predecessors have left behind them in the matter of wherewithal to build his more modern habitations. But Colchester still lies four-square, as it did in days probably earlier than the Roman, and the "finds" of antiquities of the last-named period have been enormous.

First the visitor is struck with the obvious fact that Roman bricks form so conspicuous a feature in the mediæval buildings. It is true that we see the same elsewhere, notably in the tower of St. Alban's Cathedral, but here the supply of this sort of material seemed to be nearly inexhaustible to the men of the Middle Ages. Walls, churches and the castle itself, bear witness to this.

But before we go into the castle we must say a little about its history. The castle's history is also to a great extent that of the town, as was common enough in earlier days. There was in all probability a fortification here in pre-historic times for this hill commanding the Colne valley, and possibly protecting a passage across the river, would not escape the attention of the early military engineer. Fortification has usually succeeded fortification on the same site, so Colchester may have been from the beginning a collection of habitations around its fort. The name of this ancient town, Romanised in its form, was *Camulodunum*. It was occupied and became a Roman *Colonia* in the days of Claudius, about A.D. 44. Hence, perhaps, some of the theories as to

the name of the town. About the latter part of the word, "chester" or *castra*, there can be no doubt, but the first part has been associated with the *Colonia*, with the river Colne, or with old King Cole himself. As regards the latter "merry old soul," his exploits, and the ordering of his private band of fiddlers three, which have been handed down to us in nursery rhymes, they need not detain us long, for it is now a matter of doubt whether there was ever a monarch of that name in Colchester itself or elsewhere. But there is a British King whose name has come down to us, *Cunobeline*, the *Cymbeline* of Shakespeare. And more than his name we have before us, for he struck gold coins, and fine ones too, at his mint at *Camulodunum*, and the very name, abbreviated, together with that of the King himself, appears on the coins. By the middle of the first century Colchester must have been a flourishing and important place, for it was one of the cities raided by *Boadicea* in 62, and it was then subjected to a fearful massacre. But it recovered from this inroad, and quickly became an important post, and already in these Roman days probably famous for its "oyster feasts." Nor must we forget the story that *Helena*, the Mother of *Constantine*, of whose visit to Jerusalem in her old age *Eusebius* tells us so much, was a British princess and born at Colchester. We seem here to find a link between Colchester and the history of the world.

In the times of conflicts between Saxons and Danes Colchester was far too important a place to be left

unmolested, and it was occupied in turn by both parties. But we must pass on to its mediæval history, which centres first round the castle and then round the religious houses, as was usually the case in towns of note. The Conqueror, as is well known, kept his newly acquired kingdom in subjection by quickly erecting strongholds—most of them built, according to the best approved science of the day—all over the country; and an important site like that of Colchester was not neglected. Now it is commonly considered that Eudo Dapifer, Eudo the server or steward, the provision-man of the royal household, was the builder of the castle. But an archæological meeting is an occasion when old traditions are upset, and old statements contradicted. This was the case last month at Colchester, for Mr. St. John Hope stood up and told us that Eudo was not the builder of the castle, but that it probably owed its origin to the Conqueror himself. His argument for this was that in a cartulary of the Abbey of St. John it was stated that in the time of Henry I. a grant of the castle was made to Eudo, but that the king's father and brother had previously held it. He further said that this charter was dated about the year 1101, and that no previous connection between Eudo and the castle could be traced.

As regards the site of the castle, all seem to be agreed that it occupies the place where some important buildings of Roman days had stood before, perhaps a forum. And this brings us to another point, which formed a most important matter of controversy not very

long ago. It was whether the keep of the castle, the only building which remains at the present day, is actually a Roman building, for preference a temple dedicated to some Roman deity. Even so lately as the meeting of the Institute at Colchester in 1876 this question was keenly disputed. The idea seems to have been started by Mr. Henry Jenkins; pamphlets flew about, and the curious may read the strange theories by which the partisans of one theory of the origin of Colchester Castle backed up this supposition. A somewhat parallel case is that of Brixworth Church in Northamptonshire, which by some has been considered to be a Roman building, possibly a basilica, though an examination, even a cursory one, will show that, like the keep at Colchester, it is a much later building, built, however, of Roman materials. Anyhow this Roman myth had not disappeared in 1876, though no one ventured to bring it forward in 1907.

But Eudo Dapifer, if he did not actually build the castle and its tower, at any rate had much to do with it. He came, as did so many of those who settled in England with the Conqueror and became ancestors of many of our most important families, from the Cotentin in Normandy, that portion of the dukedom which looks across the Channel. His office was that of steward to William as Duke of Normandy, not as King of England, for the stewardship of the royal court was held by another. He was the son of Hubert de Rie, and with two other sons of that Norman noble joined in the Conqueror's expedi-

tion. The three brothers settled in England, and though they all received grants of land and manors from the Conqueror, Eudo received the largest share. He was moreover a tenant-in-chief, while the others were sub-tenants. Amongst these possessions were twenty-five manors in Essex, and Eudo became an Essex man by residence. In Colchester, however, the lordship and demesne, as Domesday tells us, were held by the King, and Eudo only possessed five houses, forty acres of land, and a claim to the fourth of certain lands held "in elemosina Regis." No castle at Colchester is mentioned in Domesday, and indeed only one, that of Raleigh, in the whole of Essex.

But though not an important proprietor in the town as regards extent of possessions, Eudo bore a very high character amongst the men of Colchester, who moved William Rufus to place him in charge of them. Another steward, Hamo Dapifer, who was, however, steward to the Norman sovereigns as kings not as dukes, succeeded to the care of Colchester after the death of Eudo, which occurred at his castle of Preaux in Normandy in 1120.

What else Eudo did for Colchester we shall consider later. Meanwhile let us take up the history of the ownership of the castle. Eudo left an only daughter, Margaret, his sole heiress. This lady married William de Magnaville, and their son was Geoffrey Earl of Essex, who became through his mother the holder of his grandfather's office of steward of Normandy, that is, the Dapifer of the Ducal Court. This office was

granted to him by Stephen, who also gave him lands across the Channel. As for the castle, it became again a possession of the Crown, and probably remained in the custody of the Sheriff of Essex, though there is a rumour of a grant of it by Empress Maud to Alberic de Vere, and also to Hubert de St. Clare, who sacrificed his own life for that of his King, Henry II., by warding off an arrow at the siege of Bridgnorth in 1165. Hubert de St. Clare's daughter was married to William de Lanvalai, and King John made him constable of the castle. His son, also named William, then became constable, but joined the Barons' party. Harvisa, the daughter of the first and sister of the second William of Lanvalai, was given in wardship to the famous Justiciary Hubert de Burgh, who married her to his son John. King John himself paid six visits to Colchester. But there had been another constable before William de Lanvalai, one Harengot, who had succeeded another constable, Matthew Mantell. In 1215 the castle was taken and the town burnt by the enemies of King John. The King, it seems, retook the castle and gave a safe conduct to London to the garrison, which consisted of one hundred and thirteen persons, knights, squires, and attendants, cross-bowmen and foot-soldiers. If this was all the garrison it does not seem remarkable that the castle could not hold out. Harengot then became constable again, but for a time the French invaders under Louis held the castle, and the Bishop of London had to negotiate with them for the King.

Enough has been said to show that the custody of the castle became to some extent hereditary until after the time of Hubert de Burgh, who held it together with the wardship of the heiress Harvisa. But Hubert was dispossessed, and was succeeded by Stephen de Segrave. Then came Thomas le Clare, and then, towards the close of the reign of Henry III., Guy de Montfort. William de Wayland followed, and then came John de Burgh, who, as we have mentioned, was the husband of Harvisa, and therefore the last constable who had any sort of hereditary claim. In 1275 the castle became the court prison, and was therefore in the hands of the Sheriff of Essex.

The famous siege of Colchester, which lasted from June to August 1648, was a siege of the town itself rather than of the castle. The Royalist leaders, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, had only taken possession of the place, with 4000 men, four-and-twenty hours before Fairfax was on them, attacking the town first on the Lexden side. His guns were placed afterwards across the Colne, to the north and north-east. Starvation seems to have driven the Royalists to surrender—there could hardly have been time to get in stores and provisions—and the two leaders were shot beneath the castle wall in defiance, it seems, of all the usual laws of war of civilised nations.

The building itself, as we have said, is composed in great part of Roman materials, especially the usual flat tiles or bricks, which appear in bands between the stones in all parts of the walls. The details of the buildings, the

handsome entrance gateway, the splayed windows—there are others of later date—and the groining of what is now called the chapel, are all of Norman work. As already noted, Mr. St. John Hope utterly repudiated the commonly received opinion that the keep, the building in question, was erected by Eudo Dapifer, and drew a comparison between it and the Tower of London, especially with regard to the large chapel and the great hall on the upper floor, now destroyed, and referred it therefore to the time of the Conqueror. With regard to its position he suggested that the whole castle occupied a vacant portion of the old Roman city, unbuilt on in Saxon days, and with plenty of material ready at hand not only for the formation of new buildings, but also available for making the surrounding walls of the yards or baileys. The upper portion of the keep has been destroyed, and this seems to have been the result of the sale of it in 1683 to one John Wheely, who bought it for the sake of the material and proceeded to destroy it. Fortunately his infamous project was, after he had proceeded for a time with his work, frustrated by the condition of the building itself. He found that the cement which bound the stones together was so firm that he was fortunately obliged to desist. The ruins were sold to Sir Isaac Rebow, a well-known inhabitant of Colchester at that time, who left them to his grandson. They then passed to a Mrs. Webster, who gave them to her daughter, and the husband of the latter lady, Mr. Charles Gray, did much towards making

necessary and careful repairs which saved the castle from further harm, and also formed in the crypt a library to contain books furnished by Samuel Harsnett, Archbishop of York, himself a native of Colchester. Happily Colchester Castle is now quite safe in the hands of the present owner, Mr. James Round, the president of the meeting, to whom so much of its success was due.

The crypt referred to is now considered to be the under-croft of the chapel which existed above it till the days of John Wheely, and it is now occupied by the magnificent and unrivalled collection known as the Colchester Museum. Volumes might be written about this collection, which has been added to from time to time, one collection, which occupies the adjacent corridor, and consists of Roman remains, having been purchased only a few years ago. Here we find a splendid example of a memorial to a Roman centurion, representing that officer in his full uniform. It was put up to his memory by his two freedmen. The Colchester urn, discovered in 1853 at West Lodge, and the Colchester sphinx, discovered in 1821 on the site of the hospital, are well known to all antiquaries. But the chief glory of the Museum is the collection of British and Roman gold coins. There are specimens of those of Cunobeline struck at the Mint which he founded there. Dr. Laver, who lectured in the Museum, said that any one looking at the collection of British remains as a whole, could not but be convinced that the old theory that ancient Britons were a savage race

clad only in a coat of blue paint, or a mantle of skins, was utterly overthrown, and that for centuries before the Roman occupation there must have been a considerable amount of civilisation in our island.

The walls of Colchester remain almost complete in their circuit round what was the Roman Colonia. Happily these have not been much built upon or destroyed, though the upper portion is, of course, of mediæval date, and many a glimpse may be obtained in the backyards of adjoining houses of Roman brick-work surmounted by some picturesque bastion or other building erected by our more immediate ancestors in Colchester.

Such a town as Colchester, of course, exhibits remains of religious houses, and shows us churches of the greatest interest. Of the former by far the most conspicuous is the Augustinian Priory of St. Botolph, which dates from the twelfth century. Here Roman brick was again largely used by mediæval builders, bands of the tiles appearing round the Norman arches. None of the conventual buildings are left, but the Priory Church, of which the greater portion of the west front still exists, is unique from the manner in which the older material has been used, and almost unique for its double arcade of intersecting round arches. It was used as a parish church until the days of the siege, when it was terribly knocked about. The churches appear to have suffered very much indeed from the attack of Fairfax and his men. The font in St. Martin's Church has bullets embedded in

the stone work. St. Botolph's is conspicuous among other houses of the Augustinians as being the first one of that order founded in England.

Of the Benedictine Abbey founded by Eudo Dapifer only the gatehouse, which now forms the entrance to the officers' grounds at the Camp, is to be found. Unfortunately it has been over "restored" by the zeal of the War Office. We have hardly space to enter into the history of these two religious houses, of which, however, much is known.

The ecclesiologist will find in the parish churches of Colchester much that will interest him, for, as is but to be expected in a town of this character, every form of church architecture from early Saxon to late Perpendicular is to be found. No one, whether ecclesiologist or not, can fail to be struck by the external beauty and picturesque situation of many of the churches, so different are their surroundings from those of most

churches to be found in other and more crowded towns. The Priory Church of St. Botolph stands in a fair garden. The Church of St. James stands boldly high above the broad East Hill. St. Peter's, though not architecturally highly interesting, has a certain venerable look about its tower, which forms a pleasing picture at the crossing of North Hill and High Street. The little chapel of St. Helena, lately restored as a clergy chapter-house, is on one side thrown open to view by a small courtyard. The churchyard of St. Martin's might be a God's acre in a country village. Lastly, the low red-tiled and deep-corniced Saxon tower of Holy Trinity, rising from thick foliage, with the tower of the new town-hall beyond, on the summit of which stands Helena, cross in hand, forms a picture which almost makes us fancy that we are gazing down some street in southern Europe, so suggestive of Italy is the scene before us.

A. J. F.

Short Reviews

"WOMAN—HER POSITION AND INFLUENCE IN ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME, AND AMONG THE EARLY CHRISTIANS." By JAMES DONALDSON, M.A., LL.D. (Longmans, Green & Co. Price 5s. net.)

"THE very first and most essential element in the harmonious development of woman's nature, as it is of man's, is freedom, but this is the very last thing which she acquires. Impediments have arisen on every hand to hinder her from bringing her powers into full activity. Ignorance, prejudice,

absurd modes of thought prevalent in particular ages, conventional restraints of an arbitrary nature, laws that have sought to attain special aims without regard to general culture and well-being—these and like causes have prevented us from seeing what woman might become if she were left unfettered by all influences but those that are benign and congenial. It is the part of the historian to take note of these obstacles, and to see what, notwithstanding these, woman can do and aims at doing." With these prefatory remarks

Dr. James Donaldson has produced a book on the *Eternal Feminine*, in which those who look into the past in order better to comprehend the conditions of the present will find much food for reflection. He rightly observes, "all opinions on women are apt to be intense," but has himself avoided that inclination, keeping throughout "a very even way," and his handling of that most difficult subject—the intercourse between the sexes—is worthy of note. No essential facts should be unapproachable, yet they are often compelled to be so considered owing to a writer's insufficient command of language combining discretion and good taste with the truth obvious. Dr. Donaldson divides his subject into four "books," of which the first three and the major part of the fourth are reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*. "The Position and Influence of Woman in Ancient Greece" contains a preliminary chapter dealing with the conditions of thought of that period, a matter of importance not always duly regarded by those who sit in judgment. "They (the Greeks) did not feel or think that one definite course of conduct was right and the others wrong; but they had to judge in each case whether the action was becoming, whether it was in harmony with the nobler side of human nature, whether it was beautiful or useful. Utility, appropriateness, and the sense of the beautiful were the only guides." The strength and universality of their passionate love of beauty is to most modern minds the least comprehensible influence, and is apt to lead them to degrade what they cannot understand; and

although when urging this point the author can scarcely be termed inspired, the sheer sanity of his words perhaps carries the more weight. He reminds us also of an additional difficulty in regard to the early history of women—that almost all we know of them is derived from men.

Of the Homeric women he writes eloquently, as who should not, and continues with accounts of the Spartan and Athenian women and the different positions they held in the two states, one short chapter being devoted to "the only woman in all antiquity whose productions by universal consent placed her on the same level with the greatest poets of the other sex." Dr. Donaldson draws a clear contrast between the conditions of Greek and Roman women, and touches on the revolutionary results of the *connubium*, or right of intermarriage, in the fifth century B.C., and the conferring of citizenship on all the inhabitants of the Roman Empire by Caracalla in 212 A.D. He further traces the effects of religion and legislation, and contests the unwarranted opinion, "continually expressed, that woman owes her present high position to Christianity, and the influences of the Teutonic mind. . . . In the Gospels women occupy a prominent position," but "there is no special doctrine propounded in regard to women, and if there is any approach to this it exhibits great mildness." The Pauline writings, however, do not tend to elevate the position of women, and, to quote Dr. Donaldson again, "St. Paul's words had a great influence on the formation of opinion in regard to women in

the ancient Church. They fell in with the tendencies of the times, and were made the groundwork and support of the depreciation of marriage which became prevalent in the third and fourth centuries of our era. . . . The entire exclusion of women from every sacred function stands in striking contrast with both heathen and heretical practice. Priestesses had a high and honoured position among the Greeks. . . . In the Church the highest post to which she rose was to be a door-keeper and a messenger-woman, and even these functions were taken away from her during the Middle Ages."

In like manner Christianity exhibits a curious anomaly in the honours heaped on the women martyrs after death and the restrictions imposed on them during their lives ; so, too, in the exaltation of celibacy a curious revulsion is displayed from the high esteem in which family life was held in the earlier world of Greece and Rome. The condemnation of infanticide, which was largely confined to the female sex, and was the outcome of "the absolute power of life and death over his children" invested in the Roman father, was Christianity's greatest work for woman. "The ascetic tendency, on the other hand, repressed the growth of population. It had also a deteriorating effect on posterity."

Dr. Donaldson does not attempt to express any opinion as to the relative values of the diverging systems ; he wisely leaves that to his unwise readers, and supplements his work with suggestions and a bibliography for a further pursuance of his subject.

ALIX EGERTON.

"THE HAMBLETON MEN. Being a New Edition of John Nyren's 'Young Cricketer's Tutor,' together with a Collection of other Matter drawn from Various Sources, all Bearing upon the Great Batsmen and Bowlers before Round-Arm came in." Edited by E. V. Lucas. (London : Henry Frowde. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The scope of this work is fairly indicated by its title. It relates to that period in the history of cricket during which the game was emerging from the quietude and half-forgetfulness of a country sport—changeeful and experimental—into a pastime ruled by custom and stricter laws, which was beginning to be acclaimed as national. With the wane of the Hambledon Club and the popularisation of round-arm bowling the old epoch passed away and a new one began.

Mr. E. V. Lucas has been so fortunate as to receive from one of the granddaughters of John Nyren "a little paper of memories," of which he gives us the benefit in his chapter on that famous Hambledon man who, it is well to remember, numbered among his friends those friends of Elia, Leigh Hunt, Cowden Clarke, and Vincent Novello.

For new material, other than that contained in this essay on John Nyren, the student is referred to the editor's "Introduction," and to several illustrations accompanying the volume, especially to that page of sketches, by George Shepherd, of players at Lord's about 1790—recently acquired by the M.C.C.—given as the frontispiece. In the main, however, the book is a compilation.

"Cricket Scores and Biographies," the life-work of Arthur Haygarth, whose "chivalry always was cricket," is drawn upon again and again. And the Rev. James Pycroft, author, among other works, of "The Principles of Scientific Batting," "The Cricket Tutor," "Cricketana," and "Oxford Memories," is well represented by his comprehensive survey of "The Hambledon Club and the Old Players," taken, as the editor points out to us, from two chapters of the second edition of "The Cricket Field." Here, too, is a part of that admirable rhapsodical review of John Nyren's book which the Rev. John Mitford contributed, in July and September 1833, to the pages of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*. John Mitford, rector of Benhall in Suffolk, elder friend and fellow enthusiast of the Rev. James Pycroft, and benefactor and eulogist of Old Fennex, was Sylvanus Urban in his day; and, in the example of his work cited, vies with old John Nyren himself in the relish, the gusto, with which he dwelt upon the past glories and the ancient heroes of a game that more perhaps than any other may be enjoyed in retrospection.

"The Hambledon Men" opens with Mr. Andrew Lang's "Ballade of Dead Cricketers" and closes with a set of verses by Mr. Alfred Cochrane entitled "England, Past and Present." It is dedicated "To the Misses Mary, Elisabeth and Alice Nyren, granddaughters of John Nyren."

On the whole, Mr. E. V. Lucas may be congratulated on a useful piece of book-making which will be appreciated by a wide circle of active cricketers and by a still

wider circle of well-wishers to the game.

We permit ourselves the pleasure of quoting from the title-page a happy excerpt from a letter addressed, about the middle of the eighteenth century, by Mary Turner, of East Hoathly, to her son at Brighton:

"Last Munday youre Father was at Mr. Payn's and plaid at Cricket, and came home please anuf, for he struck the best ball in the game, and whishd he had not anny thing else to do he would play at Cricket all his Life."

GEORGE F. WILSON.

"SOME DORSET MANOR HOUSES: with their Literary and Historical Associations." By SIDNEY HEATH and W. DE C. PRIDEAUX. With a Foreword by R. Bosworth Smith. Illustrated with forty drawings by Sidney Heath, and rubbings from sepulchral brasses by W. de C. Prideaux. (Bemrose and Sons, London. Price 30s. net.)

The county of Dorset is particularly rich in manor-houses, and the book before us gives an excellent description of twenty of them and of the families that have inhabited them. There seems to have been no method in the authors' selection, yet the houses included may claim to be representative, and Mr. Heath's charming drawings do them the fullest justice. They are Athelhampton, Bingham's Melcombe, Bloxworth, Canford, Chantmarle, Charborough, Clifton Maubank, Cranborne, Kingston Lacy, Lower Waterson, Mapperton, Melbury, Parnham, Poxwell, Trent, Warmwell, Winterbourne Anderson,

Wolfeton, Woodsford, and Wool. Some of these houses are not appraised by Dorset people at their true value, because they have become "manor farms"; and some, on the other hand, have had an almost undue greatness thrust upon them because they have been chosen by Mr. Hardy as scenic backgrounds for his Wessex novels. But Mr. Heath's letterpress is judicious, and the architectural features of each house are well blended with its historical and literary associations. A distinct feature of the book is the reproduction, in gold and black, of brasses relating to some of the families that owned the various

manors, with genealogical and heraldic notes carefully compiled by Mr. Prideaux: thus we get facsimiles of memorial brasses of members of the Martyn, Cheverell, Horsey, Strangways, Sampford, Brounyng, Tregonwell, and Turberville families in the churches of Piddletown, Yetminster, Melbury Sampford, Milton Abbey, and Bere Regis. There is little to criticise adversely in this sumptuous volume, and one hopes that it may prove to be the pioneer of a series by the same authors—a series which would throw much light on the history of Dorset from mediæval times downwards.

HERBERT PENTIN.

Notices of Publications

NORTHERN NOTES AND QUERIES: a Quarterly Magazine devoted to the Antiquities of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland and Durham. Vol. i., No. 7. (M. S. Dodds, 61 Quayside, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Price 1s. 6d.)

THE Bishop of Durham contributes a "Note upon an Extract from the Church Records of Chester-le-Street relating to Bishop Maltby's First Confirmation there." The extract, which is quaint and amusing, is dated October 28, 1836, and is signed "E. W. Maxwell, Churchwarden." It begins thus: "A confirmation held at Chester by Dr. Maltby, the new Radical Bishop of Durham. He was wigless, and the dignity of the bishop was lost." It is a sentiment which would have made the humour of Carlyle bubble over. "Robert Dodsley and his Connection with the North" is the sub-

ject of a valuable paper which is continued in the present number. Among much matter that is of especial interest to northern antiquaries is a note on the Chancery suit of Vane *versus* Lord Barnard. His lordship, "having taken displeasure against his son, got 200 workmen together, and of a sudden, in a few days, stript the castle" (Raby Castle) "of the lead, iron, glass, doors, and boards, etc., to the value of £3000." The Court ordered Lord Barnard to repair the mischief at his own expense, "and decreed plaintiff his costs."

THE SHANACHIE: an Irish Illustrated Quarterly. Vol. ii., No. 4. Summer 1907. (Maunsell and Co., Dublin. Price 1s.)

The present number of this distinctively Irish magazine opens with an enlightening little article by J. M. Synge, with the title,

"In West Kerry." This is followed by a quaint description of "The Bogwail." "The Crows of Mephistophiles," by George Fitzmaurice, is a particularly Irish short story. Mr. J. B. Yeats, writing on "The Rationale of Art," is in a stern mood. He says: "The poet is always amongst us: the difficulty is how to find him; he is like the proverbial needle in a bundle of hay. But one thing is certain—logicians without love will not find him; they leave a desolation and call it peace—nay, they call it culture. Critics of this sort will allow nothing to exist except themselves. No, I am wrong. There is one thing they admire more even than themselves—the *fait accompli*, a mundane success. Had Watts been born in Dublin he would have read for the 'Indian Civil,' and perhaps—passed." And yet one had the impression that Ireland does not breed many "logicians without love."

THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES. New Series. No. 145. August 1907. Alfred E. T. Watson, editor. (8 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Price 1s.)

Good wine needs no bush, and the *Badminton* needs no recommendation to those whose interest is centred in field-sports. Fortunately, there is a close connection between sport and the open-air study of natural history; and in nothing is England more fortunate than in those inheritors of the spirit of Gilbert White who assist science while they are promoting their own health and manliness. The *Badminton* often contains articles which appeal strongly to such readers, and "The Life of a Yorkshire Grouse" in the current number is an instance in point. One can cordially recommend the magazine for holiday reading to all who have the instinct of sport in them.

Garden Notes

WE missed the "Rapture that was June" this year, and now August with "panting heart of fire" seems little likely to compensate us for the disappointments of mid-summer. The hot weather is fast bringing the dahlias into bloom, but it is with a little regret for the passing of summer that we first see the flowers which will remain with us till the early autumnal frosts appear.

All the summer-flowering perennials, spoiled at first by the cold, rushed into bloom last month, and the borders are still a blaze of colour; yet it often strikes one in how many gardens, especially

small ones, they fail to yield the best possible results. One very noticeable fault, I think, is a lack of unity and repose, where otherwise nothing is left to be desired in the choice of flowers. A haphazard, put-them-in-anywhere method of planting is answerable in a great measure for this. We find larkspurs, red and purple lobelias, gaillardias, phloxes of all colours, dotted at irregular and meaningless intervals down the borders.

Colours and contrasts should be massed with simplicity. For instance, blue and white Canterbury bells growing up under an over-

hanging wealth of polyantha roses—dephiniums, pale blue and deepest azure, with a mass of golden and black gaillardias at their roots—then no more wallflowers or gaillardias near enough to diminish the force of those vivid splashes of colour. Plant boldly in masses in the borders; know in your mind's eye the effect you intend to produce, and be brave to try experiments of colour. Sometimes the most unlikely combinations of plants turn out the loveliest.

A striking feature now in our "most sweet and delicious gardens" is the gladiolus. The names of the ever-increasing varieties of the several groups of hybrids occupy many pages of the catalogues and show a fine choice of fancy nomenclature.

Gladiolus breuchlegensis is a very old favourite, with its soft scarlet colour. The blooms are not too large or heavy to be supported by the stem, an advantage unfortunately not always possessed by the varieties of the beautiful *gandavensis* group. The blooms of these are often so large and heavy that your treasured gladiolus may lay its proud spike in the dust unless prompt recourse is had to artificial aid.

Hybrids of the *Childsi* group are among the best and most free-flowering in cultivation. The dark green leaves often grow to a height of four or five feet, and the flower-spikes are sometimes more than two feet long. The flowers are grown in remarkably fine and delicate shades of colour, are often exquisitely spotted in the throat, and measure from seven to nine inches across. The *Lemoinei* group includes many lovely varieties,

distinguished by a large yellow blotch on the lower segment, ringed round with dusky red, purple, or maroon.

There is a difference of opinion as to the soil which the gladiolus prefers. Some growers plant it in stiff loam, such as roses love; others put their faith in sandy light soil. Both produce excellent results, and as a matter of fact I think both theories are partially right, as I have always found on heavy wet ground the gladiolus should be treated as if it preferred a light and friable soil, while in dry and poor ground the earth should be deeply dug and enriched as much as possible.

The corms should be planted from early March till the middle of May, according to the time the flowers are wanted. Those put in during March will bloom early—that is to say, in July, and by later planting we may have continuous bloom into the early autumn. Some growers peel off the outer coat and cut the corm in two, so that each piece contains an eye, much after the manner of the potato. Some powdered charcoal is sprinkled over the cut, and the pieces are then set about four or five inches deep.

It is well to remember in choosing the ground for gladioli that the roots do not spread, but go straight down into the earth. The corms should be lifted at the beginning of November and stored in a dry place. Some of the wild species and a few hybrids such as the lovely white *G. Colvillei* can be left in the ground undisturbed for years, but as a rule the finer sorts deteriorate if they are not lifted.

August is usually felt to be a breathing space in the way of planting, and is not looked on at all as a seasonable month for making additions to our stock of plants; still there are a few things—meadow saffron (*colchicum*), for instance, and autumn flowering crocuses—that must be planted now or never. These all bloom before their leaves appear and therefore show to greater advantage on grass, but as the leaves must not be cut down till the following spring it is not always convenient, except in the real wild garden, to leave parts of the grass unmown. Meadow-saffron is one of the prettiest of our native field-flowers. It is distributed freely over England, and one Essex village even owes its name to these flowers, which were cultivated there for purposes of commerce.

They do well planted in the orchard in open sunny spaces between the trees, as the little purple flowers will not appear till after the long grass has been cut for hay, and if left to themselves the plants soon form large and spreading colonies. There are many foreign species, and many shades of colour can be obtained—mauve, white, violet, and rose.

A succession of crocuses may be had from the end of July till Christmas-time, but the winter flowering kinds are rarely seen to advantage out of doors on account of the winds and rain of our climate. If we desire crocuses out of spring-time it is perhaps wiser for most of us to confine our choice to species that bloom in the autumn.

There are many from which to choose. A pretty combination is that of *Crocus cancellatus*, with a

delicate little mauve flower, and the stronger-coloured *C. asturicus atro-purpureus*. Another lovely species is *C. hadriaticus chrysobellonicus*, which has a small white flower streaked with red. The bright orange *C. Scharojani* is in full bloom now. The last-named bulbs should be planted in early June, and a permanent position allotted them, as they cannot endure to be disturbed. All these crocuses are very easily grown and their frail bloom and delicate colour strike a very distinct note amid the rampant growth and strong tints of mid-August. They rest the eye dazzled by the dahlias and sunflowers and other brilliant late summer blossoms, "true clients of the sunne," as Bishop Hall called the marigold.

For barbaric colouring alone it would take much to beat the strange Mexican flower, *Tigridia Pavonia*, the Tiger Peacock, fitly so named, with its glaring flowers of scarlet splashed with purple and yellow.

Tigridias well repay the yearly trouble of lifting, storing, and re-planting the bulbs. It is true the blooms last barely a whole day, but they are constantly replaced and plants remain in bloom continuously from July to the end of August. They flourish best in sunny spots of rich deep loam (which should be well mulched when the leaves first appear), and they respond gratefully to liberal cans of water while blooming. Save in very favoured parts of the west and south of England they are not hardy, and must be treated like dahlias—the bulbs taken up, dried, and stored in boxes of sand till April. MARY C. COXHEAD.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1907

The Morals of our Peasantry

(It is the desire of the Editor that THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE should give expression to widely varying opinions on important subjects of controversy; but he does not, of course, identify himself with his contributors in the statement of their views.)

ONE of the principal arguments used by those agitators who are raising, and doubtless in many instances wisely raising, the cry of "Back to the Land" is that dwellers in towns become not only degenerate but demoralised by city life. The first assertion is certainly true in the case of dwellers in overcrowded slums, though, granted proper sanitary precautions, town life is quite as healthy, and even sometimes healthier, than country life.

As to morals, a moral tonic must not be supposed to be needed only in towns.

My experience, extending over twenty years, of a very large county district, containing more than fifteen villages, has forced upon me the conviction that in certain matters of the highest importance a most drastic and serious reform is needed in English village life.

A great profession of religion, I discovered, was not incompatible with the loosest moral sense. This, now, I attribute to the fact that the form of religion there practised is of the most emotional description, and substitutes for the authority of the Church the dictates of each individual conscience in the congregation.

Indeed, if the Government, instead of meddling with
cccliii—2121—September '07

land tenures and the rights of property, attempted to raise the standard of decency among villagers who are supposed, and indeed suppose themselves, to be God-fearing and even "chosen" people, it would be employing its energy more wisely and in a better direction than at present.

It is notorious to all who interest themselves in the conditions of English rural life in any part of England that it is not uncommon to find in the case of a young unmarried girl who has had the misfortune to become a mother that her parents prove the principal obstacle in preventing her marriage with the father of her child. They do not disguise their reasons for this, which are, first, that they do not wish to lose her services and the benefit of any useful work she may do, and, secondly, that they also desire to profit by the allowance which the father is compelled by law to make her; also, in case of the infant's death the money for which the poor little victim has been insured becomes their property. This standard of "parental duty" involves a degradation upon which it is unnecessary to dwell farther.

But such immorality as this seems trivial compared to that which I have found existing among people professing almost exceptional righteousness, who considered (and openly boasted of the fact) their salvation in a future state to be secure. It came to my knowledge that in a certain village the most revolting, abominable, and almost incredible form of incest was being committed. The guilty woman, when accused of this conduct, brazened out her crime with indescribable effrontery, and was apparently utterly unconscious of any shame.

It would be natural to suppose, as indeed I did at the time, that her utter degradation would be generally recognised. My surprise, however, was indeed great when I discovered that the enforced banishment of her and her family from the village which, it would be imagined, her example manifestly contaminated, was the reverse of popular among almost the whole of the inhabitants, these people being, it must be remembered, nearly all earnest

and devout chapel-goers of the Primitive Methodist persuasion. The class-leaders, as the amateur preachers are called, made no secret of their opposition to her removal. One of them, a most respectable and industrious man, who occupied a responsible position and was earning over two pounds a week, had a conversation with me on this subject. In reply to my inquiry as to how he reconciled his sympathy with this wretch to his religious views, he replied :

“ Eh ! it's faith we want, no works ! ”

I will now give two instances of milder cases of immorality which I have met with during my intercourse with a people in many ways both worthy and lovable, as well as almost invariably sober and industrious, who live in comfortable conditions, earning good wages and being well-fed and well-housed.

A farmer's foreman, whose wife had long been ailing and whom I frequently visited, was the mother of a very large family, the eldest being a girl of seventeen, who, the year previously, was “ hired,” as they say in the North, to be one of the numerous servants on a large farm.

One day, coming into the cottage of the labourer, I saw a cradle containing an infant.

“ Why, Mrs. —,” said I, “ surely you have not got another baby ? ”

“ Oh ! no,” was the reply, “ it's my daughter's love-child.”

“ What, that young Lizzie, who is barely seventeen ? I am surprised and shocked.”

“ Ah ! ” dropping a curtsey, “ she's a good girl ; it's only good girls who have babies—bad 'uns never do.”

In this case, later, when the young man, who was a shepherd earning good wages, offered to make an honest woman of poor Lizzie her parents objected, and explained that “ half-a-crown a week was half-a-crown a week.”

Another case : I was talking to a respectable old man, a village carpenter, whose son was about to marry a very notorious young woman, already the mother of four children (she had been housekeeper to three different

bachelor farmers). I said, "Well, —, your son will have a ready-made family."

"Aye," he replied, quite naturally, "she's a cliver girl. Why, she's worth a matter of a pund a week. Mr. — allows her ten shillings for his bairns, and Mr. — five for his'n, and she gets half-crown a week from t'other lad. Aye! she's a cliver lass."

I could give dozens of other instances, but I think these should suffice to prove that such cankers at the heart of rural England ought to be brought before that public which knows nothing of the inner life led by the inhabitants in these country districts—which, we are told, remain free from the contamination town life inevitably brings.

It is a source of legitimate pride among Catholics that when the women have (as in Ireland) the protection of Confession, in accordance with the ordinances of their Church, a wholesome fear of acknowledging such monstrous crimes prevents their existence.

J. A. C. S.

The Mischief of Pensions

PART II

THE man who has ability combined with private means—there are quite a number with independent means and no ability who successfully masquerade as such—is comparatively rare, and the country cannot, therefore, rely upon this source of supply. She is already beginning to realise the fact in connection with the officering of her army. It would doubtless be advantageous if the matter were otherwise. In the meanwhile we find her official ranks chiefly filled by men of no great ability or energy; often without interest in their work; frequently disappointed in their life, disgusted, tacitly if not overtly, with the lack of an adequate field of action; not even willing slaves; sometimes

openly scheming to exert themselves as little as is compatible with maintaining their position for the years that remain until pension becomes due. This cannot be news to any one.

The seeming laxity, however, on the part of the State, which permits such men to remain in office, is also attributable to the pension system. For there is this just scruple that besets the Government and hampers it on every side—that men whom it would be desirable to remove or supersede have not been fully paid for the work which they have done in the past until their pension falls due, and that it cannot be justice to make them forfeit this deferred remuneration on account of present deficiencies. This difficulty gives occasion for the very broad margin of conduct within which a government servant may maintain his position; the reluctance to dispense with the services of men lacking in energy or interest in their work; the system of shunting an official, who has progressed on the ladder of routine to a position for which he is not fitted, from one department, where he is “making a mess of it,” to another unfortunate department, where it is probable he will do the same; the unwritten law which decrees that an official once in receipt of a certain salary must in future, apart from any consideration of ability, occupy posts of equal or higher value, but cannot occupy one of less value, because the ultimate pension is calculated in a certain ratio to the salary received at the date of retirement.

This tolerance of ineptitude reacts upon the officials themselves, and upon the junior officials in particular. These see that, however much energy and endeavour they may put forth, advance in their profession is cramped into a matter of routine by the repletion of higher posts with men in whom slackness or inability appears to be a matter of no importance. Moreover, they have to suffer the gall of constant service under the thumb of such men, whose influence is necessarily repressive and numbing, who do not appreciate energy, possibly even damp it,

discouraging too much zeal because they are not themselves able to understand it, and because they have, nevertheless, a dread that it might reflect disparagingly on themselves. This it is that, through monotonous years of subordinate service, breaks the heart of many a young man full of praiseworthy zeal and activity; this it is that kills originality and initiative in the young, so that, when they in turn reach those posts of higher responsibility, they have learned to do their work as did their seniors before them—as a machine makes matches. Added to which these young officials have the fact constantly before their eyes that, whether they exert themselves or whether they refrain from exerting themselves, they will ultimately, and with routine precision, arrive at those same posts, and be able to stick to them, provided only that they are able to quench their ardour, and work themselves down to a soft and convenient complacency.

Now, on the other hand, the non-pensionable wage-earner has the constant incentive of Self—call it Self-preservation if you will—before him; and though he may imagine that he labours with a conscientious consideration for the welfare of his business or profession, it is the same thing under another name, since such consideration is in the long run essential to the welfare of each individual subordinate as well as partner in the concern. And it is certain that any conspicuous industry or ability on his part must tell in his favour at no late date, for the practical reason that his employers, who run their enterprises on strict business principles, cannot afford to retain half-hearted and mediocre men when abler men are forthcoming. Nor is there any obstacle to prevent such employers from removing second-best men to make way for better; for they have paid their servants full market value for their work from year to year as it is earned, and therefore owe them nothing. Similarly also the employee who becomes dissatisfied with his position and sees a better field for his labours elsewhere, has no debt on his books against his employers, the hope of recovering which forces him to stay. He has received

the hire worthy of his labour and has nothing more to look for in respect of it. He is free to go.

It is thought by some that this very controlling influence of the pension system is beneficial to the State, both in maintaining that discipline considered essential to the dignity of officialdom, and in retaining in the government service a number of men who are versed in the routine of its offices, and who might otherwise be constantly withdrawing from State employ. Such a view of the question seems to overlook the fact that the man whose ardour—or arrogance—leads him to constant indiscretions which are injurious to the cause of the State (to be distinctly differentiated from injury to the reputation of a higher official) had far better be dispensed with at once; and this could be done without scruple but for the shadow of the pension. A man in a position of responsibility, whose own intelligence will not teach him right and proper conduct in such matters, cannot under any circumstances be moulded into a competent and desirable servant by influences from above. He may be repressed, but the value of his services will not be increased. If he has not the good sense or honesty of purpose faithfully to discharge the duties entrusted to him, it is better to pay him what is due to him and let him go. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

It is not intended to imply that all pensionable wage-earners are tainted with the unworthy characteristics which it has been necessary to touch upon in the foregoing remarks; some of them, indeed, are most honourable men. But it is clear that there is a strong tendency under the present pension system to encourage and foster these less pleasing traits, and it is a matter of common knowledge that a very great number of men are certainly not immune from them.

To recapitulate: it appears that the pension system is not an unmixed blessing to the pension-earner, or, at any rate, to his dependents; while as regards the country, on the other hand, it is the cause of certain eminently

unsatisfactory results. From a public standpoint this latter consideration is of primary importance. The pith of the evil in this connection seems to be that the pension system as at present organised hinders the Government from dispensing with the services of men who, from one cause or another, are not the most suitable ; while it also hinders men who from one cause or another do not find themselves any longer able to devote their best endeavours to Government work, from withdrawing into private life. It seems most desirable to remove this twofold disadvantage.

It is perhaps too late, and we are perhaps too civilised, for one to hope to sweep away the fabric of State coddling which, from year to year, we are at such pains to build up out of the stones of hospitals, workhouses, reformatories, "homes" and the like, till, to cap it, we are preparing to add old age pensions at the cost of the whole community, as a national discouragement to thrift among the working class ; or to urge with any prospect of success that the State servant, like the business man, shall receive the salary adequate to his labour as he earns it, and be left to take care of himself and his belongings like any other person. This would remove the difficulty at once. And, indeed, nowadays, when insurance schemes have developed their ramifications to meet all sorts and conditions of men in every probable variety of circumstances, it is really hard to find a sufficient reason to justify the continuance of pensions at all.

That this is not intended for a cunningly devised puff for insurance offices in general or in particular, they themselves will probably be among the first to observe. For, with the advantages of insurance schemes thus uppermost in mind, what is more relevant than to ask : Why not convert the pension machinery into a State Insurance Bureau, an insurance bureau in which not only the Government servant who is still serving could secure a satisfactory all-round policy on favourable terms, but where those who have once been in Government service, but are so no longer, could still, by continuing to

contribute the necessary premiums, reap the fulfilment of the policies to which they have already subscribed while in Government service? If the State is still solicitous to treat all her children as so many wards in Chancery, some such scheme would really be highly beneficial to all concerned. The disastrous obstruction to the removal or unsuitable servants which is involved in the present pension scheme would be abolished; and the reluctance on the part of the official to retire would likewise vanish. And, as the cost of the present office machinery for the administration of pensions is, presumably, borne, not by the pension-earner, but by the country at large in the form of taxation, it would seem fair that such an Insurance Bureau—which would be of a still more widely national character—should be maintained by the country and not by the insured. Thus, with the insurance funds relieved of the heavy charges of buildings, salaries, maintenance, etc., which have to be met out of profits in the case of private companies, the State Insurance Bureau should be enabled to offer more advantageous terms than any now current. It should, moreover, be able to issue policies which would combine the Endowment with the Whole-Life schemes.

The present article does not presume to treat of actuarial calculations in all their marvellous intricacies, but merely to outline a few suggestions. Thus, it might be practicable to issue progressive policies, which would enable an insurer to increase the value of his policy as increases of salary permitted the payment of higher premiums. Should the insurer die before attaining endowment age, then the value of the policy at the time of his decease—or, perhaps, a proportion of that value, the balance being devoted to meeting other risks to be incurred, as will appear later—would be payable to his dependents, as is at present done in the case of endowment policies. If, however, he should attain the endowment age, he would then, instead of receiving the value of his policy in a lump sum, receive a high rate of interest annually on that amount for the residue of his life—say,

for example, ten per cent. on the value of his policy. At his death a proportion, for example two-thirds, of the amount for which he was insured would be payable to his dependents. It is obvious that the great risk to be met under such a scheme would be the heavy rate of interest to be paid annually as an income to the policy holder, between the year of endowment and the year of death. He might live one year after endowment, or he might live many years ; or in another case he might not live to reach endowment age. This risk might be adjusted from several sources ; by funding those amounts which at present it is found possible to distribute to policy holders in the form of bonuses ; by regulating the proportion of the value of the policy to be paid to dependents on the death of the insurer, either before or after the age of endowment has been reached ; or, lastly, by suitably assessing the premiums. In this way, whatever happened, there would be some provision both for the insurer and his dependents ; while neither the Government nor the servant would be fettered by the hindrances of the pension contract ; and, lastly, the present gamble of the pension system—whereby the pension-earner who attains the requisite age and length of service benefits through the misfortunes which have befallen the dependents of the pension-server who has died prematurely, whereby also as soon as the pensioned servant dies his dependents are left unprovided for—this gamble, this robbing of Peter to pay Paul, would be as far as possible eliminated.

Under such a scheme a Government servant who became insured on assuming office would, if he eventually quitted the service, either at his own or his country's desire, still be able to keep his policy effective after retirement by continuing to contribute the requisite premiums ; and, in the event of his being unable to do so either wholly or in part, the unpaid premiums, or portions of premiums, would be deducted from the value of the policy, as is currently done, to obviate the lapsing of the policy where evil fortune may temporarily befall the insured.

It may, perhaps, be argued that pension is not accumu-

lated deferred pay deducted from the yearly salary of the Government servant ; that the salary which he draws yearly is the full value for the labour actually performed during the period for which it is given ; and that the pension is not part value for labour but value for the faithfulness of long-continued service, of which fact the increased rate of pension for increased length of continuous service is illustrative. This is a very laudable statement of the case. But it does not in any way minimise those evil consequences of the system which have been reviewed above. And the same laudable idea seems to be equally well preserved by granting a slight increase year by year, or period by period, not in the pension which may never be reaped, but in the salary as it is earned.

MICHAEL PETERS.

Monks of Old Shropshire

IN this old garden of mine above the river I may have my choice of visions. I may sit at ease while half a dozen gay cavaliers play bowls in the shade of the big chestnut tree, where they played so often long ago ; I may stand, breathlessly watching, while Cromwell's soldiers creep across my cabbage-patch to the walls of the red castle that they once captured by night ; or, looking through the lilacs and across the dark gleam of the Severn, I may see the great west window of Shrewsbury Abbey and all it stands for.

Shrewsbury Abbey, like the castle, is red. In the morning of a sunny day its tower of crumbling sandstone shows like a purple blur against the pale blue Wrekin on the horizon.

Roger de Montgomery, who built it, gave his name and a castle to Montgomeryshire and several fine things to Shropshire, having, it would seem, a craze for stones and mortar. Some of the historians call him a pious knight,

but personally I have my doubts as to the extreme piety of Roger, for when he built the castle that is hidden behind that wall he destroyed the homes of a third of the population of Shrewsbury to make room for it, which seems sufficiently impious. His zeal for restoring and building religious houses looks less like piety than a feverish desire to make his peace at the last with an insulted Heaven. In his abbey there is a stone effigy which at one time was supposed to represent him, but there is, I believe, no evidence in support of the theory, and in any case it does not help one much to judge of his disposition, seeing that most of its head and all its features have disappeared.

Before the abbey was built a little wooden church stood on the same spot. Good St. Wolstan used to say his prayers there when he came to Shrewsbury, to the surprise of the townsfolk, who were as justly proud of their churches then as they are now. It would have been more suitable, they thought, had the holy man chosen to pray in the church of St. Alkmund, founded a century or so earlier by Alfred's daughter, the Lady of the Mercians; or in St. Mary's, which had been made a collegiate church by King Edgar. By going a little way up the hill towards the watch-tower of the castle you can see the tapering spires of St. Alkmund's and St. Mary's, whose grace has been the pride of Shrewsbury for centuries. St. Wolstan, however, in going to the little wooden church beyond the river, had his reasons. "The place may be of little account now," he said, "but a time will come when it will be the most glorious religious house in all Scrobesberie and the delight of the whole province." To this little church came Roger in 1083, and vowed to found an abbey where it stood, throwing his gloves upon the altar as who should say, "There is my hand upon it!" And there beyond the Severn stands the remnant of Roger's abbey before my eyes, wrapped in blue haze, with the sturdy square tower and the great window of a later date. The lower part of the tower, it is said, dates from Roger's time, and through it, perhaps, he sometimes

walked clattering in knightly guise, before that last time that he passed through it dying, to make his final peace with Heaven by changing his armour for a monk's frock. He chose his moment shrewdly for forsaking the world, and escaped with a minimum of sanctity ; for it was only a few days later that the monks of his order bore him back again into the church and buried him between the altars.

Poor stormy Roger ! So many turbulent years he had, and only three days of peace—three days, and so much to do ! The world to be forgotten, with its battles and conquests, its castles built with the right hand and its abbeys with the left—with a fervent hope that the left hand would not know what the right hand did—the tempestuous, inconsistent soul to be somehow brought to quietness, and Heaven somehow to be cheated. His fights had been mostly unjust, his rule tyrannical, his wealth ill-gotten ; but he founded some abbeys, lay down to die in the holy coat of St. Hugh, and hoped for the best.

St. Wolstan's prophecy was certainly fulfilled, for Shrewsbury Abbey became great and glorious. The pious founder, being Earl of Shrewsbury and the Conqueror's kinsman, was a man who had many means of persuasion at his command ; and he showed his piety by inducing large numbers of other people to make gifts to his monastery. Yet the monks were not happy, we hear. Fields and fisheries, woods and gravel-pits, tithes, churches, and even herds of wild mares could not make them happy. They wanted a relic. "The monks of the place made oft great moan, for they had no saint with them to be their patron and bearer of their prayers to God, as other abbeys of the country have."

Now over the Welsh border, in a little village called Gwytherin, lay the bones of St. Winifred, the maiden saint of Holywell and the niece of the great St. Beuno. Her legend is well known—how she ran away from her lover through the back door, and how he rode after her and struck her head off with his sword, whereupon a

fountain of pure water rose from the spot where her head touched the earth, and how her uncle Beuno made the lover disappear, and put the maiden's head on again. She lived for a long time after this accident, and her travels and miracles were many ; but for the rest of her life the whiteness of her neck was marred by a thin encircling line, significantly red. Such was the legend of St. Winifred, whose bones were to the monks of Shrewsbury more desirable than all their great possessions.

At last, after much talk, Prior Robert and Brother Richard set forth on a day to Wales, to beg, or, if necessary, take without ceremony, the sacred relic. The story of their persuasions, their preachings, bribes, and cajolery of the luckless people of Gwytherin—who, one would think, had a right to the dust of their own saint—is really very entertaining ; but at the end of it all we find Brother Richard digging. The half-convinced people of Gwytherin are left gazing ruefully into an empty grave, while the monks joyously carry off the spoils. On the borders of Shrewsbury the relics are laid in St. Giles's Church to await the magnificence prepared for them ; and then, as the reverent procession passes down the old street, called then as now the Abbey Foregate, it is clearly proved, we are told, that the relic can work miracles—for the rain keeps off !

Things change slowly here. There is the doorway through which the relic must have passed ; there is the beautiful old Abbey Foregate, with its gables and timbered houses, and, older than these, its ghosts of Abbot Herebert in all his bravery, and Prior Robert of the persuasive tongue, and Brother Richard of the nimble spade, and the long procession of monks, and the kneeling, weeping, excited crowd. Here, where we ride our bicycles, they passed. And still St. Giles's stands where it stood then—only a fragment of the same building, it is true, but enough to harbour ghosts.

And, of course, our abbey itself is but a fragment of Earl Roger's monastery. Ten acres or so of monastic buildings have disappeared with the embattled wall that

enclosed them. The great towered gatehouse, the cloisters, the dormitories, the Abbot's Lodging, the Guest Hall of many hospitalities—all are gone. But the nave of the church is Roger's as he built it, with short, massive piers and simple arches of ruddy stone ; and the base of the tower—as we may well believe—is his too, though the top of it was built in the time of Edward III., whose battered statue above the great window is just visible from this garden of dreams. And out of sight but quite close to the abbey is another relic of monkish days. St. Benedict, being ignorant of the elements of hygiene, ordained that the brethren under his rule should hear sermons while they sat at meat ; and so in the refectory wall a stone pulpit was fixed, and here stood a lay brother at meal-times reading aloud from a godly book. The refectory is gone, but still one fragment of the wall remains, and with it the graceful pulpit of delicate workmanship, carved and canopied. By a pathetic irony of fate it stands in the middle of a railway yard, unsheltered and forlorn, its sculptures dimmed by coal-dust and its memories by clamour.

The last Abbot of Shrewsbury was Sir Thomas Botelar. The tragedy of the Dissolution did not fall too heavily upon him, for he and his comfortable pension moved only to the vicarage of Much Wenlock—another place on which the spasmodic piety of Earl Roger has left its mark.

By going to the end of the lawn and standing beside the little birch-tree, one may see a long, low range of hills skirting the horizon. Just behind that big brick house there is a dip in the sky-line, and behind the dip lies the little town, whose full name, Much Wenlock, sounds ironical till you know there is a smaller one somewhere. If Wenlock was as attractive in the sixteenth century as it is now Sir Thomas had little to complain of. It is true that when he walked abroad he had not the pleasure of seeing the timbers and oaken pillars of the Guildhall ; but, on the other hand, he could delight in the undecayed perfection of the priory, whose mere ruins give Wenlock reason to be proud to-day. But perhaps the poor man

was too sick at heart to look at it, deserted and desecrated as it was very soon after the dissolution of his own abbey.

"Here is to be had in remembrance," he wrote in his parish register for 1539, ". . . that the Monasterie of Wenlock was surrendered."

So beautiful was Wenlock Priory that Henry VIII., Defender of the Faith and rifler of holy places, had some idea of turning it into a cathedral; but it became, instead, a quarry. In spite of this there is enough of it left even now to bless its builder for; and that builder was none other than Roger de Montgomery. Its original foundation, however, was not his affair. Three hundred years before him lived Milburga of Mercia, saint and princess, who founded a nunnery at Wenlock, became its abbess, and was buried within its precincts. Then came the devastating Danes, before whom the nuns fled and the nunnery disappeared. A short-lived religious house was raised on the same spot by Leofric and his wife Godiva of the "everlasting name"; but this too was deserted by the time that Earl Roger arrived from over seas with his breathless activity and his Norman workmen. The splendid priory began to grow up under his orders, with all the rich ornament of carving and arcading and glowing glass beloved of the monks of Clugny. These had no need to seek their relics from distant villages like the unsatisfied brethren of Shrewsbury, for was not their own patron saint buried somewhere within their own precincts? While the building was going on, says William of Malmesbury, "a certain boy running violently along the pavement broke into the hollow of the vault, and discovered the body of the virgin; when, a balsamic odour pervading the whole church, she was taken up, and performed so many miracles that the people flocked thither in great multitudes. Large spreading plains could hardly contain the troops of pilgrims, while rich and poor came side by side, one common faith impelling all." The bones of the sainted princess were translated to a new grave before the

altar, and the priory of St. Milburga grew in fame and riches.

Of its inner history during the four hundred years of its life not very much is known. But among the black-robed monks who glided from refectory to cloister and from cloister to choir there was at one time a brother concerning whom one would like to know more—one who must surely have made his stormy soul felt in some way by his meek comrades before the dramatic end of his monkhood. In 1283, we learn, “a brother of Wenlac became a captain of banditti.”

Across the great flat meadow that adjoins the present grounds of the priory there still runs a grassy causeway, raised high above the level of the field. Here, in their black habits and their unsightly round-toed boots, the monks took their exercise. It is easy enough, as one stands by the old priory wall, half overpowered by the scent of the myriad narcissi that grow among the ruins, to picture that quaint procession of dark figures slowly defiling across the meadow, and among them that brother of Wenlac who, after a short career as captain of banditti, ended his strange life upon the gallows.

After the Dissolution the poor monks seem to have stayed in Wenlock for the most part, for in Sir Thomas's register the words “sometyme monk in the monastery” are often repeated. He tells us of one sometime monk who was well skilled in geometry, carving, masonry, silk-weaving, and painting, and “coud make all instruments of musick and was a very patient and gud man.” A versatile monk this, and one who must have had use both for his talents and his patience when he was turned out into a strange world.

Very noticeable is the contrast between the rich ornament of even the oldest parts of this Clugniac priory and the fine austerity of the Cistercian abbey a few miles off beside the Severn. Its very name—Buildwas, or the Shelter near the Water—is suggestive of the Cistercians, with their love of quiet corners and valleys and seclusion; and the severity of its Norman piers well symbolises the

stern rule of those schismatical monks for whom the Order of Clugny was too soft. It was built by Roger de Clinton, who also built Chester Castle, but the monks of a later date—so goes the story—made the world believe that they owed their foundation to the family of Burnell. Their motive does not appear; perhaps they thought so good an example might prompt the Burnells of their own day to further gifts—and the Burnells were near at hand and worth encouraging. However that may be, it is said that the monks of Buildwas introduced several fictitious names into the Burnell pedigree, and, choosing a founder from among them, supplied him with a grave, which they treated for many years with all pious observance. It seems quite a pity that their ingenious minds failed in a most important point. They gave their mythical Burnell a date much earlier than the founding of the abbey, and so some officious person found them out. But perhaps there is no truth in this story at all.

There is a story, however, about a Buildwas abbot which is certainly true, and shows that the Cistercian rule of silence had no paralysing effect on the tongue.

Henry III., having in vain begged for certain moneys from the monastery, sent at last for the abbot.

"How comes it," he asked indignantly, "that you refuse my humble request for money in my poverty?"

"It would be more fitting," answered the monk, "if your Majesty, instead of ruining us by extortions, were to ask our prayers."

"I want both," said the king, who in this resembled a good many of us. "I want money *and* prayers!"

"Sire," said the abbot humorously, "that is impossible, I wis. One or other is at your service, but not both together!"

The community of Buildwas had not, as far as I know, any relics of special sanctity. But they had a cope embroidered by the hands of Fair Rosamund.

MAUD M. STAWELL.

Pilchards

THE noonday sun is shining from a cloudless sky upon the smooth, green waters of a land-locked bay. On our left is a grassy headland joined to the shore by a narrow isthmus ; at its base are seen the projecting moles that mark the entrance to the harbour. Rising above the masts of small coasters and fishing-smacks are the steep and tortuous streets of the old borough ; while, higher still, terrace after terrace overlooks the beach and the expanse of sea beyond. Far away to the right stretch low cliffs and shifting sand-dunes, ending in a long promontory off which, some four miles seaward of the harbour, is a rocky island with a lighthouse gleaming in the sunlight. About a couple of hundred yards from the shore and perhaps a little further from each other two long, black boats, in shape like whalers, lie at anchor. In the shadow of the low brown awning that covers the forepart of each boat the crew sit idly smoking and fishing with a line for flounders. Day after day for weeks past they have kept their station, waiting for the "huers" on the cliff to signal the approach of a shoal. For in the autumn the pilchards leave their home in the deep water to the west of the Scilly Isles and swarm along the Cornish coast, pursued by hordes of dog-fish, hake and cod.

In front of the white "beacon-house" on the point stand the huers, patiently scanning the sea until the position of a shoal is indicated by the flight of gulls and the dark purple of the water, as the dense mass of fish obscures the bright, sandy bottom of the bay. Suddenly a trumpet rings out ; and they hail the boats, waving "bushes"—originally whitewashed boughs, but now white canvas on wire frames—to direct their movements. The whole town is in a commotion ; men, women and children rush to the shore with loud shouts of "Heva! Heva!"—Found! Found! The seine-boats hasten with all the speed of their six oars to the spot ; they shoot the

seine, and row in opposite directions, extending the huge net to intercept the fish, but before the fatal circle is complete the shoal has taken alarm and escaped into deep water. Pursuit is useless—seine-fishing is only possible in the shallow waters of the bay; and the boats resume their patient waiting. But the fishermen bear such disappointments with the grim stoicism induced by familiarity.

A few days later, however, their patience is rewarded. Again the huer's warning hail is heard, again the great net is shot, and the seine-boats sweep round until the shoal is almost enclosed. A smaller boat now brings up a "stop-net," and, with a great splashing of oars to drive the fish back, links the ends of the seine together. This time the pilchards are securely entombed; they rush about wildly, charging the sides of the net and trying in vain to break through. A cry of "Blowers! Blowers!" goes up from the shore, as they call to the men whose office it is to man the capstans on the beach and warp the seine into shallow water. The cables are strained taut, and all is ready for the "tucking"; but darkness is coming on apace, and the final scene must be put off till the morrow.

It is a beautiful morning; the sun has just scattered the mist that hung over the bay, and not a breath of wind disturbs the glassy smoothness of the sea. Three seine-boats are anchored in the formation of a triangle, practically touching at bow and stern. The great seine forms a sort of artificial pond, into one corner of which the fish are frightened. The "tuck-net" is now being shot; the top of it is held by two of the boats, while the slack is pulled into the third by the foot-ropes. Up comes the net, full of silvery fish that struggle and writhe like one being instead of myriads. The men stand ready with large baskets, two men to each, facing one another, and bail out the fish into the bottom of the boat, the water being drained off by the bulkheads at either end. The seine-boats are heeling over, and have to be trimmed by the pressure of smaller boats on the

outside gunwale. As each boat is filled, it yields its place to another and rows off to the shore.

Here the whole population of the little town seems to have gathered. The capture of the shoal is quite an event, and visitors and residents jostle one another in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the first boat-load. Many of the latter are animated by other motives than curiosity, for when the boats are unloading there are many gleanings to be picked up, if you are willing to scramble for them in the water. From the boats the fish are conveyed in square, deep, two-handled boxes, called "gurries," to the cellars. There they are stored in salt, and the oil and the pickle are drained off through a hatch into a deep pit. After remaining in the tanks for about a month, they are rinsed in water and packed tightly in barrels for exportation. The bulk of the catch is sent to Spain and Italy, where it forms the staple food of the inhabitants during the Lenten fasts; hence the Cornish fisherman's toast: "Long life to the Pope and death to thousands." Spanish customers, under a mistaken impression that the pilchards are smoked, call them "fumados," and the Cornish name for them when salted, "fair maids," is almost certainly a corruption of the Spanish word.

ERNEST D. LEE.

Sappho

A BURNING vision of delight
Framed in a fitful, mystic light;
A known unknown reality,
A secret deeper than the sea;
For envious time beyond our ken
Has filched the children of your pen.
Though few or none we take on trust,
Your fame's secure through age or rust.
In glittering fragments half unseen
You live for what you must have been.

KENNETH DOUGLAS.

Some Memories of Chichester

CONTRARY to what might have been expected, Sussex was Christianised rather late, not until 681, when its episcopal see was placed at Selsey. It must be remembered that for a long time the South Saxons kept very much to themselves; they were isolated by their wealds and downs, and for centuries Sussex roads were proverbially bad. The chief Saxon settlements were on or near the coast; it is probable that a considerable Celtic element survived among the wolds and hills. Historians have learned to recognise the possibility that Celt and Saxon may have merged in the course of centuries, and the old theory that the earlier inhabitants were exterminated has been discredited. Conquering races found a subject people too useful to desire its entire extinction; besides which, extinction would have been by no means easy. But there is no denying that the county was Teutonised with considerable thoroughness. When Horace Walpole came here in 1749, he wrote: "The whole country has a Saxon air, and the inhabitants are savage, as if King George the Second was the first monarch of the East Angles." He should have said of the South Saxons, but that may pass. When Bishop Wilfrid came to this district, towards the close of the seventh century, he won the people first by material means, as we learn from Bede.

For the bishop when he came into the province and found so great misery from famine, taught them to get their food from fishing, for their sea and rivers abounded in fish, but the people had no skill to take them, except eels alone. The bishop's men having gathered eel-nets everywhere cast them into the sea, and, by the blessing of God, took three hundred fishes of several sorts, which, being divided into three parts, they gave a hundred to the poor, a hundred to those of whom they had the nets, and kept a hundred for their own use. By this benefit the bishop gained the affections of them all, and they began more readily at his preaching to hope for heavenly goods, seeing that by his help they had received those which are temporal.

There was already a small establishment of Irish monks at Bosham, but their work does not seem to have

affected the Saxons at all, and this lends further countenance to the idea that there must have been a survival of Celtic inhabitants. The king gave Wilfrid "the place called Selsey, that is, the island of the Sea-calf," and here he founded his monastery. Probably the sea was already beginning to play havoc with Selsey when Stigand removed the bishopstool, nearly four centuries later, to Chichester. The site of monastery and cathedral is now beneath the waves; old Selsey has gone. Chichester, "Cissa's ceaster," the Roman *Regnum*, or town of the Regni, became and has since remained the South Saxon see-town. A volume might easily be devoted to the town of Chichester, with its four central Roman streets, and the great Roman roads leading thereto, and with its beautiful cathedral; but for the literary pilgrim the one absorbing memory at Chichester is that of the poet William Collins. The town's golden date is the year 1721, when, on Christmas Day, the poet was born, being the son of a successful local hatter who twice enjoyed the mayoralty of his city. Chichester has some notable associations with literature and with history, but no other association seems so to consecrate a place as does the birth of a poet, and poets are so few that there are never enough to go round. It is creditable if Sussex and Chichester are somewhat proud of Collins; it would be pardonable if they were much more so. His work was little, but there is not much dross in its ore; no anthology of the best English poetry is complete without one or more of the odes of Collins.

The father of the poet is said to have been rather pompous in his manners, as became the merchant-mayor of a small provincial city; and perhaps his municipal dignities distracted his attention from the course of business. It is certain that when he died his affairs were in confusion; but he had placed his son at Winchester, of which Dr. Burton was then master; and in 1741 the young man passed, under rather unfavourable circumstances, to Oxford, where he remained till he took a bachelor's degree at Magdalen. It is probable that

Collins was assisted in his maintenance at college by his mother's brother, Colonel Martyn. Not many details are at our service, but it seems that this military uncle behaved with consistent generosity to the poet ; all the more notably so, when we learn that Alderman Collins, the father, had not allowed his pomposity and dignities to hinder him from misappropriating certain moneys that he had handled for the Colonel. Collins was clearly not a great success at Oxford ; he seems to have had no definite aim, was "too indolent for the Army," and not inclined to the Church. He left the University suddenly ; ostensibly because he had failed in trying for a fellowship, but also, it has been hinted, because he was too heavily indebted to the tradesmen of the place. London drew him as a magnet, and he went thither, Johnson tells us, "a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pockets." A personal acquaintance states that he was drawn to town by a desire for its amusements and dissipations ; and Dr. Johnson tries rather curiously to reconcile "long habits of dissipation" with pure morals and pious opinions. It is fine to read the sturdy moralist's generous vindication of his unhappy friend.

It may be said that, at least, he preserved the source of action unpolluted, that his principles were never shaken, that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure or casual temptation.

It is not mere tenderness that lies behind this defence, but a profound knowledge of the human heart ; we are not to sneer at its apparent contradiction, but to ask ourselves if, in our own selves, we have never coupled the most correct principles with a faulty practice. There was an agent of Colonel Martyn's, a cousin of Collins, whose name was Payne ; and he held a limited commission from the Colonel to supply Collins with occasional sums. The sums evidently did not meet the poet's need. It appears that he felt galled by the necessity of applying to Payne, of whom he was pleased to speak, behind his back, as "a

damned dull fellow"; possibly with some excuse, for on one occasion the officious cousin rebuked him for wearing a feather in his hat, as a luxury of dress by no means consistent with his penniless condition. Under such provocation one might perhaps have pardoned Collins if he had expressed his opinion of Payne a little less covertly. At last Payne told him that he had reached his limit of supplies; and it does certainly appear that the poet had been doing nothing profitable. It must be remembered, however, that he had already published his "Persian Eclogues" while at college. They seem to have aroused no interest whatever; they fell upon a deaf generation. He issued proposals for a history of the Revival of Learning, planned tragedies that were never written, and in 1747 published his Odes, selling them for a small sum to the bookseller Millar. Even these exquisite pieces seem to have been still-born; but there is some contradiction in the reports. One authority says that "not even an idle compliment is recorded to have been sent to the poet"; but another states that among those who "loved him for his genius" were Dr. Armstrong and Dr. Hill, Quin, Foote, and Garrick, "who frequently took his opinion of their pieces before they were seen by the public." This, and the friendship of Johnson and the Wartons, prove that there were some who could appreciate Collins, in spite of the public's indifference. Evidently also the booksellers were ready to employ him; he began a translation of Aristotle for them, and some fragments of lives that he was engaged to write for the "Biographia Britannica," none of which saw completion. There was a defect in the poet's will power, a constitutional weakness of nerves and resolution, fated to develop into the saddest of aberrations.

The death of his uncle, about this time, brought him the sum of two thousand pounds, part of which he employed, honourably enough, in settling with Millar for the unsold copies of his Odes, which he threw upon the fire. We need no further witness that the public neglect cut deep. He also repaid some money that had been

advanced to him on the project of his Aristotle. The legacy came too late to save him, if, indeed, it could ever have warded off his constitutional depression. Johnson says that he did not live to exhaust his wealth; another writer hints that he used it for indulgences that only hastened his insanity. He tried what travel could do, going to Bath and to France; but the cloud was gradually settling, and it became necessary that he should be confined. Dr. Johnson, whom we love for this and so many other reasons, wrote to Dr. Warton :

How little can we venture to exult in any intellectual powers or literary attainments when we consider the condition of poor Collins. I knew him a few years ago, full of hopes and full of projects, versed in many languages, high in fancy and strong in retention. This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those who lately could not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of his designs. What do you hear of him? Are there hopes of his recovery, or is he to pass the remainder of his life in misery and degradation, perhaps with complete consciousness of his calamity?

We feel here the sympathetic shudder of one who may sometimes have dreaded a similar collapse. "Poor dear Collins!" Johnson wrote again, "Let me know whether you think it would give him pleasure if I should write to him. I have often been *near* his state, and, therefore, have it in great commiseration."

"I have but one book, but it is the best," said Collins, when Johnson saw him at Islington with a Testament in his hand. From this saying Cowper took occasion to speak of him as the only poet throughout the whole of Johnson's "Lives" who had the slightest tincture of religion. Cowper was absurdly mistaken, not in his estimate of Collins, but of the others. It is certain, however, that Collins resorted much to the Bible during his last days. Released from confinement, he returned to his native Chichester; one writer tells us that he returned "in a state almost of nakedness, destitute, diseased, and wild in despair, to hide himself in the arms of a sister." This description does not quite tally with Johnson's statement that he did not live to exhaust the money bequeathed to him by Colonel Martyn. He was

visited by Thomas Warton, in the September of 1754 : "I and my brother visited him at Chichester, where he lived in the cathedral cloisters with his sister. The first day he was in high spirits at intervals, but exerted himself so much that he could not see us the second." Here he showed them his Ode on the popular superstitions of the Scottish Highlands ; and if this beautiful piece was written during his depression, it is a remarkable specimen of "great wit allied to madness." We have another and an unforgettable glimpse of the poet's last days in his native city, best told in the words of Isaac d'Israeli :

At Chichester tradition has preserved some striking and affecting occurrences of his last days ; he would haunt the aisles and cloisters of the cathedral, roving days and nights together, loving their "dim religious light." And when the choristers chanted their anthem, the listening and bewildered poet, carried out of himself by the solemn strains and his own too susceptible imagination, moaned and shrieked, and awoke a sadness and a terror most affecting in so solemn a place.

By these last sad days at Chichester we are irresistibly reminded of another and later poet, John Clare, who was driven to madness by the callous neglect of his generation. Poor Clare wandered aimlessly and despondingly about the streets of Peterborough ; but his greatest frenzy came upon him, not in the minster, but during a performance of the *Merchant of Venice*, when the villainy drove him to an agony of protest. In this unhappy connection, we see Bloomfield perishing in mental gloom ; we hear the dismal shriek of the Scottish poet Fergusson, when he entered the Bedlam and realised where he was. We see poor Kit Smart, with his dislike of clean linen, roving the streets and insisting on those he met praying with him ; "I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as with any one else," says the adorable Johnson. We remember Nathaniel Lee confined in Bedlam, and the heartless scribbler who taunted him that it was very easy to write like a madman. "No, sir," retorted Lee, with sublime sanity and justice, "it is not so easy to write like a madman, but very easy to write like a fool." Why dig further in a quest of sad analogies to the fate of

William Collins? Literature has harped enough, perhaps, on the "despondency and madness" that have been the fate of poets.

It seems that Collins's disease was nervous rather than mental. It is the highly sensitive nervous system of the poetic temperament that is the peril; genius in itself is the truest sanity. Collins lingered for some years under the care of his sister at Chichester, death delaying to deliver him till 1759. He was buried in St. Andrew's Church, where the inscription records "Wm. Collins, gent." His contemporaries did not regard him as a poet; it is asserted that no single journal published an obituary notice. But the next generation placed a monument by Flaxman to his memory in the nave of Chichester cathedral.

It cannot be asserted that Collins was in any sense a local poet, and it is useless to quote this or that fragment of his poetry as specially savouring of Sussex. He introduces the Arun and the sad fate of Otway, in his Ode to Pity; perhaps the "hamlets brown and dim-discover'd spires" of his exquisite Ode to Evening may be a reminiscence of his native scenes, but in a local sense the touches are not particularly distinctive. It does not matter; the best poetry is universal, not local. Collins has never been so popular as Gray; he never so perfectly voiced the strain of sentiment that lies in the average man as Gray did in his deathless Elegy. But it may be that for sheer poetry Collins's genius was even rarer, though intellectually he was far more limited. Gray was a consummate master of prose as well as of verse. Both poets were "frugal" in their note; but the one was more a man of letters, and the other a pure singer. There is a coldness in the art of both, but in both it springs rather from the restraint of feeling than the lack of it. Gray lived longer, under peaceful and favouring conditions; Collins's life was a fitful fever, hampered with poverty and clouded by insanity. Comparisons seem inevitable, but can never be wholly just. In Sussex, and at Chichester, it is Collins that we must think of; in agony of dis-

traction, his voice still seems to ring through the cloisters.

There is another noteworthy memory attached to these cloisters. Here, in 1643, was buried the great theologian and controversialist, William Chillingworth. This zealous defender of Protestant episcopalianism was present at Arundel during the siege, and undoubtedly his end was hastened by the privations and hardships which he then suffered. After the surrender of Arundel to the Parliamentary troops, Chillingworth was lodged in the Bishop's Palace at Chichester, and here was nursed by Cheynell, his bitter Puritan opponent. The incident is one of the most curious instances of inconsistency on record; Cheynell was as a man fighting against himself. His acerbity in argument had the utmost sting of the *odium theologicum*, yet he tended the man he was belabouring during these last days of sickness, and when the Roundheads stated that they would not allow Christian burial to the dead Chillingworth, Cheynell intervened and procured that his remains should be laid in Chichester Cathedral cloisters. Had he ended there we could have felt nothing but admiration; but again the man's worse self triumphed, and at the graveside he fulminated against his deceased antagonist, throwing Chillingworth's "Religion of Protestants" into the grave with him, "that it might rot with its author and see corruption." This was not all. He proceeded to write a work which he entitled *Chillingworthii Novissima*, in which he set forth "The sickness, Heresy, Death and Burial of William Chillingworth, Clerk of Oxford, and, in the conceit of his fellow-souldiers, the Queen's Arch-Engineer and Grand Intelligencer." It was a fanatical and cowardly blow at one who could strike no more. But there are some details for which we are not ungrateful. We are told that the dead man's coffin was draped "with a mourning herse-cloth, instead of being covered with a pall made of old copes; and that his bearers were provided, in accordance with the custom of the country, with gloves, mourning-scarves, and branches of rose-

mary. His friends were entertained (according to their own desire) with wine and cakes, though that is, in my conceit, a turning of the house of mourning into a house of banquetting." The bitterness of controversy was to follow Chillingworth even to his monument; for at the Restoration an inscription was placed here to his memory bearing a reference to Cheynell as *Theologaster*; and the son of Cheynell came hither at night with a pickaxe, to deface what he deemed the disparagement of his father. Theological hatreds die hard and are with difficulty buried.

Another monument in these cloisters is that of Henry King, the poet, sometime Bishop of Chichester, who died in 1669. King was chaplain to James I. soon after his own ordination; and his character was so manifestly estimable, that Charles is said to have promoted him to the episcopacy with the special idea that he might gain friends for the Church. During the Commonwealth he lost his position, but this was restored later. King was a poet of a period that was unsettled not only politically but in literary tendencies: he shares some of the melody of Herrick and some of the conceits of Cowley. He could write in true amatory style:

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks: grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

And he could moralise on life as seriously as George Herbert, though never quite reaching the exquisite touch of Herbert's best:

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Ev'n such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night

The wind blows out, the bubble dies ;
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies ;
The dew dries up, the star is shot ;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

King was not a native of Chichester, but Bishop Juxon was, being born here in 1582. When Lord Brooke, during the early days of the Long Parliament, taunted the bishops with having sprung from the meanest of the people, the defence put forth on behalf of Juxon was that "his parents had lived in good fashion, and gave him a large allowance, first in the University, then in Gray's Inn, where he lived as fashionable as other gentlemen ; so that the Lord Brooke might as well question the parentage of any Inns-of-Court gentleman as his." It is curious, almost like unconscious irony, to have the defence put forth on behalf of a bishop that he had "lived as fashionable as other gentlemen"; the whole retort, indeed, seems undignified, though it remarkably illustrates the spirit of the times. But without quibbling about this defence, all that we know of Juxon is highly to his credit. Succeeding Laud as President of St. John's, Oxford, he enjoyed the warm patronage of the future archbishop. Promotion came to him rapidly. He first became prebendary of Chichester ; in 1633, after being named for Hereford, he was called to the far more important see of London, and two years later was created Lord High Treasurer of the Kingdom. No churchman had held that office for more than a century, and there was an outcry in Puritanic circles, but prying eyes could detect no lapse from integrity in the dealings of Bishop Juxon. Fuller says of him that "no hands, having so much money passing through them, had their fingers less soiled therewith." He endeavoured to dissuade the king from consenting to the sacrifice of Strafford, and had his advice been taken it is possible that the king's own fate would have been different. History gives us one unforgettable glimpse of Juxon, standing at the side of his master on the scaffold. Even his enemies could hardly think worse of Juxon for the fact that he was thrown into prison by

the Parliament for declining to divulge particulars of his last conversations with the king ; many of the Puritans themselves felt that such treatment was petty, and, though deprived of his bishopric, Juxon was soon at liberty. He retired to the manor-house that he had erected at Compton Parva, in Gloucestershire, and here he continued fearlessly to observe the rites of his church, against all public prohibitions. It seems that he was an early type of the hunting parson, which may be regrettable ; we read that " he much delighted in hunting, and kept a pack of good hounds, and had them so well ordered and hunted, chiefly by his own skill and direction, that they exceeded all other hounds in England for the pleasure and orderly hunting of them." At the Restoration he was raised to the Primacy, and died at Canterbury in 1663. His remains were taken to his old college of St. John's.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Church Discipline in the Highlands in Bygone Days

THE glimpses which the kirk-session records furnish of the religious and social state of the Highlands in the eighteenth century are such as may tend to make our sighs for "the good old times" less deep. Nowhere was the sway of the Church so absolute, nowhere was the scrutiny of manners and morals so austere, or the letter of Sunday observance insisted on with more carping severity than in the North of Scotland. The docility with which the Highlanders on the whole submitted to the arbitrary, one might almost say the tyrannical, dictates of the session is remarkable. Perhaps it was that with them the "New Presbyter was old Priest writ large," and that their spiritual submission was an instinct inherited from Catholic forefathers ; but though the Scottish Celt is naturally more prone to

melancholy than his Irish brother, we have many evidences that he chafed under the yoke of the rigorous kirk-sessions of bygone times.

One of the most striking features of those records is the burning zeal which animated the ministers and elders of the time in ferreting out and chronicling the most minute particulars bearing upon the wanderings of the erring sheep from their various folds, and in numerous instances several closely written pages are devoted to the narration of a single case of discipline. The following extracts from the records of one or two important parishes in the Central Highlands may be taken as representing more or less the ways of kirk-sessions throughout the North.

In the old turbulent days in Badenoch the prospect of angels' visits appears to have been considered so very remote that the canny session felt constrained to restrict to a single night the time within which a stranger could be developed into such a visitor, and the efficacy of the visit exemplified. The apostolic injunction, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares," was evidently regarded, too, as being of very limited application ; so distrustful indeed was the session of importations from other quarters that any hapless stranger coming into the district without sufficient credentials was bracketed with the wandering "vagabond." Here is the stringent prohibition directed against one or the other being entertained in the parish two nights in succession :

June 18th, 1749.—The Session considering that there are several strangers and vagabonds who come into this parish without certificates and are sheltered therein, the Session agree to apply to the Judge Ordinary if the persons of all such will be apprehended and incarcerated, and that such as entertain one or more of them two nights on end shall be fined in 20s. sterling.

It would appear that there were black sheep calling for ecclesiastical discipline in those days even among the "ministers' men." At the session meeting on March 21, 1725, "John Macdonald in Kingussie" was ordered to
ccciiii—2121—September '07

make public satisfaction for drinking a whole Sabbath night till ten o'clock next morning, and "caballing" with other men and some women in the manse itself, the minister being that day in the neighbouring parish. Apparently his too trustful master had left John in charge of his household, and the caballers, it is recorded, not only consumed all the *aqua vitæ* belonging to the minister, but also had the effrontery to order in other four pints which they drank on the premises. John maintained that "they had but three chapins *aqua vitæ*," and boldly defended the innocency of their meeting. Proving anything but obsequious to the appointment of the Session, John, as ringleader, was solemnly referred to the Presbytery for contumacy. The Presbytery in turn remitted him back to the Session "to satisfie according to their appointment, otherwise be charged before the Comissary, and be punished in his Person and Goods in case of not satisfying for his prophanation of the Lord's Day, and insnaring oysr forsaied to ye same sin." The crestfallen John had perforce no escape for it in the end but humbly to stand before the congregation and be severely rebuked for his wickedness. His choosing Sunday for his offence made it all the more heinous, for such profanation was zealously guarded against, and therefore, as possibly leading to like encroachment on the Sabbath, the prevailing custom among the people of plighting their troth on Saturdays was sternly discouraged. The following entry unfortunately gives us no indication as to the punishment meted out to this particular transgression, but no doubt it was sufficiently unpleasant :

Dec. 6th, 1728.—The Session finding that it is a common practice for people to contract, in order to matrimony, upon the Saturdays, by which they frequently sit up in change-houses and inroach upon the Lord's Day, the Session do enact yt none shall be contracted upon the Saturdays within this parish in time comeing, and that this may be intimated from the pulpit that none pretend ignorance.

Those prevailing customs must have been veritable thorns in the flesh of the session. Here is another instance :

Church Discipline in the Highlands 257

January 6th, 1729.—Kenneth Macpherson in Balnespick, comparing, was examined anent his entertaining severals in his house upon the Lord's Day, and found he was guilty of the forsaid abuse; and likewise yt it has been a prevailing custome in the parish for people to assemble together in taverns, especially after divine service, to remain till late at night. The Session for preventing such an abuse, do enact yt all change-keepers within the parish be henceforth discharged from giving to any person yt may frequent yr houses on the day forsaid above a chapine a piece as they shall be answerable.

With all the zeal of the session, what strikes one as remarkable is that if the delinquents confined themselves to the moderate (?) allowance of "a chapine a piece" on Sunday, they might apparently, without any fear of being subjected to the indignity of standing in the public place of repentance, indulge to their hearts' content in the most liberal potations of *aqua vitæ* on any other day of the week.

Extracts bearing upon "breach of Sabbath" might be almost indefinitely multiplied. Here is one from the records of a neighbouring parish :

April 6th, 1718.—Elias Macpherson, in Pitourie, cited, did appear, and being inquired if he did carry a load of malt upon his horse on the Lord's Day, answered that he had been comeing from Murray some time ago with a boll of malt, and had been seized with a storm of snow, had stayed in the Nest of Strathspey Saturday's night and the most of the Lord's Day until divine service was over; provisions for beasts being scarce with them, and they unwilling to lodge him another night, was *obliged* to come home that night.

Poor trembling Elias! In daring to wend his way homewards and to escape on the Sabbath Day from the fury of the storm which had overtaken him in such an inhospitable region, little had he seemed to realise the fate in store for him at the hands of the session. Descendant of the famous Parson of Kingussie though he was, the session did not pay the slightest regard to Elias's plain unvarnished tale. We are told that "finding him guilty in not keeping the whole Sabbath Day holy, and judging his excuse to be none other than a subterfuge, he was rebuked and appointed to satisfie discipline." We read elsewhere in the records of children and servants being delated for what is termed "the scandalous abuse

of gathering nuts upon the Sabbath"; of many sadly misguided Highlanders being severely rebuked for profaning Sunday by fishing; and of numerous culprits being brought to task for "a customary practice of bakeing bread upon the Lord's Day." Here is an instance of a husband and wife being guilty of the last offence:

October 18th, 1730.—This day Annie Macpherson, spouse to Donald Fraser in Knockachlich, formerly delated, being summoned and called, compeared with her husband, and owned only that she did bake a little bannock for an herd who was to go off early next morning.

Annie's ingenious plea that it was only a little bannock for a herd led the session to let the culprit off with a "sharpe Sessional rebuke with certification."

The fiddling propensities of the Highland people of the time appear to have been altogether irrepressible, and for a lengthened time to have sorely exercised the reforming zeal of the sessions. We have numerous entries of what the Sessions term their "heathenish practices at Leickwakes"; of several who were called on March 10, 1728, to answer inquiries regarding their transgressions in this respect only one, John M'Edward, appeared before the irate Session. He confessed he had a fiddler in his house at the Leickwake of a dead person, but was stubborn enough to say that he did not consider it a sin, it being a custom in the country. The session, finding it was none too easy to rout out a practice so long established, agreed that the minister should try the effect of a little moral persuasion on his flock by representing from the pulpit "how undecent and unbecoming to ye designs of ye Christian Religion such an abuse is," but at the same time decided that "the Civil Judge be applied to for suppressing the forsaid abuse." The result of their application to the civil judge is recorded a few days later as follows:

March 24th, 1728.—This day the minister read from the pulpit an Act of the Court enacting and ordaining that all fiddlers playing at any Leickwakes in time coming shall pay to James Gordon, Procurator-Fiscal of court, five pounds Scots for each contravention, and each person who

Church Discipline in the Highlands 259

calls or entertains them in their families shall pay to the said James Gordon twenty pounds Scots for each contravention, and the said James Gordon is hereby empowered to seize any fiddler so playing at Leick-wakes, and to secure ym until they pay their fines and find caution they shall not play at Leickwakes in time coming.

In the following extract we have the case of a mother of whom two promises were required by the session as regards her fiddler son :

October 22nd, 1729.—Alexr. M'Intosh, Fiddler in Milntown, being called, his mother compeared for him and told he could not be present, but assured the session she would oblige him to satisfie yr demands, and be obedient to discipline, upon which the Session required two things of her : first, that her son should stand before the Cōgregation to be rebuked first sermon day ; 2dly, that she should bind herself under the failzie of Forty pds Scots, he should not play at Lycwakes in time coming, to both qch she did bind and oblige herself before the Session.

In the same year it is recorded that a certain Mary Kennedy, while being reprov'd for her sin, “uttered several foolish and impertinent expressions.” Mary appears to have been a regular Jezebel, and we are told that she gave such great offence that she was there and then bodily seized by the redoubtable kirk-officer, brought before the session, and sentenced “to stand in sackcloth next Lord's Day and be rebuked.”

The following extracts give some idea of the extent to which the people of Badenoch took part in the Rising of 1715, and of the unfortunate results :

November 27th, 1715.—The country being in an uproar of a designed rebellion against the King and Government, and there not being so much as the face of a congregation much less a Session, the minister took upon himself to report an account of such collections as there were, and to distribute what was in the box.

May 13th, 1716.—There was no possibility of keeping Session in this paroch all the last season until the Rebellion was quelled, the minister being often obliged to look for his own safety.

The next extract discloses such an obstacle in the way of the compliance of a delinquent with a sessional citation that the session, with all their burning zeal to get at him, could not contrive to overcome it :

June 3d, 1716.—Donald M'Hoirle being cited did not compeare, it was told that he was kept prisoner in England because of his being taken among the rebels at Preston, and was not expected on haste, if ever.

Poor ill-fated Donald! Not a grain of pity is expressed by the session for the sad fate which had overtaken him fighting for the cause which, like so many other Highlanders of the time, he doubtless regarded as that of his rightful king.

A few years after the Rising the Government of the day established barracks at Ruthven, the site of the old castle of the Comyns. Though the session could not see their way to extirpate the Lowland garrison bodily, they did not hesitate, as the following entry shows, to adopt the most summary measures to have the disreputable followers of the alien redcoats banished out of the district :

July 10th, 1726.—The session understanding yt yr are a great many stragglers and vagabonds come into this parish without testimonials from different parts of the kingdom, commonly follow the soldiers at the barracks of Ruthven, and are sheltered in some houses in the parish to the great scandal of religion ; therefore the session think it necessary to apply to the civil judge that all such as shelter such women and vagabonds shall be condignly punished and fined in twenty pounds Scots *toties quoties*, and this to be intimated from the pulpit.

From an entry a week later one is glad to learn that the Baillie upheld the commendable determination of the session to rid the country of those undesirable strangers, and passed "a Decreet of ten pounds Scots, *toties quoties*, against all person or persons that shall harbour such vagabonds for three nights successively." It may be of interest in passing to mention that close to the barracks stood the village of Ruthven—for many years distinguished as possessing the only school of importance from Speymouth to Lorn—where in 1736 was born the famous "Ossian" Macpherson.

Here is an extract indicating to some extent what was expected of the "men of repute, credite, and honesty" in past times as ecclesiastical detectives :

Church Discipline in the Highlands 261

March 3d, 1728.—This day met in Session Donald M'pherson in Tomford, William Gollonach in Farletter, and Donald Clerk in —, men of repute, credite, and honesty, who were required to undertake the Office of Elders in this Parish, which they submitted to, and the Minister had informed them of the particular duties of their function both in discovering and discouraging the works of Darkness, as they should be answerable to God.

Doubtless it was dread of gentlemen like those that made the old Highlander who had been hailed by a friend on the Sabbath with the remark, "It's a fine day, Donald," reply sternly, "Yes, but this is no the day to be saying it's a fine day."

Knox's system of Church discipline has been described as a theocracy of such an almost perfect character that under it the kirk-sessions of the Church looked after the life and conduct of their parishioners so carefully that, in 1650, Kirkton, the historian, was able to say, "No scandalous person could live, no scandal could be concealed, in all Scotland, so strict a correspondence was there between the ministers and their congregations." The old church annals of Badenoch contain abundant evidence of the extent to which ministers and elders of bygone times acted as detectors of wrong-doing, and the extracts given here may serve to show to some degree the remarkable powers exercised for so long a period by the courts of the Church.

But *autre temps, autres mœurs* ! The so-called march of civilisation has changed the whole current of our social and religious life, and affected the spirit of the age to such an extent that it may reasonably be doubted whether the most orthodox and constitutional Presbyterian in the Highlands would now submit to the administration of the discipline to which, in days gone by, without respect of persons, the kirk-session of Badenoch in the Central Highlands so rigorously subjected the wandering sheep of their flocks.

ALEXANDER MACPHERSON.

The Value of Humour in History

IT used to be thought sufficient, not so long ago, to divide historians into two classes—those who chronicle wars and the doings of kings, and those who more particularly describe the humbler but not less important part played by the people in their everyday life with its indirect political influence. This simple division was all very well for a non-critical age, but we go far deeper into such matters now. A mere compiler of facts and dates would at present be considered only a hack ; anybody can do that sort of work if he has industry and patience enough. We want our historian to develop some new theory to account for what has happened, to let us know what he believes to be the inner meaning of terrestrial events. His facts may be wrong so long as the truth of the meaning is in him ; we think it of little consequence whether a certain event did happen, or not happen at all, in 1250 or 1260, but our historian must be able to tell us why, *Cosmos* being what it is, this particular thing, if it did occur, was unavoidable.

The historian must therefore be able not only to see into a brick wall much farther than others, but, to distinguish his work from a mere philosophical theorem uninteresting to the majority, he must make us see through that brick wall too, by touches of nature that appeal to all ages alike. This has undoubtedly been achieved by Carlyle ; he has above all others succeeded in that difficult task of making old bones alive again, and it may be interesting to trace how far the individual idiosyncrasies of the writer make the historian popular and successful.

No writer has been more diversely judged, discussed, praised, abused, pounded and expounded by friends and foes alike than the sage of Chelsea. As a consequence we seem to know the man, as distinguished from the writer, so well that it is not necessary for us to have known him personally,

as Sainte-Beuve said it was for those who would understand and value a man's work. The rugged, dyspeptic Scotchman, so gruff and uncongenial in speech—(Keep thy mouth shut, Jane!)—shows us in his work quite another side of his character, one which common report does not usually ascribe to his countrymen. Thomas Carlyle, the writer, by no means joked with difficulty; his sly or caustic humour was irrepressible, though for some reason or other the value of that humour in the historian of Frederick the Great, of Mirabeau, and of Cromwell, or even the necessity of it, has never been sufficiently appreciated. This mental endowment was the more singular and unexpected because his themes are always so terribly serious, but the moralist never misses the humorous side of what he condemns; he does not on that account excuse it, but he always points out the extenuating circumstance of human weakness with a caustic, or more often good-natured, humour. One might say he often laughs outright at his hero Frederick; sometimes at Cromwell, even at Danton and Robespierre, poking fun at them in a friendly sort of way. In the whole history of Frederick's father (more pleasing it almost seems to him than that of the hero himself), the undercurrent of laughter and banter is unmistakable. Unintentionally, perhaps unconsciously, it is by this humorous running comment that he makes his historical characters so truly alive. This is clearly shown by comparing him with other writers who have chosen the same subjects or epochs; the lack of humour in Mignet, for instance, makes his "French Revolution" much less readable and may be less trustworthy than that of Carlyle.

Both writers, curiously enough, have the same fondness for the apostrophe, so immortally ridiculed by Paul Louis Courier ("Oh mes pantoufles! Et toi, Nicole, et toi!") when he wanted his slippers; but Mignet often strikes a false note of insincerity, which Carlyle never does. Let us see how differently they treat a somewhat similar subject. The Frenchman happened to be struck by the

desolate aspect of a barren rock which he saw somewhere, he does not say where, and it reminded him somehow of the French Revolution, and this is what he says about it: "I sat down; and from my eyes tears of anguish, slow and painful, began to flow—Nature had but too well reminded me of History."

We cannot say it is not true; but one imagines some sympathetic wayfarer going up to the unhappy historian, trying to console him. Also the surprise of the wayfarer on being told! Though it is just possible that a French wayfarer might have seen nothing extraordinary in it; we know that "the great Condé wept over the verses of the great Corneille." And now see what Carlyle felt when he, too, happened to behold a barren rock; he mentions the spot, the when and the where, following the great Frederick at the outset of the Seven Years' War in 1756:

The bewildered tourist sees rock-walls heaven high on both hands of him; . . . and has little encouragement to reflect, except upon his own sorrow and delirious circumstances, physical and moral. "How much happier, were I lying in my bed!" thinks the bewildered tourist; does strive withal to admire the Picturesque but with little success; notices the Bastei, and other rigorously prescribed points of the Sublime and Beautiful, which are to be "done." That you will have to *do*, my friend: step out, you will have to go on that pinnacle, with indifferent hotel attached . . . admiring the Picturesque in prescribed manner.

Allowing for a little exaggeration, that is what a tourist or historian feels, tired mentally or bodily may be, but without any anguish; and for a trustworthy guide in the often barren field of history we prefer the man with a touch of natural fellow-feeling, and the slightly caustic description serves a decided purpose too. We have now been more or less forced to take a mental survey of that Sublime Bastei or Bastion which was a great source of trouble to Frederick; if it had been mentioned merely as the name of a spot round and over which the army moved with some difficulty, the chances are that we should not have realised the fact half so well. When the reader has been thus guided past the Bastei memorable in

The Value of Humour in History 265

Frederick's history, the road for him, and for the king, is clear all the way to Prag and to one of the most sanguinary conflicts recorded in history. "We will stay on Frederick's side through the terrible action that is coming. Battle of Prag, one of the furious Battles of the World, loud as Doomsday"—and here the irrepressible humour breaks out—"the very Emblem of which, done on the Piano by females of energy, scatters mankind to flight who love their ears!" Let the present reader, rummaging in old yellow-leaved books of bound music, ask some one "of energy" to play this once so celebrated piece for him and he will cordially agree with Carlyle. The grotesque note serves, nevertheless, to remind one of the world-wide sensation created at the time through the world's drawing-rooms by that historic struggle, now clean forgotten.

Neither his statue on the Embankment nor his portraits by Whistler and others give the slightest indication of this trait in Carlyle's character. But indeed this is not surprising, for the truly gloomy man as painted with rare insight by Whistler is more likely to have flashes of sad humour in him than the happy superficial man whose domain is more properly Wit; closely allied as wit and humour are, the one almost excludes the other. Humour is an attitude of mind belonging, one might say exclusively, to the thoughtful races of the North; one meets it frequently in conjunction with melancholy, as in the typical cases of Carlyle; there is nothing volatile, superficial, or of levity in it, and this explains why the most witty nation under the sun, the compatriots of witty Voltaire, are perhaps also the least humorous. The total absence of any suggestion of wit is obvious in the following authentic anecdote, which, nevertheless, is intensely humorous, and once more illustrates the value of this attitude of mind in history.

When Andreas Futteral was standing sentry, the king's majesty actually deigned to speak to him; did him that signal honour. This is what the king said. When he passed the lines, the sentry, as in duty bound, demanded

the pass-word, and the king, probably irritated at being interrupted in anxious thoughts, said angrily, "*Schweig, Hund!*" ("Silence, you dog!") When the highly honoured and flattered Futteral told and retold this anecdote he always added, "That's what I call a king!" Now it is more than possible that the French Mignet would have considered this too familiar for his stately academic style, or below the dignity of the historic muse, and would thus have missed the opportunity of giving us such a lightning glance into the king's mind at the time and glimpse of the relative consideration in which general and soldiers held each other.

In his account of the cannonade of Valmy, Carlyle gives us another humorous insight into the mind of high personages. He relates the fight in a few lines, being well aware, as he says elsewhere, that all battles are the same, uninteresting to describe and to read about, were it not for some act of individual heroism. Here it was not a heroic act which served his purpose; it was a purely human but most prosaic article—the King of Prussia's great-coat:

His Majesty of Prussia had a great-coat when the rain came; and contrary to all known laws he put it on, though our two French Princes of the Blood, the hope of their country, had none! Our very friends insult us; we are wounded in the house of our friends.

Does not this one slight touch of humour visualise this cannonade of Valmy for us more than the most scientific strategical account could have done? There they stand on their elevated knoll, these royal *ci-devants*, these self-exiled Bourbon princes, by the side of His Majesty of Prussia; he has come to help them—yes, but does not this great-coat offensively put on in august presence denote how much he means to help himself? We catch their side-glances of resentment, of envy and reproach: "You would not have done this at the Tuilleries if——" The breach of etiquette, so monstrous in those days, showed them but too clearly how much ground they had already lost. Perhaps they did not then know that, a few months before, this same etiquette had received, at

the Tuilleries, a far greater blow ; in the presence, too, of the very Dumouriez who was now so unmercifully cannonading them. Carlyle relates the fact with the same gusto for the unexpected whimsical. When Citoyen Roland, Minister of the Interior, better known as the husband of Madame Roland, kissed hands on his short-lived appointment, an agitated supreme usher clutched Dumouriez's arm. "Monsieur ! Do you see ! Laces ! No buckles to his shoes." "Ah, Monsieur," said the grim republican with a spice of unexpected humour, "tout est perdu !" ("All is lost !")

The author of "Sartor Resartus" had naturally a keen eye for what is absurd about clothes, great-coats and shoes. Even when he speaks of the dreadful tannery of Meudon, where the skins of guillotined aristocrats were made into soft leather suitable for clothing the armies of the republic, he could not refrain from hinting how useful this might prove to be for the "scandalous want" of the Sansculottes.

He does not specially go out of his way to make a humorous point ; he hardly makes a comment of his own on the "Gold of Pitt" scares ; he lets that absurdity work its own way into the reader's mind by damnable iteration, until the reader begins to laugh of his own accord whenever he chances upon a patriot smelling out that ever-present bogey. On another instance of damnable iteration—that of a member of the Convention who kept calling out for two mortal hours at regular intervals, "I demand the arrest of scoundrels and poltroons !" —Carlyle, after an inaudible chuckle, merely remarks that for that matter he himself demands the same thing.

We said just now that the humour was unconscious, in so far that the intention to amuse was far from the writer's mind, but it is impossible to study his works without coming to the conclusion that he himself was grimly amused while he wrote, no matter how ghastly the details he was marshalling into a consecutive history. This characteristic is probably quite unique in literature ; no one except Carlyle could have written the history of

that terrible time, describing all its horrors in words of fire and flame, and yet with an actual chuckle on every page of it. And this without for a moment losing his grasp on the shocking reality; we may shudder at the grisly mental pictures he evokes; the next instant we must smile at his whimsical comments on them. He is justly severe and speculates in philosophical dismay on the mad new religion officially decreed by Robespierre, but he does not forget to tell us how this chief of the Jacobins talked far too much about it, so much so that one of his red-capped colleagues told him: "I'm getting pretty sick of you and your Supreme Being!"

Motley's "*Rise of the Dutch Republic*" is a magnificent record of that wonderful achievement; it is practically exhaustive, for in every municipal library of Holland, in the smallest towns, one finds books and pamphlets marked by Motley in Latin and in a small neat hand: "This book has served me in compiling my work on the rise of the Dutch Republic." Splendid as the work is, we venture to think a slight infusion of Carlyle's peculiar style would have improved it. The subject-matter must have had great attractions for the author of Cromwell's history, and the reason why he never attempted such a congenial task is that he most probably feared, as he did in the case of Cromwell, a want of personal fire and brimstone records of the principal actors—records which stood him in such good stead in the description of the French world-drama. Flat and unprofitable Motley's book never could have been, but a spice of humour, of which he gives little sign, would not have come amiss in the description of that heroic, if dreary, struggle kept up for eighty long years amongst the dykes, ditches and canals of a watery country.

It was always a safe gibe to laugh at the Dutch for rising in dead earnest only after the imposition of that iniquitous tax, the celebrated Tenth Penny. Oppression they could stand, it is often said, but you must not touch their pockets. This, as the after results have clearly shown, is an unfair view of the case. It is one thing to

suffer in body and quite another to suffer in pocket to such an extent. Seeing that by fair means or foul there's no more to be squeezed out of you, I will take a tenth part of the dry pulp that's left, and we cry quits! Mankind has always been "impatient of taxation," and why should the Dutch have been less so? When a relative or a member of the household has suffered, even to death, for faith and freedom, there is a certain reflected glory left, but where is the glory in paying taxes? The empty room of the departed hero is kept sacred and is viewed from time to time with deep emotion and holy tears, but mankind views an empty cash-box with quite different feelings. Imagine the enraged burgher looking at his cherished guilders for the last time as his own, clapping on his felt hat to carry them to the hated Spaniard; for in Holland they do not *collect* taxes, obligingly, as is done here; they will not even take the trouble to come for your good money, you have to bring it yourself.

Picture to yourself, then, that despairing burgher trudging along may be endless streets, miles of stagnant canals in which for two doits he would fling himself, or a Spaniard for choice, walking on such a soul-stirring errand. And that man, forsooth, is not to rise because his pocket is picked, capable as he has shown himself to be to knock the very crown of Spain into a damaged second-hand article. The owner of that since dilapidated crown overreached himself; that was not a demand to make of a people prone, as the popular doggerel has it, to giving too little and asking too much; a people to be described by one who knows them well as the most stiffly tenacious, the least yielding and obliging, on earth. They would not oblige Alva with that tenth penny; they stuck manfully to it in the face of tremendous odds; and for a reward they, under the Silent William and Maurice, finally got the wealth of all the Indies to refill their empty cash-boxes.

If Carlyle had written their history he might possibly not have exhausted his material as thoroughly as Motley did, for his method of brilliant detached pictures was in

the nature of it fragmentary, but he would have talked with the natives, with the common people of to-day, so uncommonly like the Scotch even in their language; their frugality, that quaint unpolished humour of theirs with which they would have explained their still heroic attachment to the cash-box, would have touched a responsive chord in the Scot, who would have given us vivid mental pictures of their heroic forefathers, over which one would hardly have known whether to laugh or to cry.

Who that has read it can forget his ludicrous account of George II. trying to hoist the Dutch when, as one of the sea powers, they were disinclined to stand by their treaties? Would the tale told in the official language of the diplomatic correspondence on the subject have stuck so persistently to the memory? We actually seem to behold the little *Britannic Majesty* personally hoisting them, as by a dead lift, only to see them slip back over and over again in their native morass. "Lend a hand, then," said George to everybody who would listen, "treaty obligations, don't you see? They're heavy but hoistable; with a good pull and a long pull and a pull altogether we may yet get them on their fighting legs." But it would not do; their cash-box kept them down—it was very heavy just then, and they wished to keep it so.

It will not now, we think, be contested that the historian, to be successful, should be a somewhat pronounced humorist, especially the chronicler of our own times. What would our present life be worth, with all its strenuous striving, its scientific disillusion and struggle for existence, if no one could see any humour in it? Our descendants would have a very wrong idea of the beginning of the twentieth century if it were unfaithfully represented to them as a dry, colourless period without a decided vein of fun, amusement and humour running through it. Such could only be the age of the Puritans, when there were no theatres or music-halls, no concerts, dances, no innocent fun of any kind. Why, in those terrible days of the French Revolution, while the

blood ran daily and freely on the guillotine, not less than twenty-two theatres were open nightly in Paris alone; parties were given and dances—*Bals des Victimes*, where only they might dance who had lost at least one member of the family on the scaffold. It is on record—I do not happen to remember by whom, but the fact is true enough—that the ladies at those grisly-gay assemblies wore a thin red ribbon round their fair white necks. Horrid and seemingly heartless symbolism could no further go; but all this only serves to confirm our contention that a solemn, humourless history cannot be a true one.

We cannot but regret that the history of ancient Rome and Greece should be given us only in mummified form, smelling of the British Museum. To unroll the resinous swaddling-cloths of a deceased Pharaoh, to decipher the Rosetta Stone, or to read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," seems to most people pretty much the same cheerless occupation. A literary Mark Tapley, cheerful under adverse circumstances, would remember that Pharaoh must once have had a laugh in him; that this Rosetta Stone was erected for a purpose for which we ourselves would erect innumerable stones if we had the chance, to commemorate a remission of taxation; that even Gibbon affords amusement if we can read between the lines. Gibbon states gloomily that the Emperor Commodus hired himself out, at an immense salary, to amuse his subjects in the arena and to exhibit his own prowess, but he does not say anything of the remarks of the audience safely out of hearing; they would have afforded entertaining reading. Handled in his severely-grotesque manner, Carlyle would have made that undignified emperor alive for us again. Did Imperial Majesty, we wonder, withdraw with a smirking gladiatorial bow to his dressing-room under the arches of the Colosseum, beaten black and blue, vowing by all the Olympians that he wouldn't do it again for ten times the money; that when he was again wanting cash he would screw it out of his grinning subjects by constitutional means, with infinitely less pain to the shins and other exposed parts of the imperial anatomy? No, for he

appeared, says Gibbon, on seven hundred and thirty-five days, receiving for every representation not less than eight thousand pounds of our money ! It seems nearly incredible. What theatrical manager could afford to engage a star, even an imperial star, at something like three millions a year. Gibbon is a good authority, and the circumstance was exceptional, but we cannot help wondering if it is true.

Could we suppose that the common gladiator, whose salary must have been woefully cut down to make up for this, beat him after the manner of Harlequin, with a dummy sword or cudgel warranted to make a maximum of noise with a minimum of hurt ? This is probable enough, for Gibbon mentions (without the ghost of a smile again, though even Wegg in "Our Mutual Friend" must have smiled when he read out this about "Commodious" to Mr. Boffin) that the emperor only allowed his antagonist a leaden sword. This was sensible of Commodus ; though according to modern ideas not very sportsman-like. The honour of fighting with the Master of the World was great, and the risk was greater. He was not the man to reward one for thoroughly thrashing him as he so well deserved ; rather there was risk of after-consequences with a sack and the Tiber in them. More touches like this, which make all the ages kin, would have given Gibbon a greater circulation in the lending libraries.

The students who can read between the lines and find out such matter for themselves in dry and ancient records are rare, though in the very oldest records we possess the unconscious humour is frequently very obvious. That magnificent epic, the *Odyssey*, though its "surge and thunder" would have been sadly marred by an actual joke, is, nevertheless, as a credible history of Odysseus, as full of suppressed sarcasm and humour as is Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." Making the fullest allowance for archaic exaggeration and for ways and habits to which we are no longer accustomed, we still must wonder and smile when we read how that doughty warrior, surnamed "Waster of Cities," never lost an opportunity to weep

copiously, as much and as often as Æneas himself, of whom the following is recorded in the old ballad :

And then a thousand sighes he fet,
And every sigh brought tears amaine ;
That where he sate the *place was wett*
As though he had sene those wars againe :
So that the Queene, with ruth therefore,
Said : Worthy Prince, enough, no more.

At the supper given to him as a wandering stranger by King Alcinous, Odysseus was in such a sad mood that his host, hearing him "groan heavily," stopped the music with these words, as recorded by Homer : "Hearken, ye captains and councillors, let Demodocus hold his hand from the loud lyre, for this song is nowise pleasing to all. From the time that we began to sup hath yonder stranger never ceased from woeful lamentation." Here was a guest that ought to have been in request for dinner-parties and suppers.

We do not know who Homer was ; we are not sure that he wrote the *Odyssey*, and we cannot tell whether the suggested humour in this immortal classic was conscious or not. What must we think, for instance, of the case of the immortal cattle of Helios the Sungod ? The companions of Odysseus, being hungry, killed a few of the immortal cows, roasted them and ate them, to the unspeakable anger of their equally immortal owner. The thing seems to be next to an impossibility ; these rude warriors performed a feat that was never done before or since. Homer gravely relates it, but is aware that he is in a fix. So he says, as if that mended the matter : "The skins began to creep and the flesh bellowed upon the spit" (as well it might), "both the roast and the raw, and there was a sound as the voice of kine."

Such an equivocal explanation would hardly do even for him, as he makes Odysseus drily remark "that he could find no remedy, the cattle were dead and gone." There is sometimes true humour in stating an impossible fact with a grave face without laughter. The case reminds one of Heine's remark when the villagers showed him a large stone

or hollow rock in the centre of the village, used by them as a water-trough, and said to have been dropped there in ancient times by the devil. He, like Homer, does not dispute the fact ; he simply accepts it for what it is worth, with the caustic remark: "In those days the world was soft, and the devil was soft, and they made one another presents."

Whilst to a few it is the most deeply engrossing of studies, history cannot be said to be a popular branch of human knowledge; it would be really interesting to know how large a percentage of the population cares twopence about the past history even of their own country. This attitude is chiefly owing to a defective system of teaching; from the very vastness of the field it is impossible to teach in schools more than the barest outlines of it. There is obviously no time for the details which could make this study a favourite with the young; they forget the soul-deadening 1250 So-and-so, 1260 So-and-so, as soon as they can, but they always remember that King Alfred burnt the cakes. Give them the Boscobel Tracts; there is, for the young, no humour in them, but boys don't care for it, and they will soon be interested in Charles's clumsy attempts to disguise himself—soot first, walnut-juice afterwards—any schoolboy would rejoice to think he would have done the job better, but he will remember the unfortunate Stuart all the longer for it.

Grown-up students quickly enough detect the humour of a king so grateful that he grants his deliverer a pension—to be paid out of the public funds in perpetuity by the people who come after him! The Stuarts are all gone, but we still pay a trifle—at least we did so a few years ago and may do so still for what we know—to the descendants of the man who helped to disguise the fugitive Charles. For the sake of the humour of the thing we should not wish it to be otherwise; when Charles Lamb was swindled one day he said he did not regret the money, for the sake of having a conception of such a specious rogue; and in the same liberal spirit we do not grudge the minute fraction of a farthing it may

cost us individually per annum to share in this truly royal vicarious gratitude. The mournful Stuarts, true to their character, were often humorous without knowing it; witness James I. "his Proclamation" on passing through Hinchinbrook in 1603, "That such crowds shall not gather round our Royal Person."

We have not touched upon the debatable topic of church history, in which humour, moreover, must seem out of place. It is present, however, for all that, and in no small measure; we may venture perhaps to mention two instances which can give no offence. When Laud, as chaplain to the king, reported on the religious condition of the people in Scotland, he was not aware how humorous he was when he wrote, "There is not a surplice in the country. I question if there be a tailor in the country that could cut you a decent surplice; the tradition of religion seems lost." The other instance is still more remarkable. One of the divines present at the Hampton Court Conference in 1603-4, who had grown up as a Roman Catholic, had a brother who became a Protestant. The two undertook to reason the matter out together and did it so effectively and to such good purpose *that they converted each other*, changing places and religion. Then, we must suppose, they had to begin afresh a controversy to which at this rate there could never be an end.

MARCUS REED.

The Tourist and the Old Curiosity Shop

THAT the "collecting habit" has become increasingly prevalent during recent years must be apparent to all. If the reader himself has escaped, he will at least be acquainted with a friend who has fallen under its spell. But few realise how proficient in fraud the purveyor of "objects of antiquity and interest" has

become. He, the dishonest dealer, simply fattens upon the ignorance of the amateur collector, especially during the holiday season. It is exceedingly doubtful whether one in ten of the "antiquities" purchased by tourists at the popular holiday centres is genuine, or worth a tenth part of the price which has been paid for it.

This applies not only to England, but to the Continent as well. For instance, visitors to Paris are sometimes offered a curio which purports to be a genuine missive sent to London by "balloon post" during the siege. Written upon very thin paper, duly stamped and dated and officially marked *par ballon monte*, it has every appearance of genuineness. The tourist, with thoughts in his mind of fabulous prices which have recently been paid for unique documents, imagines that he has stumbled upon a prize, and gleefully pays the few francs demanded. Later, when he exhibits his "find" to some one better informed than himself, he learns that the whole thing is a beautifully executed photographic copy—that even the stamps are forged—and that the letter is worth, at the outside, a few pence.

Again, people go to Switzerland and hear the cow-bells. "What a quaint, romantic sound!" they say; and later, to the dealer in curios, "Is it possible to buy a cow-bell for money?" The dealer rummages among his stock and eventually produces the required article—the only example, if we are to believe him, that he was ever able to induce a cowherd to part with. A price is named, paid, and the bell changes hands to the satisfaction of all concerned. But the buyer would probably be less charmed did he (or she) realise that the "practically unique curio" is one of thousands manufactured annually, certainly in Germany, probably also in Birmingham, and exported to Switzerland especially to meet the demands of tourists.

We have all heard of the "Egyptian antiquities" which are packed off by the gross each year from English manufactories to be sold to tourists in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids. Birmingham, too, once did a fine

wholesale trade in idols for export to centres where civilisation and savagery meet, in order that the globe-trotter might not return to his hearth and home without a "genuine heathen god" in his trunk. Of late years, however, America has usurped this particular branch of the trade. It appears that "Uncle Sam" can manufacture idols more cheaply than "Brum."

Most people know that old furniture is extensively "faked." Few, however, realise to what heights of impudence dishonest dealers have soared. In France, old men—usually old soldiers—are actually employed to rub with the hand those parts of the furniture which in the ordinary way would become worn. This is done especially in the case of spurious pre-Revolution pieces, genuine examples of which have attained great value. This practice does not yet appear to have extended to England, although devices for making the leg of a chair appear worm-eaten, or for reproducing a battered or kicked area, are commonly resorted to in London workshops.

Perhaps the most perplexing phase of this fraudulent business is the constant use of genuine old oak in the manufacture of pseudo-antique pieces. The "faker" of furniture keeps his eyes open and buys up—usually at a nominal price—old church pews, beams, bedsteads, and the like. By this means he obtains a quantity of well-coloured wood, which is judiciously worked up into elaborate chests, corner-cupboards, sideboards and tables. These, when put upon the market, call for all the skill of the expert ere they can be denounced with certainty as "fakes." Needless to say the amateur is constantly deceived by them.

Equally perplexing are the processes known to the trade as "carving up" and "veneering over." The first is explained by the fact that, roughly speaking, the value of old oak furniture varies according to the amount of work upon it. Thus a genuine but sparingly carved piece is taken, extra carving is added by an expert hand, and the whole is carefully treated with stains to obliterate all traces of the fraud.

"Veneering over" is yet another workshop trick. A few scrolls or a little ribbon-work being added to an inferior piece of Chippendale, the price is much increased. Or a bulky piece of Victorian furniture is carefully whittled down and decorated by a skilled hand, and turned into the most attractive "Chippendale" imaginable. Sheraton furniture is also subject to serious "reproduction." Much of the genuine was exquisitely veneered with satin-wood from the West Indies, upon which panels were painted by artists of the period. Nowadays satin-wood from the East Indies, not so broad in the marking, is commonly used by manufacturers of furniture; but the "fakers" of Sheraton are careful to obtain their supplies from the West Indies. They then take genuine pieces of oak furniture, carefully veneer them, and transfer to them prints of paintings by one of the old artists. These are then touched up with colour, the paint is artificially cracked, as though by time, and fictitious signs of age are given to the exposed corners of the piece so that it has all the appearance of having withstood years of hard wear. Finally, genuine old metal-work is often screwed on; and the finished production, when put upon the market, has ere now deceived judges of mature experience.

So much for the manufacture of these elaborate falsehoods. The manner in which they are palmed off upon an unsuspecting—or, perhaps, a suspecting—public is no less cunningly devised. The experienced dealer does not "push" his wares. Rather does he encourage his customers to explore the dusty recesses of his establishment. Something at length attracts attention—perhaps a little spinning chair covered with dust and cobwebs. The dealer brings it to the light, dusts it with care, while he professes forgetfulness as to how and whence he obtained it. A little haggling follows, and a price is fixed. The customer is convinced that he has secured a bargain, while the dealer knows that he has made a handsome profit. He also knows how to procure another little chair to replace the one which he has just sold.

Dealers are becoming more and more cunning with each year. It is now a common practice with them to visit country districts which are periodically overrun with tourists, and to make confederates of the rustics. Thus country cottage treasures which have been found apparently quite by chance, are by no means free from suspicion. In recent years quite a number of cases have been recorded of which the following is typical: A neophyte collector not without difficulty has borne away in triumph an oak corner-cupboard or a bit of old Leeds pottery. The country folk, with touching honesty and simplicity, have protested that the thing possesses no value—save to themselves as a cherished heirloom. Perhaps the old grandmother has actually shed a tear at the thought of parting with something that her “good man” bought for her when they set up housekeeping. Still, it is finally decided that the gentleman must take it away if he has set his heart upon it. As to the price, this is left for the gentleman to decide; whereupon he adds an extra crown to the figure which he had at first decided to offer.

Could anything be more straightforward or convincing? Alas for the depravity of human nature! On a subsequent day the dealer turns up in his trap. “You’ve sold that little cupboard? Good! Well, here’s another just like it.” Then follows the settlement, when profits are divided.

Continental dealers not unfrequently put forward a genuine article in the first instance. Then, when the bargain has been struck, an offer is made to pack the “piece” free of charge for its journey to England or America. Needless to say this offer is usually accepted, and the buyer goes on his way rejoicing. The dealer retires to the mysterious workshops at the back of his premises, and carefully packs up a modern copy of the object which he has just sold. In numerous instances the substitution is never detected; but even when the buyer does realise that he has been duped, his chance of redress is small indeed. Nine times out of ten he would

merely throw good money after bad by invoking the law.

Quite recently, to the writer's knowledge, a gentleman spending his summer vacation in Spain, and wandering into a curiosity shop, was shown two fine oak chairs, upholstered in leather, and described (probably quite correctly) as part of a suite which had figured in a deceased cardinal's palace. The gentleman knew something of old furniture, and after a careful examination of the chairs agreed to purchase them for £6 each. Had he taken them away there and then he would have secured a bargain. But he agreed to a proposal that they should be packed and sent to his address in England.

In due course the chairs arrived, and an expert was called in to admire. He condemned them almost at a glance, pushing back the leather to show that the maker had not even troubled to give the oak a semblance of age where its surface was hidden from view. The chairs were good honest modern workmanship, but were worthless in every other respect. Their value was, perhaps, fifteen shillings each. So that the gentleman had certainly dropped at least a ten pound note on his bargain.

Not the least remunerative branch of the fraudulent dealer's trade is that concerned with porcelain and pottery "fakes." These, nowadays, are both varied in nature and numerous in individual pieces. Almost all the best, and therefore the most dangerous, come to us from France. They are chiefly imitations of Chelsea, Worcester and Oriental-Lowestoft. A Parisian firm sends its traveller to London each year for three months, and thus disposes of several thousands of pounds' worth of its wares annually in this country. Moreover, there is a wholesale house in London, well known to most dealers and to many collectors of standing, where French-made imitations of old china may be seen and purchased—always provided, of course, that the visitor can advance evidence to show that he is "in the trade." The French-made imitations of Chelsea and Worcester have facsimiles of the *fabrique* marks of these factories

placed upon them, and many of the pieces are so clever as to impose a constant tax upon the judgment of experienced collectors. Needless to say the beginner is constantly victimised. The French are very clever, too, in their imitations of old Oriental-Lowestoft. The actual Lowestoft works, as every collector knows, were closed in 1804. But almost immediately after this date spurious examples of the porcelain, of French origin, made their appearance in the market, and have continued to vex the soul of the collector ever since.

Pottery "fakes" have only been put forward of recent years. To-day, however, they are to be found in almost all but the most reputable dealers' shops. Many of them originate on the Continent, but some are of English manufacture. A pottery has actually been founded at Leeds for the purpose of turning out articles in imitation of old Leeds ware. These are being marked "Leeds pottery" in exact imitation of the genuine old pieces produced ninety or one hundred years ago. French-made imitations of old delft are also very commonly seen, and silver lustre is another class of pottery of which many modern reproductions exist, although the fine smoothness and "finish" which characterise the genuine old pieces are lacking. The most popular "fakes" in pottery at the present time, however, are probably "Toby jugs." These are scattered broadcast throughout the country by the wholesale firms. They represent "Nelson," "John Bull," and other appropriate characters, and are exceedingly well made. At seaside resorts, when allowed to become thickly coated with dust, they are often the means of drawing money from the pockets of the unwary or inexperienced bargain-hunter. Their cost to the unscrupulous dealer is about six shillings each. As "genuine old pieces" they will fetch as much as a couple of pounds.

Among the many spurious mediæval antiquities which flood the markets, the most remarkable date back some forty years. The name of their actual designer has never been discovered, but it is known that two men

named "Billy" and "Charley," living at Rosemary Lane, Tower Hill, carried on a remunerative trade by making casts of daggers, medals, figures, etc. (the originals, be it noted, were of an entirely fictitious character), and distributing them among workmen engaged in deep excavations in and near London. The "fakes" were buried, and subsequently "discovered" in the presence of a likely onlooker. So successful was this plan that the shops of dealers soon became deluged with these shams, by which, for many months, dealers and collectors were alike deceived. Eventually, however, it was pointed out that despite the superficial air of antiquity possessed by these "fakes," a close examination always revealed incongruities of workmanship and design. Their maker, though ingenious, lacked knowledge. His inscriptions were meaningless, his dates absurd, as were also the details of armour, head-dresses and ornament introduced into the designs. Thus these "Billy and Charley" forgeries constitute no danger in so far as the experienced antiquary is concerned. On the other hand, beginners are frequently victimised even at the present day, the more so because of the remarkably wide range which this particular series of "fakes" has attained. They have been carried to distant parts of the globe, such as South Africa, and have been brought home again by travellers as curiosities of value; they are constantly turning up in the shops of dealers, and in sale rooms; while they are at times excavated, in a perfectly genuine manner, by workmen in and around London. These notable "fakes" have actually acquired a certain money value as curiosities, and will command as much as three or four shillings each at auction, the buyer being fully aware of the nature of his purchase.

The above remarks on "fakes" and forgeries are intended merely as suggestions concerning a far-reaching evil. It would be impossible in a short article to treat the subject fully. The fact that there is a very general outcry among collectors for legislation in this direction speaks for itself. A recent writer on the subject urges

From the Greek of Antiphilus 283

that a law forbidding the sale of spurious antiquities should be framed, and that all such objects should become liable to seizure when offered as genuine. Until such a law is passed, dishonest dealers will continue to flourish. Frankly, the best advice that can be offered under existing circumstances to the would-be collector of small experience may be expressed in one word, namely, "Don't." But if you *must* collect, a hint given some years ago to a novice in china-buying by Mr. Frederick Litchfield will prove invaluable. It applies equally to the purchase of all kinds of antiquities and curios. When buying from dealers he advised a system of cash payment, the buyer to be furnished on the spot with a detailed description of his purchase, written upon the invoice to which his receipt is appended. In this way the invoice forms a kind of guarantee that no honest tradesman will object to render; while, in the case of dishonest traders, who might be prepared to set aside a mere verbal description if it were subsequently challenged, the detailed invoice would entitle the aggrieved buyer to recovery of the price should error or deception be proved.

PERCY COLLINS.

From the Greek of Antiphilus

G LADLY returning to my native shore,
"Rejoice," said I, "my pilgrimage is o'er,
And restful happiness is mine at last."

Scarce had I spoken ere the tempest's blast
Had hurled me backward, and the envious sea
Was flinging its fierce billows over me.

Be on your guard in every word you say;
Boast not "To-morrow," neither vaunt "To-day";
Lest Nemesis, enthroned in sleepless might,
Engulph you in the everlasting night.

MICHAEL BARRINGTON.

Some Letters of a Queen of Spain

AMONG the many princesses who have shared the throne as Queens-Consort of Spain, there is no more charming and sympathetic figure than that of Marie Louise Gabrielle of Savoy, wife of Philip V. This little princess was the second daughter of Victor-Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, and of his Duchess, Anne of Orleans. She was born on September 22, 1688, and was married by proxy at Turin on September 11, 1701, when she had not completed her thirteenth year, to His Majesty, Philip V. of Spain, then aged close on eighteen.

Her grandmother, known as Madame Royale—for she had acted as Regent during the minority of Victor-Amadeus II.—was the Princess Jeanne Baptiste de Nemours, an ambitious and far-seeing woman, who had anticipated for her granddaughters the possibility of royal marriages. The elder of the two was already the wife of the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV., and heir to the throne of France.

From her earliest years Marie Louise was confided to the care of the Comtesse Françoise de Lucinge, a lady of exceptional talent, who was enabled to develop the good feelings and intelligence of the little princess by the careful education she bestowed upon her, and to whom much of the credit must be given for the wisdom and tact displayed by the princess in her later life.

Her wedding at such an early age was of course merely a question of high politics. Philip V. was anxious to keep on good terms with the Duke of Savoy, and so—with the consent of the King of France—asked the hand of his younger daughter in marriage. This was willingly accorded, the more so as it affirmed the eventual right of succession which Victor-Amadeus had acquired under the will of Charles II.

The marriage was celebrated by proxy with considerable pomp at Turin, and on the following day, September

Some Letters of a Queen of Spain 285

12, 1701, the little Queen Marie Louise started for Nice, where she was to find the combined fleet of Spain, France and Naples, under the command of Don Emmanuel Sylva, awaiting her either at Villefranche or Monaco, to take her to Barcelona.

The rate of progress was slow, for on the 17th the Queen had only reached Sospello, where she rested all day at the house of the Baron Blancardi de la Turbie, and received with the greatest affability a present offered to her by the Syndics in the name of the town. On the previous night the *cortège* had slept at Tenda, Her Majesty being lodged by the Chianea family. From here the girl-Queen wrote the first of the touching little series of letters to which this article refers. They have been taken from the Royal Archives at Turin, and I am indebted for my knowledge of them to M. de Orestis, by whom they were recently reproduced in *Nice Historique*, the interesting official publication of the Academia Nissarda, which, under the Presidency of Dr. A. Baréty, has of late years published much good work.

From Tenda Marie Louise wrote as follows to her grandmother, Madame Royale :

TENDA, September 16.

I am quite sure, dearest grandmamma, of the grief you have felt at our parting, from the kindness which you have always shown to me. I entreat you not to address me as "Your Majesty," for the name of your dear grandchild is much more to my taste. It is not necessary to remind me to keep my affection for you, dearest grandmamma, for that is very great and imbued with the greatest respect. . . .

The next day the first letter to her mother was dispatched, as soon as she arrived at Sospello ; the gorges which so depressed the little Queen must have been those of Fontan and Saorgio, in the valley of the Roya :

SOSPELLO, September 17.

I am very glad, dearest mother, that Madame Cavalieri forgot my box, since that has given me the pleasure of receiving your dear letters. Carlino arrived this morning just as we were coming out of church, and gave me news of you which pleased me, since it was good. I forgot to tell you, in my last letter, that we slept at Tenda. I made the Baroness

Palavicini, Madame de Cirié, and the Marquis de Sales play at *ombre*, and I kept coming and going, and took Madame de Cirié's hand to make her learn. Instead of dining I had some tea, as I had a headache, and after that we went to Benediction at the Cathedral, which is quite a fine church considering the size of the town. Just before supper M. de Castel Rodrigue came to my room with the Marquis de Dronero, who told me they had not the regulations for my journey with them, and that they did not know at all what was arranged under the head of eating alone or with the ladies-in-waiting; that they thought it possible I should eat by myself on the ship, and so it would be uncivil to the ladies not to sup with them, and that we could do so if we liked; so we began yesterday evening with great content.

We started this morning at the same time as yesterday, and arrived at Breil at eleven o'clock; and set out again at 3 for Sospello where we have just arrived. We could not see the sea from the top of the hill as the weather was cloudy. This morning we passed through every horror of gloom, for of a truth all these mountains and rocks are terrifying and frightful. You compliment me, dear mother, on my birth; it is rather my duty to thank you for having brought me into the world. Yesterday evening M. de Castel Rodrigue wanted to show us a Spanish compliment, to make us play at *Quintillo*—that is five-handed *ombre*—and was desirous of giving us gold counters that he has had made. But he could not do so, as we did not play.

My dear mother, there is a great sadness in my heart, very great, and chiefly at night when I wake up and find myself all alone: I assure you, my dear mother, that I am indeed very sensible of the goodness you have shown to me, by the love which I feel for your dear self; and I am very sorry I am not clever enough to express it better to you, as well as the reverence which I have for you, and which will be very great all my life.

The arrival of Her Catholic Majesty at Nice on the next evening, September 18, was a solemn affair, and is recorded by the chroniclers Torrini and Louis Durante. The former relates that the Queen's entrance was very splendid. As soon as she arrived at the Porte Pairolière, the guns of the château fired a royal salute of a hundred and fifty guns, while the town batteries added a further welcome of twenty-four guns. The city was so brilliantly illuminated that it was like daylight. There was a great crowd in the Rue Droite, where the Queen passed, carried in a sedan chair, with her ladies-in-waiting and gentlemen on horseback, and the windows were packed with people.

On her arrival at the palace, the fisher-folk commenced

their ball on the Grande Place; but the most attractive sight of all was that of the twelve galleys, which were close in shore in full view of the palace, each brilliantly illuminated—especially the flag-ship, which fired a triple salute. The ships did not leave till after midnight, and the town gates remained open too.

Durante adds a few details to this account. He says that Nice had never before presented such a sumptuous appearance. On the Queen's arrival, saluted by the booming of cannon, the ringing of all the church bells and the unanimous acclamations of the populace, Her Majesty, who had travelled in a palanquin, descended at the Porte Pairolière, where the Governor, the Senate, the High Steward, the Consuls, and all the principal persons of the city awaited her. A guard of honour, composed of the chief gentlemen of the town, was admitted to Her Majesty's presence to serve as a body-guard; she was conducted to the palace, in conformity with ancient custom, under a canopy; the streets traversed by the procession were garlanded and strewn with flowers; the crowd of gentlemen in attendance, equerries and pages, showed a great variety of costumes and richness of apparel.

On the following day, September 19, the Queen went to hear Mass at the Cathedral of Ste. Réparate, where she was received by the Consuls in their official robes and the Bishop in his Pontifical vestments. During the ceremony an ode of homage to the Queen, composed by the arch-priest Ludovic Raiberti, was sung. In the evening the town was again illuminated as on the previous night, and the fish-wives had another ball, at which they sang a song in *patois*, composed by Canon Garino.

On the 20th the Pope's Legate, Cardinal Joseph Archinto, Archbishop of Milan, sent by Clement XI. to greet the new Queen-Consort of Spain, and to bear her the Golden Rose as a proof of His Holiness' affection, arrived at the Monastery of Saint Pons.

His Eminence insisted on being received with all the honours due to his rank, but the Queen's suite, pretend-

ing to have received no orders, protracted the preliminary arrangements.

The Duke of Savoy was not then on good terms with the Pope, and would have been delighted to do his Ambassador a bad turn ; so he put forward the suggestion that the Legate should be received by the Queen on Spanish territory, that is to say, on board His Catholic Majesty's galleys, either at Antibes or at Monaco, but in any case, beyond the borders of his own States. Finally it was decided to receive His Eminence at Nice, and this was done somewhat summarily as if it was desired to get rid of him as soon as possible.

During this period of waiting the Queen found time to write to her mother a naive little letter, in which public and private matters are touched on in a charmingly childish way :

NICE, *September 24.*

I am very happy, dear mother, for I received your dear letters to-day. The first days after my arrival the sea was quite calm, but yesterday and the day before it was very rough, which frightened us a little.

I do not mention the magnificence of the galleys, for Madame de Besteng will soon tell it you far better than I can, for I have not yet seen them. My four ladies and Madame de Masserano went one morning to Villefranche to see them, being afraid that if they waited they would be unable to see them at all. They went by sea, and not one of them felt ill. Madame des Noyers went on the sea, but she only stayed a few moments, and did not feel ill either. Yesterday she wished to go again, but beginning to feel a little indisposed, she did not care to go further. Thérèse, who went, was ill, but it is true that the sea was not very smooth.

We thought up to this moment that I should receive the Legate at Monaco. M. de Castel Rodrigue had already sent to tell the Prince of Monaco, who, I believe, is much annoyed to know now that the meeting will not take place there. The Legate is very pleased about it. I believe everything will be done to-morrow, and that we shall go on board on Monday. I thank you heartily, my dear Mother, for your prayers to the Almighty for my health, which is very good at present, thank God. The mallows which I took had no effect, and did not prove efficacious, even once.

I gave your messages, my dear Mother, in fact I went beyond your instructions, for I have also given your compliments to all my ladies ; as I feared they might be hurt at your remembering Mesdames de

Some Letters of a Queen of Spain 289

Masserano, des Noyers, and de Besteng and not mentioning them : I do not think you will be annoyed with me.

I shall always continue, as far as in me lies, to make myself beloved by my behaviour, since that is pleasing to you, and also contributes to my happiness. I do not send any message to grandmamma, as I am going to write to her.

I will end by begging you to be so good as ever to continue your affection for me, which I will merit by the reverence and affection I have for your beloved and lovable person. I beg you to kiss my dear little brothers for me, and thank the elder one¹ for what he has written. If I might venture, I would beg you, too, to give my remembrances to the Princesse de la Cisterne and to the Marquise Delmare. If I thought it would please them, I would write to them.

On the 26th, matters having been at length arranged, the Cardinal-Legate left the Monastery of Saint Pons, whither the Marquis de Sales, one of the gentlemen-in-waiting, went to fetch him with a brilliant following, and made his entry into the town in the afternoon of the same day, escorted by a company of halberdiers. He was accompanied by a great number of gentlemen and Italian prelates magnificently habited. The Bishop of Nice at the head of his Chapter went to meet the Legate beyond the Paillon bridge, and received him under a canopy of cloth of silver. After acknowledging the greetings of the Comte Maurice de Roubion, Introducer of Ambassadors, at the gates of the Palace, he was met half way up the staircase by the Comte de Balbian, the Queen's Major-domo, who conducted him to the Guard Room ; after a few moments rest here, the Grand Master of the Household, the Marquis de St. Georges, came to inform him that Her Majesty awaited him in the Throne Room.

Marie Louise, in full Court dress, was seated on a daïs hung with crimson velvet fringed with gold ; she rose on the Cardinal's entrance, and made several steps forward, without, however, descending from the daïs.

His Eminence expressed to the Queen how great was the satisfaction of His Holiness at a marriage, which ought to consolidate a lasting peace between France, Spain, and the House of Savoy ; he then offered her the

¹ Afterwards Charles Emmanuel III. of Savoy.

customary good wishes for her private happiness, and presented the Golden Rose.

The Legate was reconducted, with the same honours as before, to the Palace of the Comte Lascaris, where he gave audience to the clergy, the nobility, and all the persons of eminence in the town. Three days later he started on his return to Milan, taking the road over the Col di Tenda, very well satisfied with the reception which had been given to him.

Marie Louise herself does not seem to have been greatly impressed by the Cardinal; she wrote the same evening to her mother the following very full account of his visits:

NICE, September 26.

I am writing you three letters to-day, my dearest mother, with very great pleasure. You will have news of me from Marseilles, for the Comte de Sales is coming as far as there. I must tell you that Madame la Princesse des Ursins¹ has evidently received instructions, for she has not yet been to see me; so I shall see her to-morrow for the first time. I have just received, my dear Mother, the three audiences of the Legate: he made his entry this morning. He was habited in such fashion that I could not keep from laughing. Madame de Besteng will tell you what he looked like. We went to the Bishop's Palace to see him pass; he went straight to the Cathedral where the *Te Deum* was sung, and then he came directly here: before five o'clock we had his second audience, and an hour later his last, when he gave me the Golden Rose, the *Corpo Santo* and some *Agnus Dei*, and presented his suite: he is very pleased with this morning's dinner, and I think he will be equally contented with the supper this evening. He should have blessed the galleys this evening; but as the sea is somewhat rough, they have not been able to come. M. de Castel Rodrigue has given the present to Madame des Noyers for the Cardinal Legate. I beg you, dear mother,

¹ I have throughout these letters preserved the French orthography, though here the title of Princesse des Ursins would look more familiar if written "Orsini." This lady was by birth Marianne de la Trémoille, whose first husband was the Prince de Talleyrand; she married a second time shortly after his death, her new lord being Prince Flavius Orsini, Duc de Bracciano and S. Gemini, a grandee of Spain, and a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, who at this time had been dead some two years. The King of Spain, on his marriage with the Princess Marie Louise, had appointed her to be Chief Lady-in-Waiting to the new Queen, which caused much jealousy among the principal ladies of the Spanish nobility. Madame des Ursins played a prominent part at Court throughout the Queen's lifetime.

Some Letters of a Queen of Spain 291

if I ought to write some letters, to let me know, I mean to what ladies you think it would give pleasure. I am sending the *Corpo Santo* to the Chapel of the Holy Shroud, as well as the Golden Rose. As to the *Agnus Dei*, I have made one box of them for Mother Mary of the Angels, and another for Father Valpé. I have written six letters this evening, and this is the seventh ; you cannot say that I am lazy ; that I assure you I will never be, since I am always so happy when I can find an opportunity of begging you to love a daughter who has so great an affection for her dearest mother, that she cannot express it.

On the 27th, after considerable delay, the little Queen set out for Spain ; but the fleet only got as far as Antibes, and it was a somewhat uncomfortable crossing, if we may judge by the frank remarks written to the duchess by her daughter.

It is a sad letter, this last one which follows ; the final wrench at parting, not only from her dear ones but her country as well, to face an unknown future in a foreign land as the wife of a husband whom she had never seen, making her tender young heart almost too full for words. She laments the parting from her ladies, but adds touchingly, “I hope the King will quite console me.”

ANTIBES, *September 28.*

I am very pleased to have an opportunity of giving you my news, my dearest mother. I will begin by telling you that I thought I should never start yesterday, for it had been arranged for the morning, and when it was time, they came to tell me I could not go on board : there was a great fuss ; at one moment they said I could not go, the next minute they declared the opposite. In the end, I started from Nice at three o'clock : I received your dear letter a moment before leaving : I thought that the messenger who had been sent to you would return—I was quite taken aback when M. de Castel Rodrigue told me he would not come back. I executed your commission to Madame des Ursins : I assure you she is very kind and has much wit ; but all the same, I cannot help regretting my other ladies very much, to whom I have said good-bye with real sorrow. Yesterday I felt ill and was sick, which has made me afraid of the days to come. Last night Madame des Ursins slept in my room, as well as Madame des Noyers, who suffered a great deal too : we all three had bugs, which kept us awake the whole night ; all the same I am very well.

This morning the wind was against us ; so after dinner we came here to sleep and to avoid the bugs. I should have begun my letter by describing to you the magnificence of our galley ; but being ill somewhat

disgusted me with it, which made me very anxious for my crossing to be finished.

I am feeling very sad here, for it is the most miserable village you can imagine. I was forgetting to tell you the best of all : as soon as we arrived M. de Lucque offered me a very handsome collation, and afterwards there was some rather pretty music ; but you will understand, dear mother, that that did not much rejoice me. I begin to wonder how I shall be able to live in Spain without a single lady of Piedmont in my suite, for at this moment, when I have some still, the prospect begins to produce an effect on me ; but on the other hand, I hope that the King will quite console me.

I am very sorry to hear of my father's illness, but trust it has been no more serious than mine. You regretted, dear mother, that you did not come to Nice ; I assure you that I have felt the same regret on my side : but even had you come there, we should be parted at the present moment ; so one must be patient. My heart is so full that I can say no more to you about it, except, dearest mother, to assure you of my affection, and to embrace you with all my heart.

Be sure that I have so great a reverence and such deep tenderness for you that I know not what terms to employ to be able to express it to you.

Here, then, is the end of this charming series of child's letters, which shows the spirit in which Marie Louise of Savoy entered on her life as Queen-Consort of Spain. History does not belie their promise, for, forced to play a great rôle in very critical times in her adopted country, the young Queen was idolised by the Spanish people. Twice did she rule the Kingdom as Regent, in 1702 and 1709, and on her early death at Madrid on February 14, 1714, when she was not yet twenty-six years of age, great demonstrations of grief showed the affection and esteem in which she was held by the whole of Spain.

J. D. E. LOVELAND.

Freshwater Fish

NO one who possesses the heart of a fisherman can view without sympathy the departure of a crowded excursion train filled with sportsmen bent on a ploy to the Lincolnshire waters, where with rod and line they can pass a few hours away from the

labours of the workshop and coal mine. For weeks past this day has been looked forward to ; the tackle has been purchased, tested, and arranged in the square-shaped baskets which are so handy for holding all requirements, including lunch and bait. Rods have been put together, and joints oiled preparatory to sliding them into their cases, with the extra spare top in the event of accident, for the occasion is an important one, as the club will award prizes after the match. You may read expectancy in the faces of this fishing-party, which will last them till the umpire calls time, and the fish are brought in to be weighed and counted.

The trout and salmon fisherman may turn up his nose at this kind of sport, and wonder why so many men can be found to line a canal or river bank for hours, sitting on their baskets angling for coarse fish, but that is because he only understands one class of fishing. Place him alongside one of these humble experts, and he will soon find that they possess an art in no way inferior to his own. The fine tackle with its hair line and almost invisible gut, and the deft cast which sends the maggot weighted with a single shot well over the rushes into the deep water would puzzle his untried hand, and I venture to say his record at the end of the day would be of the poorest.

Nor, again, can the ordinary individual appreciate what such a day's outing is to the workman. He may be employed in the rolling mills, where the plates of red-hot metal try the eyes with their heated glare, or he may be a miner spending his day at the coal-face, with only the safety-lamp as his illumination. The train removes him far from all this, down to the green meadow where he sits by the cool water with the flag-iris and bull-rush at his feet, and he wields his little roach rod with the same hope and expectation as the salmon-fisher feels when he throws his huge fly upon the swirling stream. The fruit of his labours may not be as exciting when he tussles with his fish, but the feeling is the same in proportion. It is a great rest to the mind, also, to be abstracted from

the cares and worries of life, and this is shared by all who delight in fishing.

Many people cannot understand the feeling which prompts a man to sit for hours in solitude by the water-side and brave the discomforts of cold and wet. Such, however, have not any conception of the angling passion, and the effects it produces in the mind. It has been asked, "Cannot you take walking exercise in place of it? Is it not more invigorating for mind and body to tramp away over hills and dales, than to sit fishing hour after hour, a prey to your own thoughts and solitude?" The angler will reply to this, that when he goes out walking his cares and worries, like a cloud of gnats about his head, follow him buzzing all the while, and the labour of his body brings no relief to his mind. You cannot walk down cares any more than you can beat down the gnats with your walking-stick. Very different is the case of the man who likes fishing. From the moment he takes his rod in his hand, and fixes his tackle, and makes his cast upon the water, every thought vanishes excepting the one absorbing interest of taking fish. While he is engrossed in this the hours fly by unheeded. The gnats may buzz and hum about his head, but the cares are gone. The solitude, far from being a drawback and causing depression of spirit, is a matter for congratulation, for a shadow on the water would disturb the fish, and the talk of a companion distract the fisherman's attention, which is wholly absorbed by the work he has in hand. There are few pursuits in life which have such a power of abstraction, and a man is to be envied who can find a relief from his worries and troubles by the waterside.

I remember once talking to a fisherman, fresh from a match, who gave me a curious instance of this abstraction. He happened to be placed next to a man who, in the hope of securing a large fish, had provided himself with a wasp-cake. He carried this in one of his coat pockets, and in the other he had a slice of spice-cake. From the moment of throwing in the man never took his eyes off his small quill float, and he seemed to be almost

hypnotised. He got no bite for a long time, and, beginning to feel hungry, he placed his spare hand in his coat pocket, broke off a bit of cake, and ate it. This went on till the cake was all eaten, and then the float dipped and he caught a fish. In a few moments the fisherman next him heard a cry of despair, and inquired what had happened. He had no more bait, for in his abstracted state he had eaten the wasp-cake instead of the spice-cake in the other pocket! You certainly cannot have your cake and eat it, the proverb tells us, and this was a case in point.

In the days of our forefathers what we call coarse fish were held in far higher esteem than they are now, and every country house had its stew-ponds where fish were carefully reared and preserved. The moats round old castles served the same purpose, and all monastic buildings had elaborate provision for fish diet on fasting days. This was before the railways distributed sea-fish all over the country by quick trains, and it may be said that the decline of freshwater fish culture began from that time. But the art of cooking coarse fish has also disappeared, and nobody nowadays will thank you for a dish of dace, or roach, or chub; yet there was a time when these formed part of the regular food of the people.

I was staying a few weeks ago in a country house which had an excellent stew-pond, sadly overgrown with weeds, but still full of roach, eel, pike, and perch, and after a great deal of persuasion I got my host to consent to my procuring some perch for the dinner-table. I know no fish more excellent than a perch if properly cooked. It is not one whit inferior to a trout, but I admit it requires more careful preparation for the table. To begin with, it has scales which have to be removed by scraping, and they fly all over your face if you are not careful. I always make it a rule, when sending a catch of perch to the kitchen, to express my appreciation of the trouble I am giving, and this has its effect. The great thing in cooking these fish is to have the fat in the frying-pan of such heat that it will slightly brown a bit

of bread inserted in it. Then the fish themselves must be wiped quite dry after cleaning, before submitting them to the process of egg and bread-crumbs. They should be immersed in the pan till they have a golden brown colour, and then removed and laid on blotting paper to dry them. Nobody with such a dish before him would ever presume to call these coarse fish, for they are the daintiest morsels imaginable.

Then, again, the pike is a freshwater fish which lends itself to various modes of treatment in cooking. You may stuff and bake him, but you must baste him well during the process, or you may boil him and serve with oyster sauce. If the pike is a large one, it is a good plan to cut steaks out of him and broil them, or use egg and bread-crumbs and fry in butter. The tench is a fish which ranks with the pike as regards eating, but people very rarely make the experiment. On the Continent carp is the most popular of all freshwater fish, and all the great houses in the interior, where sea-fish cannot be got, have carp ponds. In olden days the riverside hotels on the Thames were famous for their dishes of fried gudgeon, and epicures will tell you it is to-day the best of all freshwater fish. There are two things which tell against the popularity of coarse fish as an article of diet. One is that they should be cooked the same day as they are caught, which is rarely done, and the other arises from ignorance as to the proper method of treating them in the kitchen.

I inquired of the fisherman of whom I have written what was done with the catches they brought home. He told me that if they or their friends did not eat them, the Jews in the town were always glad to buy them. I have no doubt the Jewish cooks have some way of making a far more palatable fry than have English housewives, among whom the art of cooking fresh-water fish has been lost.

R. A. GATTY.

The Morning of the West Country

THIS is a picture whose setting is the grey dawn as it begins to break. Long dark waves are racing out of a grey sea into tumbling, white water; now a faint shadow, now broken and black in a driving, grey sky, rises that which "hath bene the marvelous strong and notable fortes" of Tintagel.

Such is the opening of the history of the West—seen through a shifting grey cloud, with no sound but restless water and the cry of the gannet and the cormorant dropping headlong from a desolate sky to desolate seas. Here, where the morning comes up sad and uncertain, is the meeting place of the historic Celtic Arthur and that other Norman Arthur, the type of all chivalry.

Standing on the borderland of history, no character has been moulded by a greater complexity of elements; probably no character has held a greater place in the literature of many nations. Historians, from the seventeenth century to our own, have questioned, it would seem with strange lack of insight as to the origins of legend, the bare existence of the historic Celtic King.

The actual materials for his biography are scanty and at times confused, but who shall maintain that legend has an arbitrary and a conscious creation far back in the minds of simple, passionate men, who turn by nature from that which is commonplace to tend diligently that which is suggestive and beautiful?

The plain, bare facts can easily be stated. The fifth century of our era drew sadly to a close in the history of Britain. Saxon fleets hung along her coasts, bent on desperate piracy; internally she was torn by civil feuds.

Urien of Reghed and the chiefs of British Cumberland were doubly at war, at times beating off the foreign invader, at times striving to bring the Southern Celts under their dominion. Between the fight for life and the fight for empire they fell. In their fall the Celtic muse,

given ever to seek comfort in tears, found expression in the lamentations of Lywar'ch, bard and king. Sitting alone in his hiding-place, the old singer, banished and a cripple, sang, with the voice of Job, the death of his twenty-four sons, and the decay of his people—"See yonder leaf, driven by the wind; woe for him whose lot is on this wise—for it hath even now grown old, though born within the year."

But in the West Country, which the Northern Celts were seeking to bring low, there still was a last hope. Myrdhinn, the great singer of the South, was filled with visions of a champion: "Like to the dawn shall he arise from his mysterious retreat." These great prospects were destined to be dashed suddenly and for ever. The Celts of South Briton placed at their head Aurelianus Ambrosius, direct descendant of Constantine the Tyrant, and last of the Romans to wear the purple among the British tribes. He was succeeded by Arthur, an almost unknown British chieftain, the hero of mediæval romance.

Through many successes and many failures, these Western British, led by a Roman, imbued with centuries of Roman teaching, stood before the Saxons, until on the field of Arderidd, they and their hopes died stoutly as they had lived. The remnant, still fighting, was flung back into the West Country—into the hills of Southern Wales, into the Mendip valleys, into the moors of Devonshire and the rocky waste of Cornwall and Scilly.

Thus far Nennius the British historian of the eighth century. Henceforward for long years the grey cloud is drawn across the history of the West of England, and the recorded events are as elusive as the white crests of the waves racing out of the mist to the foot of Tintagel. We are able to witness a strange, but not an unparalleled phenomenon, forming in this hidden time. The Celtic genius, broken and trampled in arms, must take its revenge in song. Out of the petty chieftain Arthur, half British, half Roman, routed by the Saxon at Arderidd, perishing in the year 520 at the battle of Mont Badon on the Eastern border of Somerset, emerged, after centuries

of quiet creation, the highest type of Norman chivalry, the conqueror of all heathendom, and though Rome was long since dead, of the Imperial legions in Italy. We are reminded of the legend of Roland in the Pyrenees. It is a hard saying, but we must take it as the key of both epics, the English and the French, that these things sprang from the sentiment which marks conquered races—the wounded pride, the desperate desire to weave for future ages a surpassing glory to transfigure their defeat. By the process, exemplified in Arthur, the chieftain Roland becomes the kinsman of the great Charles and the hero of Roncesvalles. Indeed, there are signs of commingling and contact—the twelve paladins of Charlemagne, the twelve victories of Arthur, the twelve knights of the Table Round.

There are other sources of the Arthurian legend, too interesting not to claim some mention, far too complex to be treated at length. We are able to trace the development of Myrdhinn, the British bard, into Merlin, the magic minister of Arthur, of Ambrosius into the mythical Uther Pendragon, and the gradual incorporation of the deeds of Vortigern of Kent with those of the Western chief.

Some have even sought to trace in the story, with what truth we know not, the sources of all mythology. To the local chieftain Arthur, the conquered Celts assigned a celestial parentage. He was the son of Uther Pendragon, appearing in the likeness of a cloud to his brother's wife at Tintagel. Just as the Greek mythology lost its purest naturalistic form and was filled, through much handling, with the grosser elements of incest, so was the development of the Celtic romance affected. The old Welsh word for cloud was *Gorlasar*, and in later days the cloud Pendragon, resting on the Cornish cliffs, became the man Gorloes. Uther became a true Zeus, the faithless Ygraine of Tintagel like the faithless Alcmena, and Arthur, their child, is the true counterpart of Hercules. So strangely allied is the sentiment of Celt and Ionian, that we seem to catch a new and

unexpected suggestion on the side of those who have pictured a blue-eyed, fair-haired Celtic Homer. Much might be said of the wanderings and adventures of the legend in Brittany, of the introduction of the feudal element in the French horsemen, and of the mystic in the Sant Graal—of the accumulated characters which make up the final ideal of heroism, the wisdom and the knight errantry, the sanctity of an ancient Welsh missionary and the insatiable hatred which makes Arthur turn upon the Saxons, with the surpassing *lex talionis*—"a heart for an eye and a head for an arm."

So much in greater detail might be collected around the origins of the Arthurian legend. This much has been enough to indicate that the hero of the West is the product of many forces foreign and conflicting, assuming his final and completed form beyond the channel in Brittany, the Celtic counterpart of Cornwall, but taken at last to a fair corner of England, there to be born, to found his kingdom, and to fight his amazing battles, to die and to rest very securely till this present in the heart of an impressionable people. For though the identity of a simple British Arthur has become lost in a borrowed atmosphere of extravagant chivalry, he is not forgotten in the West Country.

The king and his great fellowship are not fashioned after the purified and exalted mould of the modern poet; they live the more certainly because they are swayed by the primal passions, splendid and terrible and sad, of the heroes of Syr Thomas Malory, the honest old knight of four centuries ago. Theirs was the age of Homeric battles, of joy unsparing for "hot blood freshly speckling" the combatants and flowing darkly above the fetlocks of their horses; theirs was an age of grown children and of childish delights. Listen to the opening days of King Arthur's reign. It is the battle of the eleven kings in the forest of Bedegraine, and the field is like nothing in the world save "the windy plain of Troy." There is no lack of armour and fine horses, for "the whole host of the king was of clean men of arms, on

horseback fifty thousand and afoot ten thousand of good men's bodies." The battle is long and filled with incidents of personal prowess. Here is the story to be found, how King Ban came into battle and was met by the king of the hundred knights, how "the stroke of King Ban fell down and carved a cantel of the shield, and the sword slid down by the hauberk behind his back and cut through the trappings of steel and the horse even in two places, that the sword felt the earth. There the king of the hundred knights voided the horse lightly, and with his sword he broached the horse of King Ban through and through. By then into the press came King Arthur and found King Ban standing among dead men and dead horses, fighting on foot as a wood lion, that there came none nigh him as far as he might reach with his sword, but that he caught a grievous buffet, whereof King Arthur had great pity. And Arthur was so bloody that by his shield there might no man know him, and all was blood and brains on his sword." So the battle sways forward and backward, until Merlin, like one of the gods of old, brings it to an end by his magic. Passion so obvious and so honest is perhaps destined to become a little wearisome in these sensitive times, but who shall say that it is yet dead? It awoke as the impulse which drove the West into desperate ventures on the high seas three hundred years ago; may be it carried the Devons over Waggon Hill in the last year of the nineteenth century.

The tourneys of the Morte d'Arthur, like the battles of the Iliad, have a fixed type. Look on this picture of Gareth and the Knight of the Red Lawns. First, there is the quarrel, usually so trifling, which provokes mortal combat—"Make thee ready, saith the red knight of the red lawns, and talk no longer with me." Then there is always the first great shock on horseback: "Then they put their spears in their rests and came together with all their might, which they had both, and either smote other in the midst of their shields, that the breastplates, horse-girths and cruppers brast and their horses' knees brast to

the hard bone, and fell to the earth both, and the reins of their bridles in their hands, and so they lay a great while sore astonished." After that they rise and fight on foot with swords, usually for two hours at a time; "thus they fought till it was past noon and never would stint till at last they lacked wind both, and then they stood wagging and scattering, panting, blowing and bleeding, that all that beheld them for the most part wept for pity. So when they had rested them awhile they went to battle again, tracing, racing, foining as two boars. And at sometime they took their run as it had been rams and hurtled together that sometime they fell grovelling to the earth; and at sometime they were so amazed that either took other's sword instead of his own." Among the sapling trees in a Devon coombe and at twilight in a valley of the Cornish cliffs they are still seen fighting; still, in the old words, the "good horse rustles to the earth," and the sound "rings by water and by wood." The spirit of those days has passed into the Cornishman's wild nature. The children of little coast villages, even as their parents before them, are still afraid of the ghostly horseman riding by at sunset; the fisherman returning home by Harlyn beach when the moon is full, sees still a monstrous rabbit, green and luminous among the waste sand hills, and hears a voice "exceeding dolorous" from the rocks. What is the vision but something like the "questing beast" as it appeared to Arthur at the spring—the questing beast that "had in shape a head like a serpent's head and a body like a libbard, haunches like a lion, footed like a hart, and in his body there was such a noise as it had been the noise of thirty couple of hounds questing, and such a noise that beast made wheresoever he went." What is that desolate cry in the rocks but the voice of Merlin imprisoned for ever by the subtlety of fair Nimue?

And still the wishing wells, where the companions of the Round Table used to dream of fair women and quests of honour, are clear as ever, when the Cornish child, or, for that matter, the strong, bronzed Cornishman with a

child's heart, drop, his pins into the depths and builds castles in the air every whit as wonderful as the castle Terrabil, or Joyous Gard, or "Many-towered Camelot"? Though the stories of knights and ladies and strange beasts are common to every Cornish cove under the full moon and every little wood sheltered in the hollows from the salt winds, there are places in the West more especially set apart. The Castle of Tintagel with which our picture opened must be approached on a tempestuous morning of rain and wind, when a man creeps on hands and knees to that narrow bridge of rock from which he climbs into the birthplace of Arthur, beaten on all sides by deafening spray.

Perhaps it is not easy to see,

Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a stream of fire.

The coming of the cloudy Uther and the birth of Arthur are too remote; it is the most human story in the world which chiefly centres in the court of King Mark of Cornwall at Tintagel. It is the story of Tristram of Lyonesse, King Mark's peerless harper and knight, and of the treasure committed to his safe keeping, even King Mark's young bride, Yseult of Ireland.

The story of Tristram and Isolde, of Paolo and Francesca, is, in its first purpose, the greatest story in the world. In the Castle of Tintagel we discover the two pure lovers, bound together hopelessly and for ever, without any need of the vulgar love potion introduced in palliation by a later and a duller age. It is not hard from here to see the exile in Brittany and Yseult, come at the end of all, with the spray of the sea in her hair, singing as in other days, and to hear the last murmur of the passing knight :

Now to sail the seas of Death I leave thee—
One last kiss upon the living shore.

The story has struck the note of all the early history of the West, the minor note of the hopeless grey morning.

The knights live in the Epic, as they live still in the

hearts of cottagers, because they were so humanly tempted, and so humanly brought low. It is the history of love run riot in May, that love with which honest Malory so quaintly closes his eighteenth book. Knight and lady met and loved as children, to their own undoing. Witness the meeting after the fall of Sagramon le Desirous at the hands of Sir Alisander.

And when La Beale Alice saw him just so well, she thought him a passing goodly knight on horseback. And then she leapt out of her pavilion & took Sir Alisander by the bridle & thus she said: Fair Knight, I require thee of thy knighthood, shew me thy visage. I dare well, said Alisander, shew my visage. And then he put off his helm & when she saw his visage she said, Truly, thee I must love & never other. Then shew me your visage, said he. Then she unwimpled her visage. And when he saw her he said: Here have I found my love & my lady. Truly, fair lady, said he, I promise to be your knight, & none other that beareth the life. Now, gentle knight, said she, tell me your name. My name is, said he, Alisander le Orphelin. Now damsel, tell me your name, said he. My name is, said she, Alice la Beale Pilgrim. And when we be more at our heart's ease, both ye & I shall tell each other of what blood we be come. So there was great love betwixt them.

Such is the picture of two children playing at love in the great garden of this world, but it was a love bringing pain and death in the years to come. Love was the destruction of Arthur, his own love for King Lot's wife, sent as a messenger from Orkney, and the birth of the traitor Mordred, the loves of Launcelot and Guinevere, the jealousies of Guinevere and Elaine. Look on the fiery temptation of Sir Percival wandering, hungry and alone, along the cliffs of Cornwall—"And there he saw a ship come rowing in the sea as all the wind in the world had driven it, and in it a gentlewoman of great beauty, which was the master fiend of hell." All day long she played with him in a pavilion of dreams, until at last he looked down on the cruciform pommel of his sword. "Then he bethought him of his knighthood and he made the sign of the cross in his forehead, and therewith the pavilion turned up so down, and then it changed into a smoke and a black cloud, and then he was a-dread, and cried aloud: 'Fair, sweet Father, Jesu Christ, let me

not be shamed, the which was near lost, had not thy good grace been.' And then he looked into a ship and saw her enter therein, and so she went with the wind roaring and yelling, that it seemed that all the water burnt after her."

Even the old sage Merlin is entombed in the rocks because of his passion for the beautiful, soulless Nimue. At the last, not to save but to scatter and to destroy, came the holy grail. It was after evensong at Camelot, as the King and his companions sat at supper.

Then anon they heard cracking & crying of thunder, that them thought the place should all to-drive. In the midst of this blast entered a sunbeam, more clearer by seven times than ever they saw day & all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then there entered into the hall the holy Graile, covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. And there withal there was such a savour as all the spicery of the world had been there, & every knight had such meats & drinks as he best loved in this world. Then the holy vessel departed suddenly, & they wist not whence it became.

That sacred thing is always sensuous in its coming ; it is attended with odours and sweet-meats ; and in the same spirit was it sought by all the knights save one. There is no need to tell how Galahad, the fruit of the love of Elaine and Launcelot du Lake, rode out through the wastes of Cornwall, in allegory through the forest perilous of this mortal life, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left ; how at last he accomplished his high quest, and how, in the words of Malory, "Joseph of Arimathie took our Lord's body betwixt his two hands and proffered it to Galahad, and he received it right gladly and meekly, and therewith he kneeled down before the table and made his prayers, and suddenly his soul departed to Jesu Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to Heaven." There is nothing more pathetic in the Epic than Sir Galahad's last message to his own father, sent through Sir Bors, his friend, on his last, crowning day. "Also, Sir Launcelot, Galahad prayeth you to remember of this uncertain world, as ye behight him when ye were together more than half a year." "This is true," said Launcelot ; "now I trust

to God his prayers may avail me." Then Sir Launcelot took Sir Bors in his arms and said, "Wit ye well, gentle cousin, Sir Bors, that ye and I will never depart insunder whilst our lives may last." "Sir," said he, "I will as ye will."

From that time the tragedy drew on, and in it I seem to see the Celtic poet reproducing unconsciously the true, unhappy history of his race. What is Launcelot in his castle, Joyous Gard of Northumberland, but Urien Reghed and the army of the North, striving to usurp the throne of Arthur in the South? What is Arthur's traitor son, Mordred, but the Saxon in other guise, seizing the moment of civil war to drive the British down into the West? All the West country is full of that last battle at Camlan in Cornwall, the peaceful little modern town of Camelford. Broken and dismayed the hosts of Arthur fled westwards always, with Mordred in hot pursuit, but ever as they fled there stood a tall menacing cloud between the hosts, the shadow of Merlin towering in the sky. As the traitor and his men crossed the rich kingdom of Lyonesse, the miracle of the Red Sea was repeated—the land hesitated for a moment beneath them, then plunged with a terrible cry for ever into the waves. All the while Merlin, "the fiery, cloudy pillar," stood guard over the rocky little archipelago of Scilly—Hesperides, Cassiterides of the Briton and of the Phœnician adventurer, the islands of the Fortunate, whither Arthur's broken host had passed over, to find rest till this day. Even now the fisherman as he crosses a dead-calm, midsummer sea between Scilly and the Land's End, will tell you that he sees fathoms deep in the clear water the fair towers and towns of Lyonesse.

What of the great King himself? There is no need to dwell on his wounds or on Excalibur, his sword, on the care of Sir Bedivere, or on the black "barget" which bore him to the Island of Avilion. The traveller may still stand on the Mount of Camelot, with its triple rampart, on the southern edge of Somerset, and hear from the cottagers of Cadbury how in the full moon bridles jingle and the horses are shod with silver where Arthur and his

company joust and ride ; but if he would know that Arthur is not dead, but sleeps, he must stand upon a hill in Somerset in times of flood—when the water is out on the dreary expanse of Sedgemoor and all about the town of Glastonbury as in the Saxon days. He must look to the Island of Avilion, the “island of apples,” whose orchards are as wonderful now as they were fifteen hundred years ago, to Inis Witrin, the “island of glassy water,” to the broken arches of Glastonbury itself, named of old “the first land of God and mother of all the saints.” He must go down into the fair little town and see the place whence Henry II. took a Celtic leaden cross, bearing Arthur’s name and many words which no man might read, and an oak coffin, where at the King’s feet lay a woman’s skull with yellow hair “nicely braided” (in the words of curious old Camden), which crumbled into dust at the touch of men’s fingers. The walnut-tree, “*Nux Sancti Johannis*,” which never showed leaf before St. Bartholomew’s Day, has long since perished, but he may still see the aged, growing slip of St. Joseph’s hawthorn staff, which buds on Christmas day, “as though it were May month.”

Yet for all this the Arthur of Geoffrey of Monmouth and Thomas Malory is too complex and too shadowy, just as Tennyson’s creation is too blameless, to be the true type of the old West. Lancelot, very simple and very passionate, moved to great right and to great wrong, is the figure which embodies at once the hopelessness and the splendour—the bright shining in the sad, grey mist of Celtic history in South-West Britain. Perhaps we may quote and still have new pleasure in the most familiar passage of Malory. Standing over Lancelot’s bier, Sir Ector de Maris pronounces the epitaph of the West Country.

Ah, Lancelot, he said, thou wert head of all Christian knights & now, thou Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, that thou wert never matched of earthly knight’s hand ; & thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield ; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse ; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman ; and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake

with sword ; & thou wert the goodliest person ever came among press of knights ; & thou wert the meekest man & the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies ; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.

Here, at Tintagel, a little corner of the battlements is still balanced dizzily above a sheer cliff, and if the eastern sky be clear, the early sun, as it climbs over the hill behind, will strike there first of all, while "The Cove" below is still all in shadow. It will be as Arthur's crown, bright still after all these years. The great waves from westward sound dim from the shelter of this beach. Each one as it comes stands for a moment like a falling tower of struggling water before the western mouth of Merlin's cave, as men still call it, and crashing down into the dark opening, spreads in this passage-way right under the castle's foundations, until it reappears in a little stream of foaming water, here on the eastern side, to trickle down the steep shingles of the Cove.

One little boat tumbles outside in the open sea ; in a few minutes it will pass between the rocks which shelter the Cove on either hand and make for the beach. The man in the blue jersey who jumps out of it salutes you with his pipe stem and a pair of laughing dark eyes. He is in a happy mood this morning, because eight pots have brought him up more than eight lobsters (counting the sprawling, brown crayfish, which is behaving very contrarily in the bottom of the boat). And the bass-fishing ? That would not have been so bad either, if "them blasted seals hadna druv 'em all off-shore."

The fisherman never wears an armour suit, it is true, but for all that he looks very smart indeed on Sunday, when he goes to chapel. His eyes are very dark, for he comes of strange old blood. He may remind you of men in far-off days, who in an old story are as human as he, and here in the shadow of Tintagel Castle you may dream much of Lancelot, and be proud as well to have made this man's acquaintance.

BARCLAY BARON.

A View of Balzac

PART II

PERHAPS Balzac claimed more credit than his due for the help he gave to his publisher, Werdet. After Werdet's failure, which involved Balzac, Balzac would have us believe that all his dealings with Werdet had been undertaken from a desire to help him. This is not consistent with his earlier assertion that Werdet was treating him so well that he wished to put all his work into his hands; he found him active, intelligent and devoted.

The following extracts from his letters to Madame Hanska between 1834 and 1837 will show how he was driven to work :

I am worn out with work. Too much is too much. For three days I have been overcome by sleep, which shows I have reached the last point of brain fatigue. I cannot bear the sight of pen and ink. . . This year I shall have made 70,000 francs, but alas ! of these 70,000 nothing will be left me but the happiness of having paid all my debts. [Here he was too sanguine.] Fame will come too late for me. . . I have 800 ducats to pay, and when we have nothing but a pen to dig in the earth with, the nuggets of gold we find are scarce. . . I have never been able to separate poverty and fame—poverty with canes, buttons, and lorgnettes, be it understood—and fame which is easily carried. This will always be my fate. . . No one knows what it means to transmute ink into gold ! . . . I am profoundly humiliated at being so tied down to earth by my debts that I can neither dispose of myself nor my time . . . one must neither be ill, nor suffering, nor disinclined for work. . . Six months of sacrifice and I shall be saved, I shall become myself again. . . I am working eighteen hours a day. Rising at midnight and going to bed at six in the evening—and the public get for it *Le Père Goriot*. . . The *Revue de Paris* must have the end of the *Père Goriot* this week. I have one hundred and eleven pages to write. . . I need 6000 ducats, and to get them I must spread six bottles of ink over twenty-four quires of paper. . . There has never been a success like that of Goriot. I have heaps of money ; but I am still in the old position, for I have yet 7000 ducats to pay. . . Goriot has made 1000 ducats in three months. I need seven or eight thousand francs to purchase *La Grenadière*—[the little place in Touraine]—and I have not yet been able to put my hand on that sum. . . I should pull through if my books were paid for as Walter Scott's are . . . although I am overpaid [strange humility] I cannot get out

of the slough. . . . In the seventeenth century an author took ten years to write ten volumes. I have written forty this year, and no one wonders! . . . My courage begins to fail. I doubt whether I shall succeed. . . . I cannot breathe the free air, cast off my chains—that is my debts—before April, May or June [but at the same time] I am very anxious to buy the house of which I spoke to you. It would be an excellent use for the money, and I should be forced to save. . . . This is the state of my affairs. I owe 35,000 francs, and I possess—in expectation—50,000. . . . I have been twenty-six days in my study without leaving it. I only get fresh air at my window, which overlooks all Paris—that Paris which I mean to conquer. . . . Life will have been for me the saddest of jests. My ambitions fall one by one. . . . If in three years there is no change in my existence I will retire quietly into Touraine, living beside the Loire, hidden from every one, only working to fill the blank days—I will even give up my great work. My strength is exhausted with this struggle; it lasts too long, it has worn me out. . . . When I see that the half of life which is left me is the less happy, the less active, the less beloved, the less lovable, I cannot escape from a melancholy which almost makes me weep. . . . May 1836 draws near, and my thirty-seventh year, and I have done nothing complete or great. I have only gathered a heap of stones. . . . My life is stopped for 4000 ducats. [He had been imprisoned for debt.] At the moment I wrote the word “ducats” Eugène Sue arrived. He is detained for forty-eight hours. He is rich and secure—thinks no longer of literature, lives only for himself.

Balzac was released from prison, but his troubles only increased. Madame Béchet, the librarian, took steps to make him fulfil a contract.

She summons me to furnish her within twenty-four hours with my two volumes in octavo, on pain of a fine of 50 francs for every day's delay. I think I shall make my escape to the valley of the Indre and write the two volumes for this woman in twenty days and so get rid of her. . . . “*Les Héritiers Boirouge*” and “*Illusions Perdues*” will have been written in twenty days. . . . The exercise of intellectual faculties does not imply real greatness—one remains a poor creature, very impressionable, whom God made for happiness, and whom circumstances have condemned to the most wearying work in the world.

After the failure of Werdet, Balzac, who had signed bills for him, had to take a lodging in another person's name to avoid arrest. He had five thousand ducats to pay, and no resources, so he sold so many columns to this and so many to that journal for so many thousand francs, and then worked thirty nights to fill the columns:

I have only a coffin to look forward to, in which to rest, but work is a fine shroud.

He thought of suicide, but instead mortgaged fifteen years of life. He made a bargain with a speculator that he was to receive a sum down to pay his debts, so much a month to live upon, and a share of profits. He was to supply in return so many volumes each year, and to hand over those he had written. He was to be "the owner of a farm, my brain, which they work and I share the profits."

Chateaubriand made a similar bargain, but gave up everything to his exploiters, who played him false, and published his *Mémoires d'outre Tombe* in his lifetime.

On the strength of his new bargain, not yet come into force, we find Balzac ordering a fine statuette, a group from his book *Seraphita*, for which he was to set aside two thousand francs a year for three years. How sure we may be that not one franc was put by! No wonder that he tells us :

My head is covered with white hair, and however polite people may be about it, it is clear that I must give up all hope of pleasing. The pure, tranquil happiness for which I was made flies from me. I have had nothing but torment and annoyance, through which I have caught occasional glimpses of blue sky. My books are little understood, little appreciated.

La Femme Supérieure was coming out in parts in one of the journals, and the journal was forwarding him twenty letters in a day from people who were giving up their subscriptions because the story was so dull. This he thought very cruel. "On m'envoie ces lettres là!" he cried.

The idea of writing a successful play, which should free him from all his troubles, was constantly occurring to him :

Yesterday I spoke to Heine about writing a play, and he said to me, "Mind you don't do that. He who has lived at Brest cannot accustom himself to Toulon. Stick to your oar in the galleys."

Poor Balzac! The higher motives which urged him to work seem to have failed him; there only remained the ever-present desire for money to pay his debts.

His confident ambition became a thing of the past, his expectation of a luxurious life free from care, for his own people and himself, had to be abandoned; and still he was obliged to keep on covering reams of paper, driven by the whip of his creditors.

No wonder he gave up the struggle altogether at the age of fifty-one.

Balzac's methods were of necessity determined in part by his surroundings. The France of which he wrote was a France which had seen many and rapid changes, and had not seen the last of them. There were traditions of the Monarchy, and memories of the Empire, and the land was in touch with the Restoration; the Republic was in the near future; and as a grim background to it all there were the yet living recollections of the Revolution. Of the three parties which divided France Balzac says that all were down in the dirt, and he cries: "Oh, my poor country! I am humiliated, miserable about it all. But I hope we shall retrieve our position."

At one time he was keen to wield political power and had hope that he was to do great things with his *Chronique de Paris*. But the sinews of war were lacking, and it was as well, for he would have been but a fantastical politician. Balzac's real power lay in depicting the inside and the outside of human beings, and the work of their hands. In this we almost inevitably compare him with Dickens, not with Walter Scott, although he confesses to having learned much from him. With Walter Scott the idealist, the romantic, Balzac the realist has very little in common. With Dickens he has much in common, although their methods differ somewhat. Balzac produces a sense of reality by minuteness of detail, Dickens rather by the vivid presentation of a few salient features. When he gives minute details there is generally some action, some human interest or comparison, something of exaggeration, which gives more life to the picture. They both personify places—Pegotty's boat-house is as real as Pegotty himself; the Maison du Chat qui Pelote is as important in the story as its inhabitants.

Balzac's descriptions of individuals are as bold as those of Dickens, whether of a man or woman seen only for a moment, or of one of the characters whose story he tells. The latter are often much too long, however, while in the former he sometimes compresses a whole life-history into a few lines. Here is a sketch of one of Judge Popinot's clients:

L'ouvrier jeune, débile, paresseux, de qui l'œil plein d'intelligence annonçait de hautes facultés comprimées par des besoins vainement combattus, se taisant sur ses souffrances, et près de mourir faute de rencontrer l'occasion de passer entre les barreaux de l'immense vivier où s'agitent ces misères qui s'entre-dévorent.

At the other extreme of the scale is the Marquise de Listomère :

Vieille comme une cathédrale, peinte comme une miniature, somptueuse dans sa mise, elle vivait dans son hôtel comme si Louis XV. ne fût pas mort.

Again, we have an excellent description of a narrow, provincial life, with its set forms and phrases :

The secondary stars are the gentlemen who enjoy an income of ten or twelve thousand livres ; their wives are haughty, and put on the airs of the Court as they go about in their basket-chaises. They think they are well dressed when they are wrapped up in a shawl and wearing a bonnet. They buy two hats every year, and they devote to the purchase their most mature deliberations ; they order one from Paris for great occasions—they are generally gossips, and virtuous. . . . Two or three priests are admitted into this choice society, either for their cloth or their wit. These great people are apt to bore each other, and they introduce the middle-class element into their drawing-rooms as a baker puts yeast into his dough. . . . When a stranger is admitted into this charmed circle he is told, not without a certain irony, "You will not find here the brilliance of your Parisian world;" and each one condemns the existence of his neighbour, trying to persuade the stranger that he is an exception in this society, which he has vainly endeavoured to improve.

Another description certainly recalls Dickens :

His grey hair was so combed and flattened down on his yellow skull that it was like a furrowed field ; his little green eyes looked as though they had had holes pierced for them with an auger. They burned under two arches, marked with a slight redness in default of eyebrows. Anxieties had drawn as many horizontal lines upon his forehead as there were wrinkles in his coat. On his colourless face were depicted

patience, commercial wisdom, and that kind of cunning cupidity which business requires.

Here is a picture of George Sand :

Elle avait doublé son menton comme un chanoine. Elle n'a pas un seul cheveu blanc, malgré ses effroyables malheurs ; son teint bistré n'a pas varié ; ses beaux yeux sont tout aussi éclatants ; elle a l'air tout aussi bête quand elle pense, car, comme je lui ai dit après l'avoir étudiée toute sa physionomie est dans l'œil.

Taine says that Balzac has a "franc amour pour la laideur humaine"—that, as a naturalist, he loves the abnormal as well as the typical (he might say the same of Hugo), and that a man is to him "a fine subject." "He dissects instead of painting"; but Taine adds :

This much is certain, whatever any one may say, whatever he may have done, this man knew his own language. He knew it as well as it was ever known—only he used it in his own way.

Balzac laid great stress on externals, on environment ; but this only led up to his main business, the drawing of character. He deals with the development of character rather than with action, and, as a rule, he chooses to represent some dominant passion, as in "Père Goriot," whose life is given to his sublime devotion to his daughters. King Lear had not the passionate affection for his children which Goriot had, and Goriot had no true-hearted daughter to compensate him for the ingratitude of her sisters. Nothing could surpass the poignancy of that last scene, where he, for the first and last time, gives utterance to the agony which has for years been consuming him. But Goriot's is not, as Balzac would have us believe, a type of the Divine love, for it is unreasoning and unreasonable ; it only seeks to gratify every whim, whether good or evil, of the beloved. It is, in fact, this very love which has made his daughters what they are. Balzac says of this book : "It is a fine work, but monstrous sad. To make it complete I had to expose one of the moral sewers of Paris."

The "motive" of "Eugénie Grandet" is avarice. It is avarice made a fine art, with its essence unadulterated.

"*La Femme Abandonnée*" is the story of a passion, encouraged deliberately at first for mere caprice, afterwards overriding everything, refusing to yield to any considerations, cherished for years; then apparently burning itself out, but reviving with fierce heat when separation has been decided on, and, when that separation is shown to be final, ending in suicide.

The "*Maison du Chat qui Pelote*" gives a fine picture of the life of a very old-fashioned commercial house. It shows us the father, mother, two daughters, and three apprentices, and it gives us the pathetic story of the pretty *bourgeoise* daughter married to a nobleman. Her "capital of happiness" lasts for a few years only; then her lack of education and training and her narrow ignorance of the world and its ways begin to annoy her husband, and she on her part is shocked and hurt by the careless irreligion of her husband's friends. The money is hers, and she is generous to him, so generous that she has to practise small economies which irritate him. The man is innately selfish, and the poor wife gives up the struggle and dies when she can no longer deceive herself as to his qualities. Here the story is made real to us by a thousand petty details.

In "*La Vendetta*" all is lost for pride, Corsican pride, illustrated in a sentence: "*Je ne crains pas la justice des hommes. Nous autres Corses, nous allons nous expliquer avec Dieu.*" It is a story of hate stronger than love, love stronger than poverty, death triumphant over love and hate.

Félix in the "*Lys dans la Vallée*" reminds us of one of de Musset's heroes. He has been brought up without liberty, without amusement, without affection. He suffers from the "*Maladie du Siècle.*" He is degenerate. It is impossible fitly to characterise his conduct, and he tells his own story, making it so much the worse. It is a book no one would wish to read twice. Its morbid sentimentality shows how lacking Balzac was in a sense of humour. What can we say of a scene in which a youth catches a lady's tears in his hand and drinks them?

Balzac greatly admired de Musset: "I agree with those who love Musset," he said. "As a poet he is to be placed above Lamartine and Victor Hugo." Observe that Lamartine precedes Hugo. As to the latter, Balzac said: "The miserable melodramas of Hugo terrify me." Apparently he feared that his own projected plays might be no better.

Balzac quite frankly admired his own work. He said of "*Père Goriot*": "It is a masterpiece. The picture of an affection so great that nothing can exhaust it, neither annoyances, nor wounds, nor injustice; a man who is a father in the same way that a saint, a martyr, is a Christian."

There are two qualities lacking in Balzac: a sense of humour and a sense of nature. Perhaps it is too much to expect of a man driven to work at the sword's point, as he was, that he should pause to see the humorous side of things. He is in such deadly earnest, takes himself and all his work so seriously, that he cannot stand outside it to mock at himself and the world, as Dickens does.

When he tries to paint landscape Balzac's method of minute detail does not answer. We "cannot see the forest for the trees." As Taine remarked: "A description is not a picture, and Balzac often thinks he has made a picture when he has only given a description."

He submitted his work to friends, and, what was more remarkable, altered it in accordance with their suggestions, and acknowledged that the faults were there. When he had written "*Le Colonel Chabert*" he found it "detestable, lacking in taste and in truth," and he recast it. The "*Lys dans la Vallée*" cost "three hundred hours of correction." He altered the death-scene in "*Le Lys*," and tried to rearrange the character of Félix, because it had been severely criticised.

Balzac was probably right when he said that no man could work as he could, and that never had any man's imagination carried him into more diverse spheres; and we may marvel at the quality of his art seeing under what pressure of circumstances that art was exercised. It seems

that he never lost interest in the work itself, although the desire for the money it was to bring appeared sometimes to be paramount.

In depicting every side of life he takes us often into very unpleasant places, some of those "moral sewers" of which he speaks. In his frank exposure of these "sewers," he is, like Swift, quite unsparing, but he is not, as Swift was, filled with a burning indignation against wrong. He speaks of contrasting the evil with the good, but the contrast is sometimes lost sight of in the scientific joy of cataloguing a strange species—and he finds many such in the mud of Paris, unwholesome mud which, perhaps, it serves no good purpose to stir up.

Though he has given us many sides of life, he has not given us every side, and to know Balzac is not to know every variety of human character. Still, we may say with Taine: "*Avec Shakespeare et Saint Simon, Balzac est le plus grand magasin de documents que nous avons sur la nature humaine.*"

MARGARET WATSON.

Longfellow's "Judas Maccabæus"

THE Apocrypha is little accounted of in America—perhaps less than in England. It is, therefore, not without interest to recall the fact that two of America's greatest literary men—Emerson and Longfellow—were each impressed by these venerable Scriptures. The pithy sayings of Ben-Sira, in "*Ecclesiasticus*," seem to have appealed, more than any other part of the Apocrypha, to Emerson; and Longfellow evidently gave his chief attention to the Books of the Maccabæes, although he was familiar with other portions of the Apocrypha of the Old Testament, and even with several of the apocryphs of the New. In his "*Christus*" he makes use of the story contained in "*Bel and the*

Dragon" (verses 33 to 39) of the angel bearing the prophet Habakkuk through the air with food for Daniel in the lion's den. And his "Golden Legend" contains a miracle-play—*The Nativity of our Lord*—"based on the old record of the Protevangelion," the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy, the Gospel of pseudo-Matthew, the History of Joseph the Carpenter, the Gospel of Thomas, and other of the Apocryphal Gospels.

That Longfellow was a diligent student of the Books of the Maccabees is clearly proved by his references to them in his "New England Tragedies,"¹ and more particularly by his play *Judas Maccabæus*, a play little known in England, as it is seldom printed in any other than American editions of his works. A Hebrew version was published in England in 1900 by Joseph Massel, of Cheetham, Manchester; but that edition was issued chiefly for the benefit of Jews.

It may therefore be of interest to give a short account of this much-neglected play based on the life of Chaucer's "goddess knight,"² "the conquering hero" of Handel's oratorio,³ the Jewish William Tell, the father of Jewish freedom—Maccabæus, the Hammerer—one of the Nine Worthies of the world.⁴

The first scene of the play is laid in the citadel of Antiochus Epiphanes at Jerusalem, and the King is recalling his great love for his city of Antioch—Antioch the beautiful, the Queen of the East, the wonder of the world. He contrasts it and its inhabitants with the "village" of Jerusalem and its "mannerless boors,"

¹ See the speeches of Wenlock Christison, the persecuted Quaker when sentenced to death by Governor Endicott.

² "The Tale of Mèlibeüs," 2848, 9.

³ The words of the oratorio "*Judas Maccabæus*" were written by Thomas Morell, D.D., the learned Greek scholar and antiquary.

⁴ Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's "*Patriots of Palestine*" and Professor A. J. Church's "*The Hammer*" are two modern historical novels based on the life of Judas Maccabæus; and J. W. Mills' Seatonian Prize Poem, "*Judas Maccabæus*" (1877), and Canon F. Atkinson's "*Mattathias*" (1906) are two worthy poems on the Maccabean uprising.

who ought to be and must be civilised, *i.e.*, hellenised. Jason, the apostate High Priest, is with the King, and he agrees whole-heartedly with the royal resolve.

Then Antiochus asks Jason what the Hebrews in their converse call him. The High Priest replies "Antiochus Epiphanes" (Antiochus the Illustrious). But the King knows that the Jews hate him, and so he asks what they call him when they talk among themselves and think that no one listens. And Jason answers, "Antiochus Epimanes" (Antiochus the Mad), a nickname set in motion by "the Seven Sons insane, of a weird woman, like themselves insane," confined in the dungeons beneath the Tower. The King resolves that these courageous prisoners shall be made to eat the flesh of swine, or die.

The conversation is interrupted by the advent of the ambassadors of Samaria who come to ask that the Samaritans be no longer molested, as they are not Jews but Sidonians, and that the royal sanction be given to name their nameless Temple upon Mount Gerizim, "the Temple of Jupiter Hellenius." This pleases Antiochus; although ambassadors as a class irritate him—"Ambassadors are tedious: they are men who work for their own ends, and not for mine: there is no furtherance in them." He treats the Samaritan envoys somewhat cavalierly, telling them to demean themselves as doth become ambassadors, to waste no time in useless rhetoric, and not to tire themselves and him with bowing. But he grants their request, and congratulates himself that the task of hellenising the whole land will be an easier one than he had dreamed. Jason, however, points out that the temper of the Samaritans and of the tribe of Judah is different, and he instances the stubborn nature of the Jews in the case of Eleazar, a man of fourscore years and ten, who had but yesterday chosen death rather than eat the flesh of swine. He also tells the King of the hundreds who have already fled to the mountains of Ephraim, where Judas Maccabæus has raised the standard of revolt. Antiochus is greatly

annoyed and swears cruel vengeance. And so the first Act closes.

The next scene is laid in the dungeons in the Citadel. It contains a powerful dramatisation of II. Maccabees vii., with the effective change by which the mother is shown apart from her seven sons, and the torture is made inferential.¹ She soliloquises :

I do not murmur, nay, I thank Thee, God,
That I and mine have not been deemed unworthy
To suffer for Thy sake, and for Thy law,
And for the many sins of Israel.
Hark ! I can hear within the sound of scourges !
I feel them more than ye do, O my sons !
But cannot come to you. I who was wont
To wake at night at the least cry ye made,
To whom ye ran at every slightest hurt—
I cannot take you now into my lap
And soothe your pain, but God will take you all
Into His pitying arms, and comfort you
And give you rest.

She hears her first-born son tell Antiochus that he and his brothers are ready to die rather than transgress the law and customs of their fathers. She listens until he speaks no more. He is beyond all pain. He has had the privilege of dying first as he was born the first.

The King next threatens the second son, Adaiah, that if he eat not the swine's flesh he shall be tortured throughout all the members of his whole body. The mother trembles for him, as his nature is devious as the wind, swift to change, gentle and yielding always. But he is steadfast now, and she thanks God that He has breathed into his timid breast courage to die for Him.

The third son, Avilan, bids torture and death defiance ; and he is slain. Likewise his next three brothers. And then the mother says :

Once more, my Sirion, and then all is ended,
Having put all to bed, then in my turn

¹ Two early poems based on the story of the " Lady Shamóné " and her seven sons—" a Madrāshā of Ephrem " and " Memra by an Unknown Hand "—are reproduced in Professors Bensly and Barnes' " Fourth Book of Maccabees in Syriac " (1895).

Long fellow's "Judas Maccabæus" 321

I will lie down and sleep as sound as they.
My Sirion, my youngest, best beloved !
And those bright golden locks that I so oft



The Jewish Mother and her Seven Sons (From an old engraving)

Have curled about these fingers, even now
Are foul with blood and dust, like a lamb's fleece,
Slain in the shambles.—Not a sound I hear,

This silence is more terrible to me
 Than any sound, than any cry of pain,
 That might escape the lips of one who dies.
 Does his heart fail him? Doth he fall away
 In the last hour from God? O Sirion, Sirion,
 Art thou afraid? I do not hear thy voice.
 Die as thy brothers died. Thou must not live!

In the second scene of the Act, Antiochus brings the mother into the presence of the murdered, bleeding, mutilated bodies of her sons and asks how she likes the picture. She answers that she wonders how a man can do such deeds, and yet not die by the recoil of his own wickedness; but that she herself ought rather to rejoice than mourn, for her sons have died a better death, a death so full of life. And then turning to Sirion she asks why he is still living, and if he is afraid to die? Antiochus answers that he has spared him for her sake, and has sworn that he will crown his life with joy and honour, heap treasures on him, luxuries, delights, make him his Friend¹ and keeper of his secrets, if he will turn from the Mosaic law; but that he refuses to listen. The King, moreover, says that he is sick of blood, and asks the mother to use her persuasion with her son. She agrees to "persuade" him. And she urgently persuades him—"fear not this tormentor; but, being worthy of thy brethren, take thy death as they did, that I may receive thee again in mercy with them." Antiochus is enraged: he has been mocked, and laughed to scorn. And Sirion offers up his body and his life, beseeching God that He would speedily be merciful unto the Jewish nation, and that Antiochus by mysterious plagues and torments might confess that He alone is God. The mother's heart is gladdened. She kisses her son; and they go to the bed of torture—to die. Thus ends the second Act.

The next scene is on the battlefield of Bethhoron. Judas Maccabæus in his armour is alone. He is standing before his tent, and is recalling to mind Joshua's defeat

¹ The φίλοι of Antiochus were an aristocracy bearing this special title of honour.

of the Amorites on that same battlefield. He regards it as a happy coincidence. His eye, too, lights on the golden letters of his banner, "*Be Elohim Yehovah!*"¹ Who is like to Thee, O Lord, among the gods?" It encourages him, and he confesses that he is ready to lose his life or save it as best may serve the designs of Him who gives life.

Some fugitive Jews from Jerusalem approach, bringing tidings of despair. The Temple is laid waste, and ransacked; and the Gentiles with revelling and riot fill its courts, and dally with harlots in holy places. The Jews are not allowed to keep their Sabbaths, or their Feasts; but on the festivals of Dionysus they are compelled to walk in the processions, bearing ivy to crown a drunken god. All the land is full of lamentations and mourning; the Princes and the Elders weep and wail. But Judas asks the fugitives:

Are there none to die for Israel?
'Tis not enough to mourn. Breastplate and harness
Are better things than sackcloth. Let the women
Lament for Israel; the men should die.

Those of ye who are men, put on such armour
As ye may find; those of you who are women,
Buckle that armour on; and for a watchword
Whisper, or cry aloud: "The Help of God."

A mysterious figure in disguise now glides into the camp, and announces himself as a herald sent from Nicanor. Judas suspects him and charges him with being a spy, and he then confesses that he is Nicanor himself. Judas asks what brings him hither to a hostile camp unattended. Nicanor replies:

Confidence in thee.
Thou hast the nobler virtues of thy race
Without the failings that attend those virtues.
Thou canst be strong, and yet not tyrannous,
Canst righteous be and not intolerant,
Let there be peace between us

¹ The abbreviation of the traditional motto spoils its point. The origin of the word "Maccabee" is often, though wrongly, attributed to

Judas foresees that "peace" means bowing in silence to Antiochus, and allowing him to do all his diabolical will. He declines such a peace, and tells Nicanor that there can be no peace till the Maccabean banner floats on the walls of the Holy City. The Syrian general warns him that there is a wall of forty thousand foot and seven thousand horsemen between him and Jerusalem, and asks what force he has to bring against all these? Judas replies: "The power of God." Nicanor sneeringly suggests that the mighty God of the Jews will not do battle on the Seventh Day: it is his day of rest. Judas calls the blasphemer to silence, and declares that there is "war, war, and only war" between Syria and Judea. Yet the two generals part good friends. "Farewell, brave foe!" cries Nicanor. And Judas sees that Nicanor has safe conduct through the camp.

The Jewish general now gathers his captains and soldiers together to do battle against Nicanor's army. He tells them to go forth, praying in their hearts, and fighting with their hands. But the captains are dismayed at the strength of Syria as compared with their few, poorly-armed, and ill-fed soldiers. Judas meets the objection with noble words:

The victory of a battle standeth not
In multitudes, but in the strength that cometh
From heaven above. The Lord forbid that I
Should do this thing, and flee away from them.
Nay, if our hour be come, then let us die;
Let us not stain our honour.

The captains remind Judas that it is the Sabbath Day; and they ask him if he will fight on the Sabbath? Judas replies that when he fights the battles of the Lord he fights them on His day as on all others. The Syrians once before had taken advantage of the Jewish Sabbath and had slain a thousand souls who made no resistance. "We who are fighting for our laws and lives will not the initial letters of "Mi Camoca Be-elohim Jehovah." But Longfellow, throughout the play, uses a poet's licence: the legends of II. Maccabees, for instance, are intermingled with the sterling history of I. Maccabees.

so perish." The captains then call on their general to lead them to the battle ; and he tells them of a vision which he had beheld on the previous night. Onias, a former High Priest, and Jeremiah the prophet appeared to him, and the latter gave him a sword of gold, a gift from God with which to wound his adversaries. The captains are encouraged, and Judas with confidence and prayer leads them forth to war and to victory.

Act IV. is laid in the outer Courts of the Temple at Jerusalem. Judas is speaking to the captains of his army and the assembled Jews. He rejoices that the Syrians are discomfited. The Maccabean banners float from the battlements of Jerusalem, and Nicanor's severed head is fastened over the city gates as a sign of terror. The captains call attention to the fact that the citadel of Antiochus is still defiant ; but Judas holds them back from storming it as he wishes first to cleanse the Sanctuary, which has become waste like a wilderness. The Jews make lamentation that the Gentiles have profaned their holy places, and while they are lamenting an alarm of trumpets is heard. This stirs Judas to wrath and vengeance, and he gives orders to his captains to go and batter down the citadel of Antiochus, while he and other of the Jews sweep away the heathen altars and gods from the Temple.

Jason, the apostate High Priest, is now brought to Judas as a prisoner. Judas denounces him as a priest of Satan, a man of sin, and a traitor, one who though born a Jew had made himself a Greek. Jason pleads that justice, and if not justice then mercy, her handmaiden, prevents him from being put to death. This plea nettles Judas : " Justice ? Thou art stained with every crime against which the Decalogue thunders with all its thunder." And he asks when Jason had ever shown mercy to any man or woman, or even to any little child ? The apostate answers that he has but done what Antiochus commanded him. Judas replies :

True : thou hast been the weapon
With which he struck ; but hast been such a weapon,

So flexible, so fitted to his hand,
 It tempted him to strike. So thou hast urged him
 To double wickedness, thine own and his.
 Where is this King?

Jason answers that Antiochus has gone with an army into the far East, and that he is left behind for service in the Temple. "To pollute it, and to corrupt the Jews," suggests Judas.

For there are men
 Whose presence is corruption ; to be with them
 Degrades us and deforms the things we do.

Jason pleads the weakness of his nature, that makes him subservient to the will of other men. Judas ignores the plea, and tells Jason that on the five and twentieth day of "Caslan"¹ the Temple was profaned by Antiochus, and that on this very day, the anniversary of the profanation, the Temple will be cleansed. But Jason as an instrument of Antiochus must not be a witness of the solemn services ; there can be nothing clean where he is present. Yet, though the Jews would slay the apostate if they found him, Judas decides to spare his life to punish him the longer :

Thou shalt wander
 Among strange nations. Thou, that hast cast out
 So many from their native land, shalt perish
 In a strange land. Thou, that hast left so many
 Unburied, shalt have none to mourn for thee,
 Nor any solemn funerals at all,
 Nor sepulchre with thy fathers.
 Get thee hence.

Judas then puts himself at the head of the procession of priests and people, who, with citherns, harps, and cymbals, go into the inner courts of the Temple. Jason is left alone. He sees them come through the Gate Beautiful with branches and green boughs and leaves of palm. He wishes that he were with them, and were one of them ; but confesses that in an evil hour of weakness he fell away from the old faith and did not clutch the

¹ This should be "Chislev" (December). The Feast of the Dedication is mentioned in St. John x. 22.

new, and that now he is neither Jew nor Greek, but stands between them both, a renegade to each in turn, having no longer faith in gods or men. He looks again and sees the priests raising the altar, striking stones together, and taking fire out of them. They light the lamps in the great candlestick; and spread the veils, and set the loaves of shewbread on the table. The incense burns; and the well-remembered odour comes wafted to him, and takes him back to other days. The "old superstition" creeps over him again. He hears the singing, and sees the people falling on their faces praying and worshipping. He is overcome with emotion, and exclaims :

I will away
Into the East, to meet Antiochus
Upon his homeward journey, crowned with triumph.
Alas ! to-day I would give everything
To see a friend's face, or to hear a voice
That had the slightest tone of pity in it !

The scene in the final Act is laid on the mountains of Ecbatana. Antiochus has been defeated by the Persians; his army has been scattered like dead leaves, or desert sand. The King is attended by Philip, the companion of his youth, who endeavours to comfort the sleepless and discouraged monarch; but he refuses to be comforted. Even the thought of getting back to his beloved city of Antioch awakens naught but a strange foreboding of something evil overshadowing him.

A messenger from Antioch enters. He brings a letter from Lysias, who urges the King to hasten his return, as his realm is falling from him, on account of the victories of Judas Maccabæus. Antiochus is distracted; but he decides to drive forward without ceasing to Antioch and to collect an army to battle against "this dreadful Jew," who bids fair to rob him of his kingdom and his crown. The King, however, is ill. His eyes are dimmed, he throws up his hands, and sinks into the arms of his attendants, who lay him on a bank. When the sudden and sharp spasm of pain has passed, Antiochus expresses a

328 *The Gentleman's Magazine*

wish to set forward. But he cannot stand. "Jove or Jehovah," he cries in desperation, "or whatever name thou wouldst be named—it is alike to me—if I knew how to pray, I would entreat to live a little longer." Philip tries to cheer him by telling him that they will not let him die.

How canst thou help it, Philip? Oh the pain!
 Stab after stab. Thou hast no shield against
 This unseen weapon. God of Israel,
 Since all the other gods abandon me,
 Help me. I will release the Holy City,
 Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy Temple.
 Thy people, whom I judged to be unworthy
 To be so much as buried, shall be equal
 Unto the citizens of Antioch.
 I will become a Jew, and will declare
 Through all the world that is inhabited
 The power of God!

Antiochus faints; and death is written on his face. The royal litter is brought, and he is borne into the camp while yet he lives. He reproaches himself for all the evil that he has done the Jews, and regards this "evil" as the cause of his troubles, and of his thus perishing through great grief in a strange land. He bids Philip take his royal robes, his signet ring, his crown and sceptre, and deliver them to Antiochus Eupator his son; and to tell "the good Jews," his citizens, in all his towns, that their dying monarch wishes them joy, prosperity, and health. And so Epiphanes dies, with these words on his lips:

I who, puffed up with pride and arrogance,¹
 Thought all the kingdoms of the earth mine own,
 If I would but outstretch my hand and take them,
 Meet face to face a greater potentate,
 King Death—Epiphanes—the illustrious!

And thus ends the play of *Judas Maccabæus*—"a story inspiring enough to be inspired."²

HERBERT PENTIN.

¹ The pride and punishment of Antiochus are also well brought out in Chaucer's "*De Rege Anthiocho illustri*."

² Coleridge's judgment on the story of the Maccabees as contained in the Apocrypha.

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

RECENTLY we had an opportunity of showing in these notes that the controversy as to the relative capacity of man and woman was full of vitality towards the close of the eighteenth century. Possibly it then retained an element of novelty. Its vigour is unabated in the present year of grace, and, as usual, it has made itself heard with especial lustiness at the close of summer. What is apt to surprise one is that all the opinions expressed about woman—and she is the interesting person in the dispute, where man really only figures for purposes of comparison—may be traced to two main sources, yet those sources are hardly ever mentioned in the controversy. Modern Western conceptions of the relation of the sexes are either derived from the view presented in the Book of Genesis or from the view presented by the theory of evolution.

To those who accept, whether in the spirit only or in the letter also, the former account of woman's origin, she is necessarily subordinate to man, and there is presumption and almost an element of indecency in an attempt on her part to put herself on an equality with him from whose spare rib she was made. Eve was created because "for Adam there was not found an helpmeet for him." It must be remembered that this belief has swayed the minds of men and women for centuries, and has moulded the current Western conception of what woman is expected to be. Even Napoleon spoke of a woman's "soul of lace," and nothing is more instructive than Balzac's description of what his age regarded as the perfected type of femininity. It was an ideal which under fairly similar forms dominated every country in Europe during the greater part of the nineteenth century.

Elle se reconnaît généralement à la blancheur, à la finesse, à la douceur de la peau. Son penchant la porte à une exquise propreté. Ses doigts ont horreur de rencontrer autre chose que des objets doux, moelleux, parfumés. Comme l'hermine, elle meurt quelquefois de douleur de voir souiller sa blanche tunique. Elle aime à lisser ses

cheveux, à leur faire exhaler des odeurs enivrantes, à broser ses ongles roses, à les couper en amande, à baigner souvent ses membres délicats. Elle ne se plaît la nuit que sur le duvet le plus doux ; pendant le jour, que sur des divans de crin ; aussi la position horizontale est-elle celle qu'elle prend le plus volontiers. Sa voix est d'une douceur pénétrante, ses mouvements sont gracieux. Elle parle avec une merveilleuse facilité. Elle ne s'adonne à aucun travail pénible ; et cependant, malgré sa faiblesse apparente, il y a des fardeaux qu'elle sait porter et remuer avec une aisance miraculeuse. Elle fuit l'éclat du soleil et s'en préserve par d'ingénieux moyens. Pour elle, marcher est une fatigue ; mange-t-elle ? c'est un mystère ; partage-t-elle les besoins des autres espèces ? c'est un problème. Curieuse à l'excès, elle se laisse prendre facilement par celui qui sait lui cacher la plus petite chose, car son esprit la porte sans cesse à chercher l'inconnu. Aimer est sa religion : elle ne pense qu'à plaire à celui qu'elle aime. Etre aimée est le but de toutes ses actions, exciter des désirs celui de tous ses gestes.

And so forth. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same spirit is shown in the conception of the typical heroine of Dickens—and perhaps this fact prompted Zola to declare, with no amiable intention, that Dickens was a Balzac whose race had been steeped in centuries of Protestantism. Those critics—and some of them are feminine—who say that in achievement women have never been more than feeble followers of men should remember the long duration of that epoch in which woman was expected to be inferior. And the expectation of an age accomplishes itself with almost irresistible force. Few are those who even conceive the possibility of being that which their time denies them the right to be. To alter the character-shape decreed for you by the congregation of humanity in which you sit is to become a monster, a revolting and accursed thing to your fellow-creatures. And women are especially plastic under this influence. Is it surprising then that, with the trend of the long centuries against them, they have generally appeared as the inferiors of men?

Now, those who consider the probable capabilities of women from the evolutionary standpoint are likely to believe that she has immense possibilities, lying dormant in unfavourable conditions. Huxley indeed wrote, "When the peculiarities of the female sex are not connected with reproduction they may be said to be infantile." But it

must be remembered that, biologically considered, the feminine type represents a life-force that existed in an undeveloped form before the distinction of sex appeared, and that in the primitive orders of creatures it gives the dominant and more important individual. It is in no sense derivative from the male; indeed less violence would be done to the facts if it were held that the reverse is the case. It is constantly stated that woman naturally possesses less "kinetic" energy than man; and in her present circumstances, which have been determined by long-standing tradition in human history, this is no doubt true. But sex is older than humanity, and it would be fallacious to suppose that less activity and intelligence are the mark of female character as compared with male. Even among the mammals, where the female has to win her own support and that of her offspring, she is quite as energetic and sagacious as her mate—an example of which fact may be seen by any one who notices the conduct of the two sexes of the common cat.

In sum, it is almost disquieting to consider the latent possibilities of the feminine sex. A female spider is an appalling ogress who makes herself a widow in the most cruelly utilitarian way. A female cuckoo is a type of bad principle. Under higher and more complex conditions female sex has acquired the dower of beauty and loveliness. But if its exigencies require that it shall be associated with high intellectuality and powerful physique, women will become intellectual and brawny. It is, however, given to man to set the standard; for the bulk of women will never tend to become what turns men from them to a more appreciated group of their sisters. Let us hope that men will have the common sense to respect the happy mean—to discountenance alike the artificial and unhealthy little person who attracted our predecessors some sixty years ago, and the aggressive virago who forgets that grace and winsomeness are a better fruit of life than acerbity and self-assertion.

Short Review

"LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR JAMES GRAHAM, 1792 - 1861." By CHARLES S. PARKER. Two vols. (John Murray. Price, 24s.)

POSSIBLY less is known to the general public of the career of Sir James Graham of Netherby, and particularly of the character and personality of the man himself, than of any distinguished individual of his time. Yet in a quite especial manner he stamped himself and his work upon the history of his country, and he was actively instrumental in the shaping of the trend of events both at home and abroad. The volume before us is an important addition to the series of books which comprise the records of what may be called the personal side of politics in the early Victorian period. A life of Disraeli would satisfactorily round it off, but an adequate biography of that statesman, more especially since his secretary and intimate friend, Lord Rowton, has joined the majority, seems to be further off than ever. Sir James Graham was essentially moderate in his political views, and his biographer gives full value to his genius for administration and his extraordinary grasp of political situations, and emphasises the fact that he was a reformer of a type which has given rise to adverse comment. Doubt, in fact, has been raised as to his actual value as a partisan, since he found it possible to serve with the Whigs under the Grey Administration, with the Conservatives under Peel, and with the Liberal Government under Lord Aberdeen. Sir James

was obviously of opinion that the common weal came before party, and his capacity for seeing both sides of a question seems to have been the chief reason for the reproach sometimes cast at him that he could as easily hunt with the hounds as run with the hare.

Sir James was apparently that most unusual kind of individual, a man utterly devoid of personal ambition. He might have had anything he chose to ask for, yet neither a peerage nor any special honour fell to his lot. Writing of himself, however, he makes the following statement: "The first object of my life has been the improvement of this estate (Netherby). For this I have sacrificed ambition and the gratification of many selfish tastes." The words go to prove that the absence of personal ambition was more a voluntary abnegation than an actual condition of mind. Mr. Parker has given us a highly sympathetic picture of Sir James Graham, more especially in those passages which relate to his domestic life, and in these days, when "revolting" daughters or "independent" daughters-in-law are a recognised feature of the times, it is curious to read the account of Sir James's marriage:

"Fanny, youngest daughter of Col. Callander of Craigforth, by Lady Elizabeth M'Donnell, daughter of the Earl of Antrim, was then at the fashionable assemblies at Almack's the reigning beauty. Many were the suitors for her favour, but among them she gave the preference to Sir James Gra-

ham, who lost no time in seeking for their union the approval of his loving parents. On May 17, 1819, he writes to request their sanction for 'a plan on which the happiness of my future life depends, and which I flatter myself will contribute very greatly and essentially to yours.'"

Their response was prompt and warm, and within a few days follows a letter from Miss Callander to her father-in-law elect :

"MY DEAR SIR JAMES,—To say that I thank you with my whole heart for the kind, the flattering manner in which you have received me would be expressing myself coldly and inadequately. Unless you could know with what fearful anxiety I have awaited the result of your son's application you cannot form any idea of the infinite and unclouded happiness your consent has afforded me. Human nature may not—dare not—promise for itself. But so far as I can vouch for my future conduct, I trust that while it justifies your son's choice I may enjoy the dear, the cherished reward of his parents' love and approbation. I venture to hope that Lady Catherine will show me the same indulgence that you have done, and I beg you to believe me, my dear Sir James, gratefully and affectionately yours,
FANNY CALLANDER."

The book is full of anecdotes, and throws sidelights on many of those political opponents and colleagues with whom Sir James was brought into contact. It gives, too, a picturesque account of that fine old border family of whom Burke writes: "No family of Great Britain can boast of greater antiquity than the *Grahams*."

He speaks of a charter granted by David I. to the monks of Holyrood in 1178, which bears the signature of Sir William Graeme, whose great-grandson married a Stewart of the royal blood, niece of Robert II. Their son Patrick, by his marriage with another royal Stewart, the Countess of Strathearn, acquired with the earldom the right to quarter the royal arms, and it was one of his grandsons, second son of Malise, Earl of Strathearn, a Menteith, and himself well known as "John of the Bright Sword," who first led his retainers to settle in the bordercountry, then "debated" between England and Scotland.

The biographer in his preface states that the kind assistance given him by the many friends and relatives of Sir James, by his former colleagues, and above all by his daughter, Mrs. Charles Baring, to whom the papers and correspondence were submitted, was of the greatest value, and was mainly instrumental in aiding him to produce the biography. "With such materials and such assistance," Mr. Parker modestly states, "there may now be presented a less imperfect view than hitherto was possible of a great public servant." But while recognising the author's debt to those who gave him such valuable help, we must give honour where honour is due, to the builder, so to speak, who has made such excellent use of his materials. A biographer rarely succeeds in presenting so living a picture to his readers. But Mr. Parker has managed to avoid almost all biographical errors, and is neither tedious nor fulsome. The life of Sir James Graham is written with the same clearness and good judg-

ment as characterised the "Life of Sir Robert Peel" by the same author, and to a certain extent it may be regarded as supplementing that work, since it is mentioned in his preface that "the kind reception given to his life of Peel has encouraged him to take in hand a similar work." Of all Peel's colleagues in the House of Commons the one most inti-

mately allied with him in creating and guiding the Conservative party was certainly Sir James Graham. One lays down the two volumes with the conviction that there is not a page too much in them, and one can confidently recommend the book to readers in the assurance that they will endorse our opinion.

ALICE L. CALLANDE.

A Sportsman's Litany

GIVE me a boat and let me sail
With slanting keel in a whistling
gale,
Cleaving the foaming waves with
glee,
A merry heart on a sparkling sea.

Give me a horse and let me ride
With jovial friends to the covert
side ;

The first in the field in a "romp-
ing run,"

The last to leave when the day is
done.

Give me a gun and let me roam
The breezy moors of my Highland
home,

When birds are thick in the purple
heather,

And fresh and keen is the autumn
weather.

Give me a rod and let me "play"
Salmon and trout in Avon or Tay,
Whipping the streams with cheer-
ful zest,

With a careless heart and a mind
at rest.

Give me fair woman, wine, and
song,

When days are dark and the nights
are long,

With plenty of wit and har-
mony,

And a gallant, mirthful com-
pany.

Give me sweet Nature in every
form,

In the Summer's calm or Winter's
storm ;

Mountains and forest and change-
ful sea,

And the joyful ways of the wild
and free.

And then, at death, oh let me rise
On wings of light thro' the starry
skies. . . .

I care not where (for God knows
best),

as long as there's *Life*, and Joy,
and Rest.

REGINALD SPAN.



GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00629 9263

